

NOT TO THE SWIFT

LEWIS H. WATSON



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NOT TO THE SWIFT.

To

MY LONG-TIME FRIEND

NINA GREY LUNT.

IN RECOGNITION OF HER UNSWERVING FAITH AND LOYALTY,

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR.

BY LEWIS H. WATSON

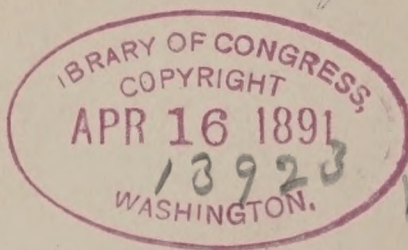
(LEWIS HARRISON)

Author of "A Strange Infatuation" etc

NOT TO THE SWIFT



*A Tale of
Two Continents*



NEW YORK

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PROLOGUE.

ON a summer's afternoon in the year 1883 I chanced to be sipping my coffee at Rumpelmeyer's, just off the Lichtenberger Allée in Baden-Baden. While lazily listening to the chat going on around me, I was attracted by the conversation of two Germans who were discussing the merits of different summer resorts. "Were you ever at Badenweiler?" inquired the elder, and apparently more travelled man of the two.

"Never," responded his friend.

"Then let me advise you, if you want rest and quiet, no Americans or English, and a delightful picturesque spot, go to Badenweiler."

"Thanks," I mentally responded, "that is just the place for a Yankee to go, where there are no Americans nor English, and pass himself off for a German, getting the best of everything cheaply."

The next day I started for Badenweiler. I arrived at Müllheim at noon, and clambered into a "buss" marked Hotel Carlsruhe. The drive to Badenweiler, I found to be mostly up hill. In less than three-quarters of an hour, I, the only passenger, was whirled up in front of a very comfortable hotel. Before I had time to open my mouth in German, the *portier* addressed me in good English. Having spent several years at the University of Berlin, I spoke German well, almost too well. I immediately made

my wants known in purest Teutonic accents; back at me came the inevitable English.

“Why do you speak English to me?” I inquired, exasperated at his persistency.

“Why should I not, since you are an American?” was the response. Crushed at this poser, I resisted no longer. He then told me that his position compelled him to speak all languages, and as he saw few English, he practised on every one he met. And I had forgotten that my trunk bore the legend, Chicago. My pride was appeased. I found the hotel all it promised. There were Frenchmen, Germans, and Hollanders, but no Americans, and few English. The result was, I received proper attention, without exorbitant charges.

The hotel fronted on a beautiful park, of perhaps ten acres, and the nicely-kept walks, with well-trimmed shrubbery, profusion of flowers, and general aspect of extreme care, would lead one to fancy he had strayed unconsciously into the private grounds of some nobleman. The general appearance of this park betokened years of careful cultivation. The massive lindens, elms, and chestnuts had stood there, perhaps, when the Romans occupied the place; for where the immense marble bathing pool is now was once an old Roman bath. At the left, and within the park, was an old ruin, overgrown with ivy and moss, and rising at its greatest height possibly one hundred feet above the Park walks. I was not long in penetrating its interior. A low-arched doorway with irregular and well-worn flagstones introduced me to the conventional court. But I was for the top, and soon espied a narrow stone stairway. Up I climbed, and emerged upon the old battlements. What a glorious sight greeted me! In the distance the Rhine, a strip of silver ribbon, wending its way to the North Sea; below me the beautiful village of Badenweiler; further down Oberweiler, and then Müllheim. Off to the

right on a clear day can be seen the spire of the old "Dom" of Fribourg, and the inhabitants claim to see Basel on the left, but Yankee eyesight was not equal to it. Back of me, as I looked upward, arose the Black Forest, inviting us in a five-minutes' walk to a seat within its cool shades. Here was the place where Bryant might have written "Thanatopsis."

For an hour or more I sat on the topmost stone, and inhaled the cool air of the pines, watching idly the guests of the two hotels and numberless *pensions*, as they strolled through the park. Then came the sound of music from the "Curhaus," wafted up to me in faint waves of melody, and mingled with the cries of the children at play. Away back in feudal times, this old castle had been erected. Somewhere about the twelfth century; hundreds of years before America was discovered. I tried to repeople its gloomy walls and narrow passages with the figures of long ago. What anxious maiden heart here beat with frightful violence, as peering over this battlemented parapet, she had seen an unknown mailed figure climbing up the glacis, and then another; then swarms; and her knightly father, with all his retainers—but a few old worn-out warriors—besieging the castle of some neighbor, miles away. That fluttering heart was long since stilled, and in its place, has come one from a newer civilization. A vandal hand dislodges a stone from the parapet, and down it rolls, just where the strange soldier climbed. Will it hit him? No! but it came very near knocking down a red-faced German student who shouts:

"Donner wetter noch mal, was ist los?" The traveller from the newer civilization creeps quietly down.

The next morning, with an entertaining novel, I seated myself on a fine rustic seat on the terrace, overlooking the vineyards, some hundred feet below. Occasionally a stroller passes me. If a man, he says, "Morgen," if a lady, she

bows, or ignores me entirely. I return the salute if looking up. I only look up when the passer-by is young and pretty. The forenoon drags along, but not tediously. I hear the crunching of wheels upon the gravel walk, and notice coming toward me an invalid-chair propelled by a sturdy German servant in livery. The invalid is a lady. The chair approaches. I see she is not old, perhaps forty, not more. It is evident that her hair is prematurely whitened. Care and suffering probably. I am interested. The face is a remarkable one. It is white with the whiteness caused by long confinement. There are no wrinkles, the face is plump and beautiful, but that excessive pallor is strange. Its lines are fine; Canova himself could not have chiselled purer lineaments; but this blanched look, with those two sloe-black eyes, is weird. She looks toward me; now certainly I should have bowed, when just then, the clumsy oaf who was pushing the chair, ran it too close to the edge—while staring around—and in a moment, the occupant would have been pitched headlong down a fifty-foot declivity, had I not sprung forward and seized her arm; for she was evidently helpless. The stout fellow pulled the chair back, apparently in great trepidation, and began a string of apologies, which were quickly silenced by one look from his mistress. Not a word of terror or alarm had escaped her.

“I thank you very much,” she said in German. “My man was very clumsy.”

“More than that, madame,” I reply, “he was almost criminal; that fall might have killed you.”

“Possibly,” she replied smiling; “had it been done outright it would not have mattered much.”

I was immediately interested. “Is life so painful, then, madame, that you wish to be rid of it? A moment ago, as I sat here I thought it delightful.”

“So I thought once, when young like you, and the po-

tency of life was strong within me; then I could not believe I should come to this, almost 'mattress grave;' but this is nonsense. Again I thank you, for your kindly assistance. Go on, Heinrich," and the white head bowed, the sloe-black eyes shot a glance at me, and again I was alone. Long after the lady passed me, did I reflect upon her remarks. All that day the face haunted me. Who was she? She was not stopping at our hotel. Perhaps at the Römerbad. No, she was not there. Perhaps at some *pension*. Being an invalid, she does not like dining in public. I was finally compelled to give up the search.

Several days afterward when I had come to fancy she had probably left the place, I saw her again. The orchestra was playing in the afternoon, and the park was filled with people. Her chair was drawn to the side of a table, and she was drinking a glass of milk. I caught her eye, and received a nod of recognition, at which I raised my hat.

"What! do you know the baroness?" asked my companion, Herr Schlesinger, a prominent merchant of Berlin.

"If you mean that old lady, with white hair, lieber Herr Schlesinger, I have a slight acquaintance with her; tell me who she is."

"But you bowed to her, and she to you," he replied suspiciously.

"True, acquaintances begin easily here. I rendered her a slight service a few days ago and she acknowledges it, that is all. But who is she?"

"Why, that is Baroness Von Brinkmann. She lives at the Grand Duke's villa on the hill. Her husband was in the suite of the Duke of Baden and was killed in the Franco-Prussian war. She is immensely wealthy, comes here every year, and divides the rest of her time between her palace on Wilhelm Strasse in Berlin, and her estate at Wiesbaden. You're a lucky dog to know her, she is very exclusive; but you Yankees are always flying at the top."

So this was all; married to a baron, who died in the war, and now a rich invalid; and I had thought she had a romance. After this, I did not see her again for several days, and when I did, she was resting on the same spot where I had first seen her approach. When I saw she noticed me, I brought my heels together with German military exactitude, and executed a low bow.

To this she responded by a burst of merry laughter, and said in English:

“How long since you became a German, Mr. Harrison?”

“Gnädigste—I mean, madame, is it possible you are an American?”

“I certainly am. I was born in New Orleans of ‘poor but honest parents,’” she replied mockingly.

“Is it possible? I was told you were the Baroness Von Brinkmann.”

“And so I am, Mr. Harrison; there’s nothing criminal in that, is there?”

“No, certainly not.”

“You say that as if it were at least doubtful.”

“I never should have guessed you an American, madame. I see none here more to the ‘manner born.’”

This remark elicited a slight smile, which soon faded away. There seemed to be with this wealthy, titled, elegant invalid, a total lack of interest in the affairs of the day. Her appearance and manner seemed to say, “I have lived through too much. Every fibre has been strained to its utmost tension, in experiencing emotion.” There was a look of utter weariness about her, which won my sympathy; and from this day on, whether I found her being propelled by Heinrich, or resting in some quiet nook, my place was at her side. Gradually I won her friendship, and she became more confidential. I saw her eyes sparkle, and a look of intensity come over her face, which unfolded to me what a marvellously fascinating temperament must

have been hers, when young and well. I noticed that toward the ordinary guest she was reserved and dignified. When any of the German nobility visited the place, she was eagerly sought out, and treated with the utmost deference. As yet, I had learned little of her early life; but one day I called at the ducal villa, and suggested a drive to the top of the "Blauen,"—the highest peak in the neighborhood. My suggestion was readily accepted. The night before had been a bad one for her. She had suffered, she said, intolerable pain, and her face was whiter than usual. As she was entirely helpless, as far as locomotion was concerned, with the assistance of Heinrich, I lifted her into a low droschky. The roadway to the top is steep, and the journey occupied considerable time. I questioned her about her sickness, and learned it all came by having been upset from a boat and being thoroughly chilled before she was rescued. From that date she began to lose the use of her lower limbs. I took occasion to say that my vacation was almost over, and I must return to America. Why did she not make the trip? She might benefit by the sea air, and then she would also see her old friends. She shook her head.

"No, it is too late, I once thought I would go over, but my father died last year, and I have no friends."

"Oh, but it is not so long since you went away, I am sure you will find plenty of your friends alive," I answered consolingly.

"No, I have no friends—America would hate me, if all were only known. No, I am ostracized, I have no country, but it is only just, I do not complain, I see things differently now. Do you know that wealth is the natural foe of innocence?" Then turning suddenly her face toward me, she said, "I know all these remarks seem strange to you. Do you know what it is to have a disposition which is so exceptionally selfish, that the world seems an oyster

to be opened only by you? No love, no affection, no tenderness; only ambition, greedy, insatiable, and unsatisfying. Can you conceive that a human being can be so ineffably stupid, as to fancy that fawners and flatterers, and followers, make up the substance of a human life? Do you know what it is to have the evil eye, and delight in its possession? Oh, don't fear," she laughed quite merrily, "just double down your two middle fingers, and point the other two at me so—illustrating the Jettatura charm—that will exorcise the demon in me." Somehow her laugh in the midst of this tirade seemed discordant.

"Gnädige Frau, I am sure you are too severe upon yourself. A mind so comprehensive as yours, could not have been led away by such sciolistic ambitions. I am convinced a night of suffering has placed you on the penitential stool. But here we are at the top, and I can recommend the Emmenthaler cheese and beer, they have at that little inn over there." The air was fresh and bracing, for we were five thousand feet above the sea level; and the view was a glorious one; the whole panorama of the Bernese Oberland was spread out before us. The baroness did not resent the flippancy of my remarks, and the cheese and beer *were* good, as I had promised. For a while she seemed animated, and to enjoy being there. She sat in the droschky—from which the horses had been unharnessed—and I leaned against the side of it and smoked my cigar.

"Mr. Harrison," she said, after a fit of musing, "I am disposed to do a foolish thing, to tell you the story of my life; it may entertain you as we rest here, and you have been exceedingly kind to an old woman with a past, which was long since buried, as I shall soon be." I begged her to carry out her design; and for two hours that woman held me spellbound with the recital. If the story I now relate is a sad one, if it has no redeeming features, it is

because it is the story of a life as it was lived. Such lives are being lived constantly, and no fiction can improve upon the tragic events they contain. The great world has no time to busy itself with personalities; but once in a while, a history crops up, so illustrative of misdirected energy and power, that the world is the better for the telling. If in this recital I have seemed to treat the "Order of Jesus," with undue severity, it is because, as an order, it is becoming more and more prejudicial to the well-being of the Commonwealth. Expelled from every country in which it has found a foothold—at some time—it has now taken up its abode in America, and the warning I utter in these pages may, I hope, open the eyes of Americans to the peril which an over-confidence in the integrity of our Republic is leading us into.

We are too trusting, too confiding. We rail at anarchy. It is nothing compared to the danger which threatens us from the hands of this politico-ecclesiastical order. Secretly and stealthily it is sapping the foundation of our Government. The pity of it is, that there is no recourse but in popular opinion. While we discuss anarchy and socialism, on our lecture platforms, in the newspapers, and at our homes; a deadlier enemy still, is penetrating every hamlet and village of this great country: Jesuitism. Under the cloak of Christianity, its fingers are meddling with religion, politics, education, and even trade. It is useless to discuss this question with the Jesuits themselves. They look around you, above you, beyond you, smile complacently, and tell you you are mistaken. "They are simply soldiers of Christ, fighting in the vineyard of the Lord." They are learned, kindly, plausible, and attractive, but they are not citizens, they belong to Rome, and look to Rome for direction.

A few days after our excursion I departed from Badenweiler. For a couple of years I corresponded at intervals

with the Baroness. Again in 1885, I found myself in Europe. When in Berlin I took occasion to call at her palace on Wilhelm Strasse, and there learned she was at Wiesbaden and very ill. I telegraphed immediately, and received a letter written in a tremulous hand, begging me to come and see her before she died. Two days after that I arrived in Wiesbaden. I found her indeed very low, almost unable to articulate, but her eyes lighted up for a moment, as I approached the bed; on the other side of which, stood a grave-looking elderly priest, to whom, in husky tones, she presented me. When I heard his name—Father Laujac—I must have shuddered, for I felt her hand clutch mine; her eyes were now dim, but I felt by the pressure upon my hand, that she desired me to lean down. I did so, and caught these words: "*Le jeu est fait, rien ne va plus!*" That was all; even at this solemn moment, she was a trifler with life. I raised her hand to my lips, pressed it, and left the room. She passed away the next morning, with her hand in Father Laujac's. After the funeral, I received a sealed packet, containing notes of her life, to be used at my discretion. Her great wealth went to the Church. Truly, "the race is not to the swift."

NOT TO THE SWIFT.

CHAPTER I.

THE END OF AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

ON a beautiful spring morning in the month of May, in the year 1860, the Royal Mail steamer *Persia*, Captain Judkins in command, passed Sandy Hook and steamed slowly up New York Bay. Strange that one must needs go back almost thirty years to tell a story of our day. But the life that was young then, has just been lived out in these thirty years. A life so full of incident, so marvellous in its capacity for good and evil, so individual in its undertakings, so gifted, and yet so perverted, requires at least these thirty years to judge it correctly.

It is passed now, the ripple it made on the ocean of life has gone on in ever widening circles; the eye can follow it no longer, but its effect is seized by the human mind, and followed to its ultimate conclusion. The success it made, and the results of that success, have been suggested in the prologue.

In the days of which I write, no electric current flashed under the ocean, announcing the departure from Europe, or recording the arrival in America, of ship or steamer. Neither were there any "ocean greyhounds," making the trip so brief, that one hardly begins to recognize the faces

of one's fellow-passengers, when the voyage is ended. Two weeks was a fair trip then. On this particular one, for fifteen days, had the good ship Persia pointed her prow toward the Western world. Fifteen days of sea and sky; fifteen days, to most of the passengers, of misery and wretchedness, to one of them, fifteen days of delight and joy; to another, fifteen days of suffering, and patient, stubborn endurance. The passengers were not numerous—it was too early in the season—but numerous or not, we have only to do with the two especially mentioned. One of these—which one, the reader will not long remain in doubt about—now stands resting her arm on the rail of the steamer, while she scans every bit of coast scenery, each passing sail, and even every little boat, in the evident desire to recognize somebody, or in the glad consciousness that all this savors of home, soon to be reached.

Whatever passes within the range of vision, is noted, and seems of interest. The look on her face is intent, and she appears so absorbed in this scenery, that a young man who has approached her, evidently with the intention of speaking, pauses, and seems half inclined to retreat, and leave the young lady to her own musings.

Madeleine Cateret, this young lady of the absorbed mind, is a beautiful girl; and as she stands there gazing out on the water with the fresh salt air blowing back her masses of black hair, and tinting her creamy skin with just a delicate shade of pink, she seems, and is, a queenly-looking creature. Noble indeed, is her tall erect form; not yet perhaps fully matured, but still womanly in its rounded outlines. A girl with those large brown eyes, now half veiled—as she peers out over the water of the bay—and that firm mouth and chin, was never treated in this world, otherwise than with respect. One glance at this face and figure commands admiration, a second inspires deference and regard. “Not a girl to be trifled with,” would be the

general verdict. What a wonderful thing one's personality is! A new form presents itself to us, and instantly it has inspired us with fear, or regard, admiration, or dislike; the figure may not be symmetrical, and yet attract; it may be the highest artistic ideal is realized in its form, and yet it repels. Somehow we project into space an aura which is attracted or repelled by the aura proceeding from some other personality. Children, animals, and birds recognize this, as readily as we do. A parrot I have petted, coaxed, and fed, snaps at my finger, and allows a stranger to pet it, and stroke its head, all the time crying with delight. The phrase "personal magnetism" is an exceedingly unsatisfactory one to explain this phenomena. Madeleine Cateret was one of the fortunate individuals, who possess this faculty, and the young man who came up behind her had realized its power.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cateret." Having spoken these words the young man was silent. Miss Cateret turned half around, and met the admiring gaze of the young man with a pleasant smile; this smile was a relief to the hitherto rather fixed expression on her face, and disclosed a perfect set of teeth, large and white, and well kept.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Bernhard," and the eyelids just lifted the least bit in the world.

"Yes, who else did you suppose it was, Miss Cateret?" replied Mr. Bernhard, a little put out at the tone of indifference.

"I really can't say I had formed any supposition, I was thinking of somebody else."

"Oh! I noticed you were somewhat preoccupied, and feared to disturb you."

"But you did, just the same, Mr. Bernhard. I don't mind, however; I am rather glad, in fact, for I wanted some one to talk to."

"And I supplied the necessary person? Thanks."

"Please do not get ill-tempered, for I am exceedingly amiable this morning, you see we are nearing home every moment; I have been wondering if papa will meet me at the pier, but I don't see how he will know, unless they telegraph from the 'Hook.'"

"Which they usually do," interrupted the gentleman addressed as Mr. Bernhard, and then continuing:

"I saw you were absorbed in some abstruse speculation and feared I might annoy you——"

"And immediately proceeded to test the accuracy of that supposition," laughed Miss Cateret.

"I confess 'twas all a bit of selfishness, but we are at our journey's end, and I wanted to make a little sketch of you before we left the boat. If you will take the position you had when I came up, only don't look so frightfully intense, I think I can manage it," said Mr. Bernhard.

"You didn't dream I would pose for you, after having lost your temper, did you? But I intend to be just as amiable as you were disagreeable. Is this the position?"

"Quite right, Miss Cateret, only don't look down, as if you were trying to see a fish, please look out over the water."

Mr. Bernhard had perched himself on the rail, and was rapidly outlining Madeleine's figure.

"May I talk?" inquired the young lady.

"Only in answer to my questions."

"Do commence then, for this is stupid."

"Where do you live, in New York?"

"Washington Square."

"Have travelling companions permission to call?"

"That depends."

"I say, Miss Cateret, you can make your sentences a little longer, otherwise your expression will be too set. Now answer the last question in full, please."

"It is permissible for travelling companions to call at Washington Square only, if they have a letter of credit, and are invited. How is that sentence for length, Mr. Bernhard?"

"Quite long enough, Miss Cateret. Please close your mouth, and turn your face a little this way. I will do the talking for the next few moments." Scratch, scratch, went the pencil; Madeleine was becoming impatient.

"I am realizing that this delightful voyage is nearly ended, and when people have been cooped up for so long a time as we have, and exposed to all the perils of the deep together it might be pleasant to meet again ashore, and recall the exciting incidents of our ocean travel; let me say, also, that I have the 'letter of credit.'"

"And you have also the invitation," interrupted Madeleine, "but I can't agree with you about the reminiscences; the voyage has been anything but 'delightful' to me. Do you call it 'delightful,' to be as miserably sick as I have been, confined to my little seven by nine cabin, not able to sleep, not able to eat, disgusted with thinking? Ugh!"

"Ah! but you have been on deck, and quite comfortable at times," said Mr. Bernhard.

"Yes, thanks to your kindness, I believe I did crawl up once or twice, and when I was up here, I wished I were down there. It's no use trying to make believe I like the sea, I most positively do not."

"How about sea acquaintances, are they ever continued on shore?"

"Really, Mr. Bernhard, I can't say, you know I have only crossed once, and that with mamma, and we never saw any of the passengers after we left Liverpool."

Madeleine's voice grew a little unsteady as she thought of the mother who, five years before, had brought her across the ocean, and died soon after her return to New York,

"But I am sure papa will be delighted to meet a gentleman who has been so kind to me; the voyage would have been unendurable if I had had no one to talk with."

"So I supplied the necessary person to talk with, Miss Cateret, I feel complimented indeed, that I could be of service," came from Mr. Bernhard with mock humility.

"What unreasonable beings artists are," said Miss Cateret laughingly.

"Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

"And so you think I saw in you only a 'stop gap,' must I then pay you a deliberate, downright compliment? Must I tell Mr. Bernhard what a charming travelling companion he has been? How kind and considerate, ever careful, and always thoughtful! Mr. Bernhard, you are absolutely 'hors de concours,' when you only sought 'honorable mention!'"

Mr. Bernhard's face flushed with pleasure, as Madeleine opened her great brown eyes and turned on him a look, he would have given a year from his life could he have purchased the certainty it was caused by interest other than as an agreeable companion.

Was Madeleine Cateret a flirt?

Is any woman a flirt who uses the gifts nature has endowed her with, to win the admiration of the man she respects?

Madeleine Cateret had now been five years in France, most of that time at school. She was of French descent, having been born in New Orleans. Her parents on both sides were the descendants of French emigrés and she certainly knew the secret of using all the wonderful powers of fascination, so remarkable among the women of her race. Strange that none of our scientific people have ever tried seriously to define or limit the extent of this power, as it exists in human and animal life! Heidenhain and

Binet would call it a mild form of hypnotism. That some occult power does exist, is incontrovertible. If we read history aright, we are constantly stumbling up against it. The fabled Basilisk, the "stony-eyed Medusa," both indicate what the early belief in the death-dealing potency of the eye must have been. But the power which makes friends out of enemies, which draws one to another, and holds the soul in slavish subjection, the invisible bond, which emanates from one, and enmeshes the other, what is it? Intellect it certainly is not, for medical annals recall the life of Hannah Purser, a scrub girl in a London Hospital, who "set" as she expressed it, everybody within her reach, even the grave professors; and when about to be reproved by the staid matron, "sets" her too, and the admonition which had been designed to check her waywardness, ends in a smile of encouragement.

Do we need to look long into history to find examples?

Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lady Hamilton, are illustrious examples. Aaron Burr was a noted fascinator, so was the first Napoleon, and Mirabeau. So are, and have been, hundreds in private life. We all know them. How often the stern parent permits the severest lecture to die on his lips before the star-like gaze of the fearless child!

These gifted ones of the earth, will not be denied, and the sternest judge of the most august tribunal, mitigates the severity of the sentence he is about to pronounce, and only regrets he cannot pardon, when under the influence of the subtle spell.

Madeleine Cateret was one of these fascinators, and this characteristic continued through her life.

The sketch was about finished, and Hugo Bernhard and Madeleine Cateret, leaned on the rail of the steamer discussing its merits, when suddenly Hugo exclaims:

"Ah! there comes the quarantine boat in answer to our whistle."

They watched the little tug as it gradually drew near the big steamer, whose engines were stopped, when Madeleine in great excitement cried out:

"I believe papa is on that boat, Mr. Bernhard." A moment more and she waved her handkerchief, and a gentleman whom Hugo could now see was a man somewhat beyond middle age, responded by taking off his hat, and waving it. "Yes, it is papa, surely," cried Madeleine, and she ran aft to where the captain stood.

Hugo watched the little tug as it drew near the steamer and his attention was especially directed toward the gentleman Miss Cateret had indicated as her father. Mr. Cateret was apparently fifty-five years of age, looking plump and well nourished, his dress natty and indeed almost juvenile in its youthfulness; his face was smoothly shaven and he looked like a jolly, well-fed priest.

It was plain to see he was a gentleman; his easy bearing as he came on board and greeted the captain and then his daughter, was charming. As for Madeleine, she threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him again and again. Hugo did not wish to disturb them, so he wandered off to another part of the deck, and waited a proper length of time for all questions to be asked and answered. Then he strolled back again, until Madeleine saw, and beckoned to him.

"Papa, this is Mr. Bernhard, who has been very kind to me on the voyage, and this is my father, Mr. Bernhard," said Madeleine simply. Mr. Cateret's face beamed with good nature, and he put out his hand frankly, and in a polite manner thanked Hugo for his attention to his daughter. Hugo disclaimed any obligation on Mr. Cateret's part or any merit on his own. Miss Cateret had been good enough to permit him to talk to her, and the tedium of the voyage had thus been removed, *he* was under no obligations, etc., etc.

A general conversation ensued, and resulted in an invitation to Hugo to call upon them at Washington Square, which he thankfully accepted. When they arrived at the pier, the exigencies of the Custom House examination separated them without a formal adieu, and Hugo went to his hotel, and later the Caterets entered a carriage and were driven to Washington Square.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

THE Cateret mansion was situated in a portion of New York which if not fashionable, was at least most respectable. Thirty years ago Washington Square was not dirty and grimy looking, was not covered with asphalt, and was not surrounded in every direction with business houses, compelling the constant passing and repassing of trucks and vans heavily laden with merchandise, drawn by immense shire horses.

Then it was rather elegant, somewhat retired, and not a little stylish in its aspect. There were grass plots, and children and nurses were there; the air was comparatively fresh, and the trees and grass green. It was a bit of rural freshness dropped into a world of business; its influence was hygienic, its inhabitants rather exclusive. Private carriages with liveried servants drew up at the well-scrubbed sidewalks, and attractive-looking people entered and departed from the pleasant and rather elegant-looking houses which bordered the Square.

These residences were mostly of the three story and basement order, not particularly ornamental in external architecture; within they were roomy and comfortable. In those days one's furniture was not changed once a year, to suit every new craze of interior decoration, which cunning artists can devise, to gratify the pride of modern Sardanapalian femininity. Then everything was substantial, made to last; mahogany and walnut were the prevail-

ing woods used, and the furniture was solid. When you invited a friend to "put his legs under your mahogany," you meant it literally, it was no empty phrase. If you sought the comforts and elegances of life, then go to Washington Square, and look around you. Now, trade can say, "*nous avons changé tout cela.*" Yes, indeed, the comfort and elegance are gone, and in its place, noise, soot, dirt, and business.

But in those good old days, among the many hospitable mansions in this quarter, none had a better reputation for comfortable, quiet, old-fashioned hospitality than that of James Cateret.

Warm hearted, genial, and easy going, he had many friends and few enemies. If he had few distinguishing traits, which marked him as anything more than an amiable, pleasant gentleman, he had almost no vices; he trusted men and women. Tell him anything, and he believed it; his consideration for the veracity of his species was something touching. "You don't tell me," was a customary phrase, and it meant that he absorbed the information as gospel truth. he was a "man in whom there was no guile."

Mrs. Cateret was in every way superior to her husband, intellectually and morally she towered above him. This word, "morally" is introduced simply for euphony, for James Cateret's morality was unquestioned. His mind was as devoid of evil as a child's, he did right because he could not do wrong, he was not an imbecile, nor a saint. The ethical side of his nature was so evenly balanced, that he toddled along in the rut of established and well-digested conventionality. Mr. Cateret was the negative embodiment of virtue. Mrs. Cateret was, as I have said, his superior. She had intellect, force, and power, her moral nature was under the direction of her understanding, thus her morality was positive, direct, and uncompromising,

while "poor James," as she often called him, was one of the "good fellows" of this piratical sphere.

Mrs. Cateret fully realized this, and the fact that he would never be any different; she therefore constituted herself his protector and guide.

Born and brought up on a plantation not far from Baton Rouge, on the Mississippi, at his father's death, as the sole heir, he had inherited the property, married Julia Marot, and settled down to a quiet planter's life. Bad crops and careless management, for a number of years, caused them to discuss the question of selling the estate, and going north to live on the interest of the proceeds. This they finally decided to do, especially as Madeleine, their only child, was growing up, and they desired to place her in a good school.

About the year 1850 the Caterets sold their plantation and moved to New York, Mr. Cateret buying the property on Washington Square. For five years, or thereabouts, the Caterets lived a pleasant, agreeable life in their Northern home. Mr. Cateret's fortune was invested in stocks and bonds, paying at that time a good rate of interest, and he was aroused—if James Cateret could be aroused—when one morning upon visiting his banker he learned that some of his stocks had ceased paying dividends, and he had been eating a hole into the principal. No one but a man like James Cateret could have allowed such a thing to happen; to no one but a man of his careless habits, could such a thing happen and remain undiscovered. The dénouement came about in this way.

The usual notices had been mailed Mr. Cateret, regarding his balances at the bank, the same bank holding his securities; when he saw what his mail was, he tossed it into the fire, he didn't care to know how he stood, it was a bother. "I suppose it's all right, those fellows ought to know," he would say to himself.

One morning Mrs. Cateret picked up one of these notices, and read it over carefully, then she looked at her husband, who was busily engaged reading the morning paper.

“Jamie!”

“Yes, dear, what is it?” he answered—Jamie looked up and saw his wife intently studying something.

“What have you got there, Julia?” he inquired.

“Just what *I* am trying to make out, James.”

It wasn’t “Jamie” this time, and Mr. Cateret began to feel uncomfortable. He had no “billet doux” out, what had his wife got hold of?

Passing it over to him, she asked, “James, do you owe the bank all this money?”

Mr. Cateret looked at the notice, and saw that his attention was called to the fact that he was owing the bank a large sum of money; he had overdrawn his account.

“Well, James, what does it mean?” queried Mrs. Cateret.

“The Lord only knows, Julia, I don’t, must be correct I suppose, those bank men are terribly accurate—I’ll go down and see as soon as the bank opens.”

“I wish you would, James, this is too serious a thing to be trifled with, I thought we had enough to live on without getting in debt. What will happen to us if you go on in this way?”

“I recollect now,” said Mr. Cateret, “Tatum said to me a month or so ago, ‘better go slow, my boy.’ I didn’t exactly understand what he meant, I suppose now he must have thought I was drawing too much money.”

“James, I don’t like that Mr. Tatum, I distrust him, and I wish you had never had anything to do with him.”

“Tut, tut, my dear Julia, Tatum’s all right, stands A1 in financial circles; a little close perhaps, squeezes a dollar until the eagle screams, but sound, my dear, sound!”

“That may all be, dear, but for all that, I do not believe he is an honest man!” said Mrs. Cateret.

“All prejudice, Julia, all prejudice.”

And James Cateret bustled around, asked unimportant questions, in fact exhibited a great deal of solicitude about trifling matters.

This conversation disturbed Mr. Cateret more than he would acknowledge, and he determined without loss of time to sift the matter to the bottom, and ascertain where he stood. A spasm of virtue overtook him, and he resolutely picked up his hat and throwing his coat over his arm, sallied forth and wended his way to his bankers, Tatum & Driscoll. It did not take long for him to learn that he was living beyond his means; that certain stocks he held, were no longer dividend paying, and that for the past four or five years, he had spent thousands of dollars more than his income.

This would seem incredible if it were not James Cateret; but this easy-going man was like an infant in business.

Tatum & Driscoll held his securities, and had advanced him money, confident he would ruin himself, which he was in a fair way of doing.

“How is it Mr. Tatum never mentioned to me that I was overdrawing my account, Mr. Driscoll?” asked Mr. Cateret of the junior partner.

“I don’t think Mr. Tatum knew it; you see he has little to do with running the bank. His capital is in here, but he does not know half of our depositors. I sent you, if you recollect, the usual notice; we were secured, and did not care to press the matter, since you did not pay any attention to it. You can hardly blame us, Mr. Cateret.”

“Oh, no, I don’t blame you, Mr. Driscoll, it was my stupidity, or rather my carelessness, which got me into this mess. What would you advise me to do under the circumstances?”

"Well, if I may suggest a plan," said the banker, "I would sell off the now dividend-paying stock, square up my indebtedness, and after this, live within my income."

"Good advice, Mr. Driscoll, capital, and what income can I expect from my remaining investments?"

A little figuring enabled Mr. Driscoll to say, "between four and five thousand dollars."

"This is also liable to vary, Mr. Cateret," continued Mr. Driscoll; "it is no fixed income; you must watch your investments and occasionally change them as you see the necessity. By the way, why don't you get into some business, and make your capital work for you?"

"Easy enough to say that, Driscoll, but what do I know about business?"

"True enough, as far as a mercantile life goes, but you know something of stocks and bonds!"

"Yes, I do, to my cost, I think I ought to know more or less about them."

"Then why not go on 'Change,' Mr. Cateret? Buy a seat, and try speculation."

Mr. Driscoll was evidently sincere, and the thing seemed feasible. It would give him occupation, and through the day he was apt to be a bit bored; in those days New York had but few clubs, and comparatively few gentlemen of leisure. The upshot of the matter was, that Mr. Cateret went on "Change."

As he left the bank that morning by the front door, Mr. Tatum, the special, came in through a side entrance. Mr. Driscoll was evidently not surprised to see him.

A lean, wiry man of about sixty years of age, with a leathery countenance, a hooked nose, and a chin which tried to meet it—a veritable Punchinello in aspect—was Mr. Tatum, but with none of Punchinello's bonhomie; that grim mouth and the yellowish gray eyes were not made for mirth,

“Driscoll, I’ll take that stock of Cateret. Transfer it to my account, let him come in and make the transfer and clear up his book. You gave him good advice, why don’t he take it and go on ‘Change,’ he *can’t* live within his income.” And the old man tapped his snuff box and took a pinch.

“He’s a fool, a d——d fool. When he wants to sell any stock let me know, Driscoll, and say, Driscoll, he’s got some C. & T. bonds I want. How did he happen to tumble into so good a thing? He’s got ten thousand and there’s not a bond on the market for sale; I want ’em, encourage him to sell. I’m off now, must go on ‘Change.’” And the wicked old man shuffled out of the door. Mrs. Cateret was right, Tatum was a great rascal.

The next morning at the breakfast table Mr. Cateret was able to tell definitely to his wife the condition of his finances.

“It’s not a large income, Jamie,” sighed Mrs. Cateret, “and we must be very economical. Madeleine is now sixteen, and if we intend carrying out our original plan and send her to Paris, we ought to do it at once. There is that five thousand papa left her, when he died; Jacob Barker, the banker in New Orleans, has it you know, and with the interest it will be a great help.” Madeleine, a romping, black-eyed girl, came in just then, and the conversation was dropped, except that Mr. Cateret asked her how she would like to go to Paris to school.

“Oh! that will be splendid, papa, I hate school here, the girls are all so stiff and proper, except Grace Richmond and one or two others; then none of them speak French and I shall lose all my knowledge of it, if I don’t speak it. Do send me to Paris to school!” And Madeleine danced up and down, and petted her father excessively. What an elf she was, with her rosy cheeks, and shock of black hair half grown, and never tied up, but tumbling in masses

around her piquant face. She was long, lank, and bony in figure, but with a promise of being a magnificent woman later, and most bewitching in her manner, so that few could resist her seductive ways. So much for the Madeleine Cateret of sixteen. The affair was ultimately decided in this way, that Mrs. Cateret was to take her over, remain a while, until Madeleine felt somewhat at home, and then return. James Cateret was to go on "Change." While Mrs. Cateret was away, the house was to be managed by an old mulatto woman, "Aunt Sally," whom they had brought from the South with them. She had been bred in the family, had nursed Madeleine or "Maddy," as she called her, and was heart and soul devoted to the Cateret interests. With her was a young colored girl, they had obtained in New York. Everything was carried out satisfactorily. Mrs. Cateret and Madeleine sailed, and Mr. Cateret became a stock speculator. James Cateret's step of going on "Change" appeared to be a good one; under the advice and instruction of Mr. Tatum, he made a number of paying investments, and increased his capital to its original figure. Mrs. Cateret, after some months' absence, returned, and the household in Washington Square was a very happy one. Letters from Madeleine were frequent, and always cheerful; Mother Cornichon took a great interest in her, and it was plain to see from the style of her letters that mentally she was improving. Mrs. Cateret's suspicions about Mr. Tatum seemed unwarranted, although she never ceased to think him unscrupulous, and to fear evil from Mr. Cateret's association with him. About this time the panic of '57 came, and things began to look blue; banks were failing, stocks went down, money was tight—the holders being chary about loans—and then came the suspension of specie payments. While the panic was at its height, came a worse calamity to Mr. James Cateret. His faithful wife, his mentor, on whom he leaned like a

child, was seized with a mortal illness, and within one short week he was a widower and his little Madeleine motherless.

Happy, sanguine, and hopeful as he was, this prostrated him for a time. He withdrew temporarily from the Exchange, and this was in a way fortunate for him. When he did return to business, he found his fortune greatly reduced in size, the shrinkage in values being so great that his income was reduced one half. He could simply look on, and see ruin stare him in the face, without the power to avert it; he had no longer the clear head of his beloved wife to consult.

Tatum had all he could do to manage his own affairs; for a year or two Mr. Cateret went on in a small way trying to recoup his losses. Tatum's advice now seemed all wrong, and gradually he parted with one block of stock after another, and it all went to Tatum.

Toward the beginning of 1860, James Cateret found that all that was left of the fortune he had brought North, was his home in Washington Square. Madeleine had now been away five years, and he determined to bring her home, and wrote to that effect. With all his losses, he was not soured in temper. I have said his temperament was sunny, it was so indeed. He always dressed well, held his head up, and looked prosperous. None could have told from externals, that life for him was not an easy one. He was a great favorite among his fellows, and when they wanted a "good time" they always looked up Cateret. Fond of talking, a good story-teller, and rather convivial in his habits, he had many friends and few enemies. He went by the name of "Windy Cateret," but this did not mean anything disrespectful. He had a habit of puffing himself up, a sort of breezy inflation style, swelled out his chest, put his thumbs in the arm hole of his vest, in a word expanded,

One day Tatum came again with advice.

"Why don't you put a mortgage on your house, Cateret, get a little money, and go into stock brokerage? I'll loan you a few thousand."

"Will you, now? that's kind of you, Tatum," said the innocent lamb, and so James Cateret became a stock broker.

What a change this was, for the aristocratic Southern gentleman—to be compelled to go around soliciting business from his associates! But he was volatile and it hurt him little. It was at least a half-gentlemanly occupation, he said. It wasn't necessary to buy or sell across the counter, this he never would do. He soon seemed to fit into his place, and managed to make a fair income, but the loss of his wife, and his general habits, caused his money to disappear in a frightfully rapid manner. It was indeed time for his daughter to come home, for James Cateret was little more than a "curbstone" broker. What he made during the day, he spent at night. It was very simple, he had no cares to trouble him and plenty of friends to spend his money. With an airy indifference for to-morrow, he led a butterfly existence. Like the "foolish virgins," if he had no oil, he trusted some one would provide it for him. Yes, it was well his daughter had returned.

CHAPTER III.

A JOYOUS RECEPTION.

AFTER getting through with the Custom House, Mr. Cateret and Madeleine drove directly home.

The first thing Madeleine saw, as she alighted from the carriage, was Aunt Sally on the front stoop, resplendent in a yellow gown, with a bright crimson handkerchief tied around her head in the form of a turban. There she was, dancing from one foot to the other and clapping her hands, only stopping to repress that "imperant" Millie, who persisted in essaying to balance herself on her head on the wooden rail, in the exuberance of her joy at seeing her young "missus" again.

"Lor bress her sweet heart, da she is, da's my blessed 'babby,' de good Lordy's brung her back to her ole Aunty again, Glory Hallelujah!" and clasping her "babby" in her arms, the tears rolling down her old cheeks, she kissed her again and again, and Madeleine was not slow in returning her caresses.

"Jes' like her mudder," declared Aunt Sally, holding her off and looking at her.

"Fo de Lord, she's jes too buful," and then another hug, and more kisses. Millie was not so daring, but just as enthusiastic, and they retired together to the kitchen to discuss their young mistress, and concoct the dishes she was known to favor.

The genuine, unswerving loyalty of the Southern house

servant of those days, has never been surpassed by any exhibition of fidelity in service either ancient or modern.

The rest of the day Madeleine was monopolized by her father, for they had both many things to discuss, which to father and daughter were too sacred to admit of intrusion.

The next morning at the breakfast table, which Aunt Sally had abundantly supplied with all the luxuries her "babby" liked; including broiled chicken à la bayou Plaquemine, and corn bread of the most delicate golden hue, with delicious coffee such as only Aunt Sally could make, of O. G. Java and ground figs, Mr. Cateret questioned Madeleine about her voyage, and especially about Mr. Bernhard. I have said sufficient in the opening chapter to show that Madeleine Cateret was no common girl. Not one spark of her father's nature did she possess, she was all mother. She had his good looks, and here the resemblance began and ended.

Madeleine knew her father's character almost as thoroughly as her mother did, and from the first moment of their meeting, she asserted herself. From that instant, he never called in question any act of hers. As to his queries about Mr. Bernhard, she simply put them one side, mentioning the fact that he was an artist, and she had invited him to call.

Mr. Cateret's pride in finding the awkward girl of sixteen, matured into a self-possessed beautiful woman, was evident in every act and word; he was exceedingly deferential, and sought her opinion in certain matters as readily as her mother's before her.

When he left for his office that morning, he placed in his daughter's lap a box which Madeleine recognized as her mother's jewel box, remarking rather impressively:

"Your mother's jewel box, my daughter, she left it with her warmest love to you; I have not opened it since she died—it was her wish so—here is the key."

And taking her head between his two hands he kissed her, and left the room.

Alone with the box in her lap, Madeleine did not attempt to open it; she turned it over and looked at it. A plain, ebony box, once her mother's, and wondered at, and admired by her when a child, when she was always desirous of peeping into it. Now it was hers, with all its contents, and yet she did not hasten to examine it; on the contrary, she put it away, and made a visit to the kitchen to see "Aunt Sally."

"Law sakes alive, chile, what brings yo here, in dis mussy hole, dis ain't no place for you'ns, you'll get all dirt, suah. Here yo onery yaller gal, come outen dat wood shed an' tend yer dustin'. Dat Millie, Miss Madeleine, is the most onery nigger wench I ever did see, can't do nuffin wid her."

At this, Madeleine retired, resolving that shortly she would bring order out of chaos in that part of the house. A visit to other parts of the house was equally unsatisfactory; dust and dirt everywhere. The lack of a mistress' presence was too evident, the servants had had an easy time of it for several years, and Madeleine smiled when she thought of the changes she would make in the conduct of the household. Her examinations concluded, there was still that box to be attended to, and she confessed to herself that her tour of the house had been an excuse to delay its inspection. Placing it on her dressing table, she unlocked and opened it; it was filled with little boxes and opening one after the other, she found the different articles of jewelry which her mother had possessed so many years. She recognized each piece except two; a pair of large solitaire diamond ear drops, and a pearl necklace, both evidently very valuable. Last of all, in the bottom of the box was an envelope addressed, "For my beloved Madeleine," and within, was a letter which she eagerly tore open—a letter from her dead mother. It read:

“MY PRECIOUS CHILD:—For the first time in two days, I am for a moment free from pain, but the good doctor tells me this is deception, and that my time has come.

“May you never experience the agonizing regrets which now assail me, that I should not sooner, and more completely than I can do now, have prepared you for this great change; I am too weak to write much. What I wish most to say is, try to take my place with your father, watch over him, protect him, he is weak and easily led, beware of a man named Tatum, do not trust him, nor allow your father to. I—cannot write more,” here was a blank, and then in a faint hand, “Your Loving Mother,” was added.

That was all. Her mother's strength had evidently failed her; what she would have said, Madeleine could only conjecture. What a legacy to leave a child; the care and protection of her father, a healthy, active man, and she a girl of hardly two and twenty!

But these twenty-two years belonged to a girl with a head as clear, a judgment as sound, and a decision as perfect, as if she were forty, and had the experience which age brings.

Mrs. Cateret evidently knew her daughter's character in intrusting her with this responsibility; knew she was equal to it. We shall see if she was justified in this.

For a long time after reading the letter, Madeleine sat with her hands clasped around her knees on a low chair in her bedroom. Her eyes were fixed upon the opposite wall but she saw it not; all the faculties of her mind were engaged in trying to solve the problem her mother had set for her. She only needed a fillet bound around her hair, to realize the typical Greek maiden. Alma Tadema would have gloried in such a model; her features firm, clear cut as a cameo, her eyes large, soulful and intense, her hair, the crowning glory of her magnificently shaped

head; what was there, what could there be, to add to the interest such a personality inspires? At the moment nothing. She rises, and paces the floor, look at her!

A figure such as a sculptor sees in his dreams, her face a poet's ideal, her mind, what would it have been, had her surroundings been different, it is hard to say. Now a plastic, unformed, impressionable aggregation of cells, with no definite purpose, but stay—a new direction has been given to her thoughts by that letter of her mother's, her hands were clasped behind her back, and her fingers were working nervously. How shall she carry out her mother's ideas? She has come home happy, joyous, ready to enter into all the gayeties of a large city, where she held an assured social position; possibly marriage has entered her mind. At the threshold of all these possibilities, she is called upon to halt, her energies are to be directed into a new channel, she has received a sacred trust to fulfil. Can she undertake it, can she accomplish it, can she, a young unformed girl, so guide and influence her father's life, that both shall profit by it?

Finally the answer comes, "I both can, and will," and from this on, the softer lights, the sweeter traits of Madeleine Cateret's character, suffered from the one absorbing, persistent endeavor to mould affairs, to meet her aim and gratify her ambitions.

What she would have been under other conditions we cannot tell, what she became, we shall see. Hitherto she had lacked a motive in life, this was now supplied. The development was a gradual one, but with that character, it was as certain as the sun. The very carriage of the girl was changed, the jewels were replaced in their receptacle and carefully put away.

A plan of action was immediately determined on. She must know the condition of her father's finances; certain things which she had already observed, convinced her that they were not in the most flourishing state.

Madeleine did not refer to the box when she saw her father that evening; she had a little plan which she had concocted during the day which she meant to try on him. She recollected that in reply to a letter of hers asking for money, a short time before she returned, he mentioned inclosing a draft, but the letter contained none. She had borrowed a small sum from Mother Cornichon and this amount she had determined to exaggerate to see if her father could supply it. It was not a particularly bright thing to do, but she went about her self-imposed task in her own way. The sum she owed was one thousand francs, and when they were comfortably seated at dinner, she burst out with the remark:

"By the way, papa, you recollect I asked you for some money before I sailed, and you spoke of inclosing a draft, you must have forgotten it, for I found none!"

"Yes, my dear," replied her father, nonchalantly, cracking the claw of a lobster he was eating, between his teeth, and picking out the succulent bit of meat, "ye-s, I think I remember finding it on my desk, after I mailed the letter; I hope it occasioned you no inconvenience."

"Not in the least, papa," said the sly creature, "I borrowed five thousand francs from Mother Cornichon."

"What!" ejaculated her father, dropping his claw and wiping his fingers on his napkin, "you borrowed five thousand francs, come now, that is a good one."

"Why, papa, your whole action just now would indicate surprise that I should borrow a little money when it was too late to hear from you," said Madeleine in the calmest manner possible. "I hope you do not think it improper?"

"Well, my dear child, I can't say it was *improper*." Still desirous to keep up the farce that he was a wealthy man, and feeling that he had in his daughter a person too acute to be easily deceived. "It was not wrong, only the sum was larger than I liked my daughter to borrow from a stranger."

"But Mother Cornichon was not a stranger, and I can send it back immediately, to-day if necessary, I don't mind writing, although I am rather busy. If you will write me a check, papa, I will send it and apologize." Her father looked at her, but the Sphinx was not more impassive than Madeleine's face.

"Foreign business, my dear daughter, is not done in so simple a manner. There are certain forms to go through, and I must ascertain what exchange is, whether to send sterling exchange, francs, or what."

"Oh! as far as that, papa, don't trouble your head, I can do it. Just give me your check for a thousand dollars, and I will go to some bank, they will fix it for me."

"Here's a letter for Massa Cateret," said Millie bursting into the dining room at this critical period of their conversation.

Mr. Cateret opened the note. It read:

"Please come to the office a little earlier than usual to-morrow morning.
GUS."

He folded it up, and rising from the table, said, "you must excuse me, my dear, I have an urgent business appointment to keep," and hurried out.

"In great luck that time, Jim Cateret," he muttered to himself. "Whew! what a girl to deal with, she's worse than a detective."

Madeleine laughed quietly, when her father had left the room.

"What a godsend that note was to him," she thought, "the alacrity with which he attends to business appointments after business hours, is very commendable, but he shall not escape me in that way. He doesn't know his daughter yet. I will renew the attack in the morning. It is cruel, I know, but it cannot be helped, he had better

make me his confidant, for it will come to that sooner or later."

Madeleine did not see her father again that evening, and when she went down to breakfast, a line on her plate told her that he was obliged to be at the office earlier than usual that morning, and regretted that he must breakfast alone, "without her fair hand to pour his coffee."

"Very gallant indeed of papa to say that," then a thought came to her, and going into the hall she searched her father's light overcoat which he had not taken with him that morning.

In one of the pockets she found the note he had received the preceding evening signed "Gus."

"Gus—that is the office boy—it is just as I thought, he had no engagement last evening, but dreaded my questions. O papa, how silly; you only prolong the agony!"

Breakfast over, she worked off her surplus energy on poor Millie, who certainly had no easy time that day. From cellar to garret, and back, curtains were taken down, woodwork was cleaned, and the Argus eye of Madeleine followed her at every turn.

"Gracious! Goodness! aunty, wat's come over Missie Madeleine, she's befo' me, behind me, and she jes' sees all the dirt in de whole house. I'se gwine ter brack my back stooping down and searching about all de cornerses. O Lord!" And Millie sank into a chair quite done up, as the afternoon closed.

CHAPTER IV.

JAMES CATERET, STOCK BROKER.

A SMALL tin sign with this inscription ornamented the door of an office one flight up, in a rather tumble-down block, on Wall Street, not far from William.

The single occupant of this office on a certain spring morning, in 1860, was a tall, awkward young man of twenty or thereabouts. In the distribution of gifts when this young man's career was planned, beauty was forgotten. A large, inquisitive nose, somewhat hatchet-shaped, attracted instant attention to a face which, despite its irregularity of features, was not absolutely ugly. The eyes were small, gray, and deep set, or appeared so, for the lower part of the brain was bulging. Evidently, if phrenology were correct, nothing would escape the observation of this young man. The mouth was large, and when opened to emit a grin—a habit the owner was addicted to, it disclosed a row of serviceable teeth, somewhat discolored by the use of tobacco. The youth did not look well fed, he certainly was not well dressed. Augustus Duck was this young man's name. The patronymic Duck, was an unpleasant one for him, notwithstanding the grandeur of his Christian name. His intimate associates would persist in calling him "Canvas Back." Mr. Cateret called him Gus, but no amount of intimidation could persuade his intimates to think of him otherwise than as "Canvas." This apparent lack of respect was more apparent than real. His young companions in the neighboring offices, or the street, took no liberties with "Canvas." There were two reasons for this. In

the first place, this awkward lad possessed enormous physical strength, and like most street boys (for he had grown up in the street) he knew how to use his fists. But more efficacious than this, as a means of securing respect, was a faculty he possessed of grotesque ridicule.

The rude power of sarcasm which Gus exercised on all offending parties, caused him to be treated with unwonted consideration. Once invoke this unpolished weapon of Gus' armament, and the culprit was annihilated by some ridiculous comparison, or a name was attached to him which he found it impossible to shake off.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, d'yer hear what Canvas called Scotty?"

"Naw."

"He called him a little sawed off choppin' block."

Scotty was a thick-set young fellow who furnished kindling and matches, to the different offices. Having excited Gus' ire one morning, he received the foregoing appellation, and it stuck to him ever after. The dread of something like this, from the inventive brain of Gus, combined with the knowledge of his physical powers, compelled respect.

Gus was never rude to his superiors, although inclined to be a little sharp, especially if he did not like a person. His good qualities were, his honesty, and his absolute devotion to his employer; to favor whose business interests, he exercised a keen discriminating intelligence.

The early history of Gus' life, was the early history of the life of thousands of New York boys; he never knew his father to draw a sober breath.

His mother slaved from morning till night, to support her two children, and finally worn out with the excessive toil, and the numberless beatings she received from her vagabond husband, succumbed, when Gus was fourteen, and little crippled Davie eight years of age. Two years before this event, the father had been killed in a drunken

brawl, thus the support of Davie fell upon Gus; and nobly he responded. For a number of years he sold papers, and blacked boots, and then went to work as an office boy. He naturally gravitated toward "Change Alley," for he liked the hustling, bustling life of the locality—and then the pay was better. He gradually improved his condition and became a settling clerk. Familiar with the terms of the street, and invariably good natured, he was rather popular with the brokers who knew him. Mr. Cateret always had a pleasant word for Gus, and what was more natural than that when he opened an office, he should invite Gus to become his office boy, and general factotum? And now on this spring morning behold Augustus Duck awaiting the coming of his employer.

The office is swept and dusted, for Gus attends to all these matters, and now he had a little spare time on his hands. He is too restless to be altogether idle, and is at present engaged in trying to keep a couple of empty ink bottles in the air at the same time. One hand is placed behind his back, and the other is employed in juggling with the bottles. An unfamiliar step is heard on the stairs, Gus tossed the bottles into the waste paper basket, and with one bound alights upon his high stool, grasps a pen, and with his face close to the ledger, begins to run up a column of figures; said column having been footed up a month before.

The door opened cautiously, but Augustus is busily engaged with his figures. The thin, wrinkled face of an old man is pushed between the door and the casing, followed by a shambling, shrivelled-up figure.

"Cateret in?" squeaked a querulous voice from the old man's throat.

"Not yet down, Mr. Tatum," replied Gus, glancing over his shoulder at the visitor, although he knew the instant he heard the voice who was there.

Mr. Tatum drew near the desk, and apparently endeavored to see what occupied Mr. Duck's attention; but the young man was too quick for him, and passing his hand under the cover he closed the book with a bang before the old gentleman could get a peep at its contents.

"You'll blot that book," said Mr. Tatum maliciously.

"Just what the blotter's for, sir."

Tatum scowled; "I don't like jokes," he gulped out sneeringly.

"Never make 'em," responded Gus complacently.

"See here, Duck, what sort of a princely salary does Cateret pay you for your work here?"

"More'n I earn by easy odds," responded Gus, now getting a little angry at Mr. Tatum's sneers.

"I want a sharp boy like you in my office, Duck, situation permanent, what do you say?"

"I say that Mr. Cateret is the kindest man I ever worked for, and I don't wish to leave him," answered Gus.

"Very well, when you get out of your job, you'll be glad to come and see me, perhaps; tell Cateret I want to see him, will you?"

"Yes, sir," said Gus with a snap, and then as the old man closed the door: "The old 'he baboon,' I wouldn't work for him if I could eat turkey all my life."

Soon after Mr. Cateret entered the office.

"Morning, Gus, what's new this morning?"

"Mr. Tatum just called, sir, said he wanted to see you."

"Any one else?"

"No one but Mr. Emory, he'll see you on Change."

"All right. Say, Gus, what did that mysterious note of yours mean last night?"

"Why, Mr. Cateret, I heard a little talk on the street, I thought might interest you. I don't go much on tips, and such like points, but this was so straight, I thought as how you ought to know it. It was just this way; you see, I

went into Farish's to get a lunch, and when I came out, I saw that big broker they call 'Silver,' cause his hair is so light. He was talking with that fat fellow you always see with old Drew, neither on 'em saw me, leastwise they didn't seem to. I thought I'd like to know what made 'em 'buzz' so, and I just borrowed Davie's blacking tools, and humping myself up, I sang out, 'black your boots,' and got down on my knees, in front of 'em, 'Silver' says 'go ahead, my boy,' and then they kept right on talking. I heard the fat one say, 'first thing after the market opens, let 'em have five, then offer ten more, I'll have them get the news in half an hour. Then sail in, they'll think liquidation is coming sure, I'll give you the tip when to buy it in!' That's all I heard, for I had his boots shined, and they gave me ten cents and never suspected me."

"All very good, Gus, for a tip, but of what use is it to me? How do I know what stock they intend to sell?"

"Just so, Mr. Cateret, but you know 'Silver' will sell it on the opening; if he offers five, and then ten thousand shares, you'll know that's the stock for a certainty," replied Gus.

"That's true, and I might take a flyer to try it; I'll go over and see how things look."

The opening of the market found Mr. Cateret on hand, not far from "Silver's" station. The market had hardly opened, when he offered five thousand Michigan Central which was instantly taken by some one; he immediately sold ten thousand more, and Mr. Cateret, taking his cue, sold five hundred, this started a stampede, and soon it was rumored that the dividend would be passed, and everybody began to throw the stock. By noon it had broken four points, and Mr. Cateret bought his in, making a clear profit of two thousand dollars.

"What made you jump so quick," asked "Silver" of Mr. Cateret at luncheon, "you were the first man to get on to that."

"Oh," said Mr. Cateret, "I have been looking for something like that for some time, I thought I saw it coming; all the same, they won't pass the dividend."

"Think so?" said "Silver."

"Of course I think so," replied Mr. Cateret quietly.

On the strength of this, "Silver" bought in his stock, and soon got word to buy in all he had sold. It was authoritatively contradicted that the dividend would be passed.

When Mr. Cateret entered his office that afternoon, he held a hundred dollars in his hand, which he handed Gus.

"Give Davie fifty, and keep fifty yourself, Gus, the tip was a good one, and you have earned it," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Cateret, I wouldn't mind having such tips every day," and he grinned and chuckled at the thought of what Davie would say when he got his share.

As for Mr. Cateret himself, he was in the best of humor when he came down that night. He went around to all the tradespeople and settled their bills, ordered a fresh supply of wine and cigars, and conducted himself in the most gay and debonnaire manner possible.

Madeleine was instantly aware that something unusual had occurred, his whole bearing was so changed from the night before. They were hardly seated at the table, before he tossed her a check for one thousand dollars. Madeleine picked up the check and looked at it, and then at her father; his face was beaming, although he made every effort to conceal his happy frame of mind.

"For Mother Cornichon," he said, nonchalantly, "it might as well be paid, it don't do to let such things run."

"Just my own thought," said Madeleine, "business must have been good to-day, papa."

"Just fair, just fair, my child," replied her father, with the greatest assumption of indifference.

"By the way, if you go down town in the morning, you can buy that draft, I shan't have time."

“Very well, papa, what is ‘exchange’ to-day, shall I buy francs or sterling exchange?”

Mr. Cateret looked at Madeleine furtively, wondering if she were laughing at him. Not a muscle quivered in her face.

“Oh, buy francs! They won’t cheat a woman, and a pretty one at that, eh, Maddy?” But Madeleine did not smile; her mind was busy revolving how she would confess to her father the trick she had played on him. She began to feel uncomfortable. There were eight hundred dollars which did not belong to her, should she return it? How could she? She committed her first fault, when she deceived her father in regard to the amount she owed. She made a grave mistake when she so far forgot herself as to search his pockets for the note he had received from Gus. She continued this double dealing when she folded the check and put it in her pocket book. If this action of Madeleine’s was fatal to her fine sense of honor, and repugnant to her moral nature, none would have ever known it, so thoroughly imbued was she with the idea of success in her design to ascertain her father’s financial status. She put behind her all squeamishness, on the score of necessity; and determined to prosecute her inquiries to any extent necessary to attain the control over him she desired. Long and patient thought now convinced her that she must enter the arena of strife for the object of her pursuit, as a man, and no hesitation on her part over the scruple of womanly delicacy must intervene to thwart her aim.

Under other conditions, the traits of character now developing in Madeleine’s nature, might easily have been repressed, but the “bloom is now off the peach.” The same requisites exist in woman as in man for the prosecution of similar undertakings. The trust bequeathed by her mother, was simply a stimulus, which aroused her dormant

ideas, and while for a time, she gulled herself into the belief that it was all for her own, and her father's welfare, and her mother's dying request, she had devised this plan of action. She soon found, however, that grander schemes began to develop, and a boundless ambition to be the architect of her own fortune, found place beside the humbler, purer motives which actuated her at the outset.

The next morning Madeleine had her father's check cashed, procured a draft for one thousand francs, which she remitted to Mother Cornichon, and the balance, eight hundred dollars, went into her jewel box for safe keeping.

The campaign was now opened and she had decided that that money was the prime requisite, for its successful conduct.

CHAPTER V.

PERTAINING SOMEWHAT TO HEREDITY.

ONE check always has, and always will, exercise a restraining influence upon the perfect realization of the highest type of human development, mental and physical, and that is, the introduction of sentimental selection. Where this factor is from any cause removed, the law governing reproduction has an opportunity to assert itself unhampered, and the result is a higher, ideal standard.

When this selection unconsciously favors the law, the race is improved.

Such a fortunate selection was made by Mr. Bernhard, senior, when he chose Dollie Mason for his wife, and when said Dollie looked on him with favoring glances. A spare, swarthy, dark-eyed man, he found in Mistress Dollie's plump form, rosy cheeks, and blue eyes his ideal of a conjugal mate.

Moses Bernhard was an Hungarian Jew, a portrait painter by profession, and possessed of considerable talent. He came to America when a young man, and after wandering through various States in pursuit of his profession, he finally settled down in a small Connecticut town. Finding the demand for portraits somewhat limited, he fell in a way of decorating carriages, which put more money in his pockets, and brought more fame to his name, than if he had been a Sir Peter Lely, in artistic excellence. Fifty years ago, there were few railroads, and travelling by stage coach was the usual rule. Then coaches were often highly ornamented, and it required an artist of no mean skill to

decorate the panels of the doors as required. A bit of landscape, or a marine view, with a ship under full sail in the foreground, tickled the fancy of the dealers in these coaches.

Mr. Bernhard's neat little sketches, quite suited the popular taste, and he soon found his services competed for, by rival companies, and constant employment at a high price was the result. He was shrewd enough to see that he had no rivals, and having the field to himself he found that he could earn more money than by painting portraits, even though his orders were limited.

The desire to acquire wealth, quieted his artistic aspirations. And with prosperity, came the inclination to marry and have a wife to enjoy it with him, and finding none of his own race to choose from, he was compelled to be content with pretty Dollie Mason, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer near the town. Mr. Bernhard met her at some husking bee or barn raising, and was immediately captivated by her bright eyes.

Physically and mentally, they were opposites. He, dark, thin, and restless in his movements; she, large, plump, with sunny hair and ditto as to disposition. He was intellectual, shrewd, and excitable. Dollie was not particularly talented in any way, unless it was in possessing an even temper, if that went for a talent. She was clear-headed, calm, and self-poised, and acted as a fine balance wheel to her nervous, restless, energetic husband.

Two such people could not help but get on together. They not only got on, but they prospered, and their children were perfect specimens of physical beauty. Old Mr. Mason—Dollie's mother was dead—soon saw his son-in-law's efficiency, and furnished him money enough to enable him to combine the building of carriages, with their decoration; and henceforth, Mr. Bernhard worked for himself. When Hugo, the oldest child was ten, and Doris,

five, the Bernhards were fast acquiring wealth. About this time, old Mr. Mason died and left Dollie a comfortable fortune; this decided Mr. Bernhard to move to New Haven with his business, which was now assuming large proportions. He built a large carriage factory, and in ten years was computed to be worth almost a quarter of a million. The family became favorites in social circles, and an invitation to the Bernhard's was much thought of. Hugo and Doris received every possible advantage that money could procure, and the household became one of taste and culture. Of course much of this was due to Mr. Bernhard; but Dollie Mason was not left behind, and at two and forty Mrs. Moses Bernhard was an elegant matronly woman, with a commanding presence, and a social supremacy which was undeniable.

Both Hugo and Doris learned German from their father. Hugo took to his father's art, while Doris developed musical ability of no mean order.

Hugo graduated at Yale, and his father prepared to take him into business, but he begged to be sent to Europe to study art, and kindred sciences. Mrs. Bernhard threw the weight of her opinion in favor of Hugo's plan, and Doris coincided. So placing a generous sum of money in a New York bank to Hugo's credit, his father bade him God speed, and five years before the opening of the story, he became a pupil of Ary Scheffer, and later, fancying he he had some talent as a historical painter, he changed to Delacroix.

It was a fortunate circumstance for Hugo that the money was placed in the bank to his credit. To this he owed his long stay in Europe, for two years after he sailed, came the panic of '57, and Mr. Bernhard was terribly crippled in his business by losses. And had it not been for the kindness of his creditors, he would certainly have failed. His reputation for integrity and uprightness in

business transactions was such, that without a dissenting voice, all voted to extend the time of his paper, and even assist him with ready money.

All this Hugo did not know, for Mr. Bernhard forbade both mother or daughter writing the actual condition of affairs. He worked away harder than ever, determined that now his son had an opportunity to become an artist, he would not deprive him of it, although he needed him sadly at home.

The family tried by retrenching all necessary expenses, to aid the husband and father in the struggle he was making. And the efforts of all were so far successful that when Hugo returned, there was no danger of failure. Mr. Bernhard had paid off all pressing obligations, and those now hanging on him were in the form of notes, extending for a series of years. Present anxiety was removed, but until everybody was paid, he could not consider himself a free man.

Their coachman and gardener were dismissed, all unnecessary help in the house dispensed with, their beautiful home, built ten years before, was, however, retained, for Mr. Bernhard would not sacrifice it by throwing it on the market at such a time as this.

He was determined to recover his lost fortune, and if his health held out, he bade fair to do so. Although the force at the factory was necessarily reduced, and he could take no large contracts as before, he still showed by his indomitable persistence and energy that prosperity must come again if his health were spared.

He designed new forms for carriages, sent to Germany and procured the best decorators he could obtain, and strove in every way to keep the reputation he had made, for turning out the best work in New England, intact.

Hugo had been expected daily, and one day Mr. Bernhard came home flourishing a telegram from New York,

which he had just received from Hugo, announcing his safe arrival, and saying, "home to-morrow night." That night all was joy in the Bernhard household.

"I wonder how he will look, papa," said Doris, "I suppose we shall hardly know him if he has grown a beard. How nice it will be to have him home once more, and I do hope he will bring a lot of pictures with him."

"What will *you* say to the boy, mother?" said Mr. Bernhard looking up from his evening paper.

"I think I shall just hug him a good bit before I say anything," responded Mrs. Bernhard, mother like. And shortly she retired from the room, and later in the evening Doris found her in Hugo's room, putting things to rights in anticipation of its renewed occupancy by her boy. Mrs. Bernhard was very proud of her handsome artist son and if anything, there was a softer spot in her heart for Hugo than Doris.

That this was true, she herself would never acknowledge, but in her heart of hearts, she knew it. Not that Doris was not all a daughter should be, but Doris was another Dollie Mason, only an improved copy, bound a little firmer, and indicating superior workmanship.

Hugo resembled Mr. Bernhard as Dollie Mason first knew him, and besides being handsomer, he had a great deal more talent.

Mrs. Bernhard had not forgotten those pretty sketches her husband used to paint on the coach panels, and here was a son coming back to her who could paint them even better. But strongest of all reasons, was the fact that Hugo in personal appearance resembled his father.

And Mrs. Bernhard fairly worshipped her husband. In all the years they had lived together, she had not outgrown her girlish imagination; and respect for this foreigner who had won her heart, had become greater and greater as she saw how he met reverses. She had loved

him first because he was strange to her, different from his fellow-men in appearance, talented and somewhat mysterious.

She never quite felt herself his equal intellectually, he towered above her; she was content to be his wife and silently worship. But here was her own boy, and no altitude to which he could raise himself, would make him other than her own son, and that son the living image of his father thirty years ago.

Doris watched her for a few moments through the half-open door as she hummed a simple air while putting up the curtain.

"How happy it makes mother!" and no jealous reflection entered her mind to mar her share in her mother's joy.

"Mother, dear, can I help you any?" asked Doris, venturing into the room.

"No, my daughter," answered her mother, "I am quite through now," and she sat down on the edge of the bed to rest a bit.

"What do you think father says, mother? He thinks he will want Hugo to help him in the factory, he is so short handed. Now, I think Hugo ought at once to set up a studio here, or in New York. He knows nothing about the business. I know more myself, I told father so, but he seemed to think differently."

"My dear Doris, your father knows much better what is necessary than we possibly can. Much as I would like to see Hugo a great artist, I cannot forget how his father has slaved to keep him abroad. He is looking much older in the last year from his incessant worry over his business. Trust your father, Doris."

"I know, mother, but still I can't see why Hugo should have his career spoiled because we want a little more money."

"Do your father more justice than that, Doris," replied

Mrs. Bernhard, "it is not the money he wishes, or at least, not so much money for us, as the means to clear up his obligations. Your father's good name is to him of priceless value, and unless he can meet his paper when it is due, his mercantile standing is impaired. His creditors have been very generous toward him, and he does not wish to disappoint them; besides, he has the ambition to build up the business to its former proportions, or even better than that, become the leading manufacturer in the State. If Hugo could only relieve him of a part of the burden, he might accomplish it; he has as much pride in this, as Hugo can ever have in *his* profession."

"I know you are right, mother, but what is to become of Hugo's art, if he remains in the office, and learns to keep books, and manufacture carriages?"

"My dear child, I am as proud of Hugo's talent as you are," replied her mother, "but his first duty is toward his father, and if he can be of use, he must make the sacrifice. If he has genuine love for his art, and perseverance, it will only be a spur to his ambition. We can fix him up a studio at home, and he will find plenty of time to paint."

Doris shook her head unconvinced. She was proud of her artist brother, and felt that this mercenary plan—as she deemed it—would be a wet blanket to his aspirations.

With one more glance around, to see if anything was needed, Mrs. Bernhard drew Doris outside the room, closed the door, and taking her by the arm, as if to emphasize her remarks, she said:

"Do not, my child, try and thwart your father in his plans, that you may gratify any pride of your own. Hugo will be as much, and more, respected, if he turns to, and helps the father, who has been so uniformly kind all these years. You do not know what it has cost him to keep Hugo so long abroad, and he almost overcome by the bad faith, neglect, or inability of his friends to help him.

Think of your father, my daughter!" And releasing her arm she permitted her to go, but not without a kiss of encouragement.

It was hard for Doris to relinquish her pet ambition for her beloved brother, but she knew her mother was right, and being extremely just herself, she forbore to press the matter further.

The next day came, and with it, the much longed-for Hugo. Doris met him at the depot, but he was hardly prepared for the surprise he experienced when the little Doris he had seen last, threw her arms around his neck. He left her, in his estimation, a child, and here was a magnificent woman. He held her at arm's length, and looked at her.

"Well, Mr. Inspector, is the survey satisfactory?" laughed his sister.

"Very, indeed, my dear Doris, only I confess your magnificence rather astonishes me."

"Not more than you do me, Hugo; you were a beardless boy when you went away, and now you are really quite a man." And Doris gave him another little squeeze, by way of emphasizing her delight.

Doris was a fac-simile of Dollie Mason at her age; she had the same laughing blue eyes, the same fair skin as her mother. There was perhaps not so much suggestion of the dairy maid in her delicately-tinted cheeks, and there was an air of refinement, the natural result of improved social connections, but there was also that same magnificence of proportions, which made Mrs. Bernhard so noble-looking a woman. What if her nose was a little broad at its base, or her mouth a trifle large for true artistic symmetry; when open, it disclosed beautiful teeth, and dimpled one cheek in a charmingly roguish manner.

And Doris! what did she see in her brother? An ideal artist, as different from herself as if born of other parents.

All the antecedents of her father's race shone out strongly in him. His eye—the true Hebrew eye—was gentle, mild and winning. It had sadness and fervor in its depths, and it could sparkle with fun, or light up with enthusiasm. And the Oriental type was maintained in his olive skin, and the dark luxuriance of his Vandyke beard. His form partook somewhat of his mother's grandeur, but otherwise he was a Bernhard.

Doris was enchanted with his appearance, and counted upon showing him off to her young lady friends with great pride.

After they had entered a carriage, which Hugo noticed with surprise was not theirs, they were driven toward home.

“What has become of Thomas?” (the old coachman), asked Hugo.

“Oh! we let him go, Hugo, father thought it was best.”

Hugo looked at his sister rather inquisitively.

“I may as well tell you, Hugo, father almost failed in business and we had to make some sacrifices, and Thomas was one of them.”

“And why was I not told, Doris?”

“We did not think it necessary, dear Hugo. You were in Europe to study, and could be of no use here. So many of father's customers failed, that he was almost forced to suspend; but his creditors were very lenient, and he was enabled to go on. His great want now is, capital enough to conduct the business properly!”

Hugo heard all this in silence, and before he could reflect upon it, they drew up at the house, and were met by mother and father at the door, and Hugo experienced the hug his mother had promised herself.

“Welcome home, my son,” said his father, and trembling with excitement he embraced his first-born and kissed him. His own youthful days returned to him as he regarded this son of his, and the strong instincts of race

came upon him, and he put up his hands and blessed his son as his own father had done years ago, when he left that little village in Hungary. The blessing had had its fruit, and now in *his* turn, he blessed his own son, returned to him after many days.

Little more was done that evening than question Hugo about his trip; and Doris established herself as interlocutor.

"Come, Hugo, tell us about your voyage over, was it a pleasant one?"

"Splendid; it was stormy all the way through."

"And you call that a splendid trip?"

"Oh, I was not thinking about the weather, I am a good sailor, you know, I meant we had pleasant company."

"Were there many passengers?"

"No, very few, the season has not commenced yet, at least for travel this way."

"But they were all agreeable, and that was certainly a fortunate thing in bad weather," remarked Doris incidentally.

"I don't think I said they were all agreeable, my sweet sister."

"Well, how many agreeable ones were there, Hugo, come, don't let me drag everything out of you. How many pleasant people were there; and who were they?"

"Well, there were one or two, dear, enough to enable one to pass the time," responded Hugo rather reluctantly.

A prolonged oh! came from Doris, "one or two, who were they Hugo?"

"Why, there was a Miss Cateret, who has been at school in Paris for five or six years, a very charming young lady, I think you would like her very much, Doris."

"Yes, and who else, Hugo?"

"Now, really, Doris, I don't remember all their names," replied Hugo, somewhat vexed at this cross-questioning before his parents.

"So, Master Hugo," answered Doris, considerably amused at her brother's description of the passengers, "your boat load of pleasant passengers, has dwindled down to one, Miss Cateret; and the pleasure of your trip depended upon one solitary passenger! She must have been indeed charming, to have so well entertained you through two weeks of bad weather. I hope I shall see this paragon of womanhood."

"Come, Doris," spoke up Mrs. Bernhard, "you have bothered Hugo enough about his fellow-passengers. Tell us something about Europe, Hugo, tell us how you lived there, and what you saw."

"Now, mother, you are almost as bad as Doris," interrupted Mr. Bernhard; "let it all come out gradually; Hugo cannot sit down and tell us each day's experience; but I am sure he can answer any questions we may ask him; and for one, I wish to know if he has brought us any pictures of his own; how is it, Hugo?"

"I can answer that, father. I have perhaps twenty or twenty-five, which I brought over, and I must go back to New York in a day or two to see about them. I hardly know whether it is best to bring them here, or leave them in New York and open a studio there!"

Mr. Bernhard looked very grave at this remark of Hugo's, but said nothing, while Doris fired off innumerable questions at her brother, which kept him busy until midnight answering.

CHAPTER VI.

HUGO EXPERIENCES A SET-BACK.

WHEN Hugo put in his appearance at breakfast the next morning, he found only his mother and sister. Mr. Bernhard had long since gone to the factory, and left word for Hugo to meet him there.

His rather Bohemian life for the past five years had somewhat unfitted him for the active business-like habits of his New England home; but a fond mother, and an admiring sister, found no word of reproach for his lazy indulgence; Doris was glad enough to hang around him, wait upon him, and ply him with questions. It was nearly noon when Hugo walked out upon the street, and headed for the factory. Few whom he met, knew him, but occasionally he ran across an old school-mate, and was thus delayed, until when he arrived at the office, the noon bell was ringing. How well he remembered that twelve o'clock bell, which rang in the steeple of the old church near the shop. He did not doubt that old Favor who had rung that bell for twenty years every noon, still pulled the rope and "set the bell," as they called it. How often he had helped him ring, and wondered at the strength and skill which enabled him to whirl that monster bell, and balance it when half turned, hang it a moment, and then tilt it over and allow it to ring itself out. This style of ringing, distinguished it from the short, quick strokes which indicated a fire. Hugo gave a long sigh as he paused a moment, with his hand on the office door, and heard the last dying stroke. He seemed to have just thrown down his school books, and rushed off

to greet his father, before going home to luncheon. Five years to him then, seemed almost a life-time, and in that one instant of recollection, how many youthful scenes flashed over the mirror of his mind! Boy he was no longer; had he not seen the great world, and sat at the feet of some of the world's greatest masters? This feeling was only a bit of sentiment, a sort of home-sickness for youth again, and its joyous irresponsibility. He opened the door and found his father in the act of putting on his coat to go out and get his luncheon.

"Good-morning, Hugo my son, I'm glad you came down, you can lunch with me," said Mr. Bernhard, his eyes brightening as he surveyed his handsome son.

"I'll go with you, father, but as far as luncheon is concerned, I must confess to having but had my breakfast. Continental habits I fear are hardly suitable to your New England style of life. I must mend my ways now I am back home."

Meanwhile Hugo had assisted his father to put on his coat; and although the assistance was not required, the little attention was gratefully received by the older man, as it induced a feeling of satisfaction akin to gratitude, that the prodigal had now returned to relieve him of part of his wearisome burdens.

As they passed along the street chatting of the changes which had taken place since Hugo's departure, he noticed with pride the constant and respectful salutations his father received on all sides. And he felt gratified that he could claim such a man, with his strong personality, dignified bearing, and honorable position in society, as *his* father. On the other hand Mr. Bernhard was equally proud of his handsome and talented son, and if the truth be told, he took him a little out of his way, conscious that he was being observed, and his son's appearance commented upon. They finally reached the quiet little res-

taurant where Mr. Bernhard took his daily luncheon—for the walk home and return would have occupied too much time—comfortably seated in a private stall, and the waiter dismissed with his order, Mr. Bernhard turned to Hugo.

“Well, my son, I am heartily glad to see you back again, I have you here to-day for a little talk, which I wanted alone with you. I suppose that you have already learned at home that my affairs have not gone on in as satisfactory a way as I could have wished, since your departure. It is only through the leniency of my creditors that I am not now a ruined man. When the panic came, I had a large outstanding indebtedness, and failure after failure crippled me, until I could not take up my paper as it became due. This has been extended from time to time, and although the amount now out, is largely diminished, I am still embarrassed, and obliged to sail close to the wind to get on at all. I need capital, which I cannot secure until my affairs are in better shape.”

While Mr. Bernhard had been talking he sat with his arms resting on the table between them, and Hugo studying his face saw, that beside the gray in his hair and beard, which had been added since his absence, there was abundant evidence in his thin, wan face, that the struggle had been a hard one.

As Hugo listened to the explanation of his father's business troubles, he could not but remember the easy, idle life he had led in Paris, all unconscious of the worry and anxiety they were enduring at home. Not one word of reproach, not an intimation that he had been spending, while they had been saving, had he heard from any member of the family. Least of all from his father, and his voice choked with emotion when he turned to speak.

“I wish, sir, I had known something of this,” he said huskily, “it was too much for you to bear alone.”

“To what good, my son?” replied his father, “you went

to Europe for a purpose, the money was provided for the undertaking, when I could well afford it; your studies were unfinished, and your presence here could have been of little use to me then, while it would have deprived you of opportunities you may never have again. The chance you had, I was never fortunate enough to have provided for me, for do not forget, that at your age I had my ideals in art, my ambitions, and my hopes. If I failed to realize them, the urgent need of earning money—not for myself alone—but for a poor old mother and father at home, must be my excuse.

“I often wished I could invent some way to live without eating; could I have done so, I might have done more for art. All this has been spared you, my son, and you have no doubt profited by this relief from anxiety about your subsistence. And now the most painful part of my communication to you must come.”

Hugo pricked up his ears, wondering what could be said more serious than he had already listened to.

“I know you will be disappointed, Hugo, but I fear at present you cannot go on with your painting. The fact is, I am extremely short-handed at the factory, and my book-keeper is about leaving me for a situation where he can earn more money than I can afford to pay him. If you could take his place, it would be a great saving, and you would become acquainted with the business. I feel that my health is not what it was, and if I should be taken away there would be no one to conduct affairs properly, and your mother and sister would suffer.”

Had Hugo been a girl, he would have thrown his arms around his father's neck and begged him not to be discouraged. As it was, he put out his hand, grasped that of his father and said earnestly:

“I do not know how much help I can be to you, father, for I know so little about business, but tell me what I can

do, I will try it," and with a faint attempt at facetiousness, "if you are not satisfied, you can discharge me, you know."

"We shall see about that," smiled the elder Bernhard, "but come, we must go now, I have finished my luncheon."

They had hardly left the restaurant, when Hugo heard his father's name called, and saw a gentleman across the street beckoning to him. Mr. Bernhard left him and held a few moments' conversation with the gentleman and then returned with a puzzled but pleased expression on his face.

"The gentleman who called me was Mr. Hobbs, president of one of our largest banks, and it really seems as if your coming back was to bring me good fortune. It is a strange order too," he said musingly. Then addressing Hugo, he said:

"He has received from his correspondent, at Charleston, South Carolina, an order, to place a contract for one hundred farm wagons to be done in three months. It will be a good thing if I can undertake it."

"And why not undertake it?" urged Hugo.

"Well, it will require several thousand dollars for stock, and I have no ready money, unless Mr. Hobbs will advance me something."

"Will three thousand dollars help you, father? I have yet that amount of the money you placed in the bank for me."

"Indeed, Hugo, that will be just the thing. I will send an immediate acceptance of the order."

"You have not been extravagant, Hugo, and I am very much pleased at this help from you, but this order puzzles me; it is a queer part of the country for us to send farm wagons to, but Mr. Hobbs guarantees the contract. Well, never mind now, run home and see 'the girls,'"—Mr. Bernhard usually called his wife and daughter 'the girls,'

—“I shall be home early, and you can tell me about Paris and your artist life, it will make me young again.”

Mr. Bernhard came home as he promised, early, and evidently in great spirits. He looked better than Hugo had yet seen him.

“Well, Hugo,” he remarked, “we shall commence to get out the stuff for those wagons to-morrow, the contract is closed.”

“What has Hugo got to do with your wagons, father?” inquired Mrs. Bernhard.

“Oh, Hugo has been taken into the firm, mother,” replied Mr. Bernhard very quietly, for he knew that if there was any opposition to his plan it would come from the mother and sister.

“You don’t mean that Hugo is going into the factory,” ejaculated Doris.

“It looks like it, doesn’t it, Hugo?” replied his father, laughing.

“Very much;” laughed Hugo. “Have you got an extra pair of overalls, father?”

“Hugo Bernhard!” blazed out Doris, “I really don’t know what you are thinking of, to talk in this way. Is this what you spent five years in studying art in Paris for, to daub up the panels of a few carriage doors every day, at so many dollars a door? Is this your conception of high art? Is this the end of all your studies? I suppose your great historical picture will be done on a stage-coach door! You needn’t have gone to Europe for that.” And Doris’ face flushed, and her voice trembled in a way most unusual for her.

“Don’t get into a passion, Doris,” said her mother. “I have seen some ‘daubs’ of your father’s on carriage doors which looked far more artistic than a great many pictures we see nowadays.”

“I’m afraid, my daughter, that if it hadn’t been for

those early daubs of mine, you would hardly enjoy the comforts you do now. I regret as much as you possibly can, the necessity of Hugo's going into the shop with me. I have not seen his work, but I know he has artistic instincts. He has had fine training, and ought to distinguish himself in his profession. If he has a true artistic soul it will not be buried in the factory; if he has not, he had better learn a bit of business. It will be well for him in the future."

While Mr. Bernhard was very quiet in his remarks, they all knew there was no appeal from his decision.

Doris shrugged her shoulders, unconvinced. Hugo looked a little depressed, but after his morning's talk, he, more fully than Doris, realized that his father was not only just, but conscientious in his views. He was not only theoretically, but morally correct, and Hugo determined to forego his aspirations in the world of art, and woo the goddess fortune. Do not imagine the change was brought about through fickleness. Hugo was extremely sensitive to impressions; and when he listened to his father's explanation of his embarrassed condition, and watched his worn countenance, he realized the heroic effort he had made to sustain his name in the business world, and keep his family in affluence. He felt that his work in art had been dilettante work. He lacked strong purpose, and talented as he knew himself to be, he was wanting in originality. He called himself a copyist, and while he judged himself harshly, he *was* weak in imagination and conception. He had the quick perception, and vivid fancy which an artistic nature brings, and a warmth of color due to his Eastern ancestry, but things had been made too easy for him, a great stimulus was wanting. This had so far failed him.

For the past five years his life had glided along among a class of men, for whom business did not exist. For five

years he had lived in an atmosphere of thought, fancy, and passion. The change from this, to the study of what percentage of profit he could extract from the putting together of spokes, and tires, and bodies of carriages, was a great one. He could not all at once jump from the contemplation of a masterpiece by Horace Vernet, or Paul Delaroche, to the study of the relative tensile strength of hackmetack or ash, or the propriety of striping this carriage yellow, or that red.

He had admitted to Doris that he contemplated a grand historical painting, the death of Admiral Coligny. He had studied the lives and history of the Huguenots, and chosen the moment when the old Admiral was stabbed and thrown from the window into the court-yard. There was Catherine, holding back her son Charles, and peering out of the window to see if the deed were well done. And the crafty Guise urging on the hired assassin, and keeping back the guard hastening up at the disturbance.

As he ran over the details of his picture with his sister, he sighed bitterly to think it could only exist in his imagination.

Doris consoled him as well as she could, determined in her own mind that Hugo should not bury himself in that carriage factory, if she had to teach music to keep him out of it.

Open opposition she knew would not avail, for her mother would instantly side with her father, and Hugo himself would be difficult to manage, but there were more ways than one to work a woman's will.

CHAPTER VII.

MADELEINE SHOWS HER BUSINESS QUALIFICATIONS.

THINGS could hardly be said to be going well with the Caterets since Madeleine's return. Having recruited his confidence in his own abilities as a speculator, since his success on Gus' "tip," Mr. Cateret plunged a little, feeling the necessity for more money now Madeleine was at home. He had more or less of the Southern pride of family, and expected to see her take a prominent place in society.

The majority of their friends were originally Southern people, and most of them wealthy.

The Caterets and Marots were highly esteemed in the South, and since their residence in New York, Mrs. Cateret had made a great many friends, and their position in a social way was well established at her death.

Since then Mr. Cateret had rather neglected his social duties, and depended more upon his convivial broker friends for society. Madeleine saw, and meant to change all this; for since her return, all her mother's old friends had called upon her, and her affable manners, and great beauty, had so won upon them, that she became a general favorite. The universal verdict was, that Madeleine Cateret was a very brilliant, and promising acquisition to the Southern circle.

Just at this time, the Southern people enjoyed in a remarkable degree a social status and following, conceded to none outside the old Knickerbocker families in New York.

How this came about, could only be accounted for, on the ground that when one continually persists in assuming

a certain attitude toward society—especially when this assumption is backed by money, and an air of general superiority—the public is apt to concede the claim, rather than quarrel with the claimant.

Southerners in those days coolly asserted their title to the highest consideration, on the ground of descent; and Northerners acquiesced in the most submissive manner. Subsequent deductions lead one to the belief that these continual concessions in public and private life were made in the interest of “peace at any price.” The yielding, pliant methods of the Northern statesmen in Congress, were carried into the social life of all our large cities, and to be a Southerner, lady or gentleman, was tantamount to saying, “I am your social superior, and I demand an introduction into the first circles of your society as my right!”

The Caterets had experienced the tidal wave of Southern assertion and arrogance toward Northern “mudsills;” and like all the rest they believed it a case of “*noblesse oblige*,” when they consented to mingle with their Northern associates. Nor were they entirely to blame. Constant adulation, and persistent servility on the part of their following, certainly favored the presumption that they were cast in quite a different mould from those who basked in their smiles.

Mr. Cateret’s temperament was rather too indolent a one for him to exhibit any aggressive partisanship in the controversy now very markedly exciting all parts of the country, both North and South.

With Madeleine it was different. She had been educated to believe that she came from a family superior in birth to her ordinary associates. She had all the Southern woman’s contempt for Yankee traders. But there was one restraining influence at work, which prevented her yielding to its manifestation. She was pre-eminently a politic girl; and just now, it suited her to be on good

terms with Northerners and Southerners. She knew that financially, they might need aid from both sides, and it was no part of her plan to alienate those whom she could use. For even thus early, had there begun to develop in Madeleine's mind visions of power and position, which usually only come to older heads.

The words of her mother's letter were frequently in her mind, in which she cautioned her to "watch over and protect her father," as he was "weak and easily led." She had come to feel that she must make her own way in the world, and the very fact that she had no one to advise her, fostered her naturally independent and bold spirit, until it became a steadfast fixity in her mind, that by the exercise of her cunning, wit, and beauty, she could mould fortune to suit her ambitions. All she asked was opportunity to try her wings. She had learned this early, that black eyes, a white skin, and dimpled cheeks, were far better arguments in her favor than mighty thoughts.

"What fools men are," was often in her mind, but never on her lips. As discreet as the Sphinx, as wise as a serpent, and as attractive as a siren. Young as she was, she seemed to have caught the accumulated worldly wisdom of all the cunning sisterhood of women of her race, who had gone before. This girl was no girl, she was a matured, self-poised, daring woman. Men liked her, and men were her natural prey; she liked them, because she could measure her strength with theirs. Women she secretly despised, but even this she did not admit publicly.

It was Mr. Cateret's custom to have a few of his broker friends to supper evenings, and then have a game of cards. Madeleine was the life of these evenings, and—"Going to Caterets' to-night?" was often heard at close of "Change" on Saturday—for that was a favorite evening for such gatherings.

These little affairs were rather expensive, but Mr. Cate-

ret excused that, on the ground that he "put out molasses to catch the flies." Poor fellow, he fancied in his good-hearted, generous mind, he had a fine reason for his extravagance. But the fact was the flies managed to carry away more than they left behind. And along in July, one night Mr. Cateret came home looking unusually depressed, at least for him.

Madeleine watched him for a while, and then as a test question asked him if he had invited any one that night.

"Well, yes, I am afraid I have," he sighed.

"Why, what's the matter, papa, you look quite low spirited, you are not ill?"

"Oh, dear no" (this rather petulantly), "only I wish the fellows weren't coming to-night."

"Now papa," said Madeleine, sitting down beside him and looking him directly in the eye, "you may as well tell me what all these long-drawn sighs mean, I shall soon find out if you don't, so out with it."

"They mean simply this, my dear, that I am in a deuce of a hole, and can't see my way out."

"That is no explanation. Is it the market? You know I have learned more or less about how things are going. I haven't listened to all this talk about 'puts and calls' and 'points,' and 'jags,' and 'longs and shorts,' for nothing. I think I could go on the market and speculate myself. One thing I know I *wouldn't* do, and that is, listen to all the twaddle of every petty little fellow who buys and sells a hundred shares, and thinks he has the secret of the market."

"Well, Maddy, I must confess you talk as if you had been on the market all your life, what's Erie?"

"The common was 25 yesterday," came quick as a flash from Madeleine.

"How did you learn that?"

"Oh! I look over the market reports occasionally."

She pored over them, studied them, learned them by heart.

"Well, that's a good one, I almost wish you were a boy, Maddy," said her father regretfully.

"I wish I were, from the bottom of my heart, for your sake, papa; but as for mine, I am content to be a woman, and although I *am* a woman, I will tell you something about the market. The time is coming soon to sell stocks."

"Nonsense, Maddy, there's where you're wrong, Lincoln I am sure will be elected, and all will have a boom."

"Temporarily, possibly, but this very election will hasten the event I speak of. I am sure a civil war is coming, although, like many others, you will not believe it. Did you read what the *Atlanta Constitution* said last week?"

"No, what was it, Maddy?" he asked, open-eyed, his respect for his daughter's wisdom increasing as she talked.

"It was something like this. 'Why should we be tied forever to the North? We are independent States. We can manage our own affairs, and we will not tolerate any interference. We have our sugar, our corn, our cotton and our negroes; we have our homes also. Let the North go. Peaceably if they will, if not, we will *compel* a separation.' Papa, they mean it, you know our Southern people are hot blooded. The war is sure to come, I know the North will not let us go, and there will be a contest."

Mr. Cateret was quite carried away by Madeleine's words.

"By Jove! Maddy, I believe you are right, but I hope not."

"I am glad you admit my head is worth something, papa. But don't run off now and sell stocks; the time hasn't come, think it over, and now tell me why you came home so blue."

"I don't mind telling you, my dear, for since you have such a head" (Madeleine smiled a little) "you may advise me. I borrowed a year ago of Tatum, eight thousand

dollars on the house. Business has been dull, and I have no money to pay with. Tatum says he must have his money, and interest, it amounts to about nine thousand altogether.

"What is the house worth, papa?" asked Madeleine.

"I paid fifteen thousand for it, and it is worth as much now."

"I don't see why you need worry about Mr. Tatum's wants then."

"How is that, Maddy?"

"Why, there must be plenty of people who would loan that amount of money on a house worth fifteen thousand dollars."

"It would seem so, but Tatum says property has depreciated since the panic, and he wouldn't loan more than six now."

Madeleine thought a moment. "Why don't you ask Mr. Tatum to come here some evening?"

"Oh! he wouldn't come."

"I'm not so sure of that, at any rate we will see. We must ask him here this evening, where does he live?"

"At the Astor House, I think," replied Mr. Cateret.

"Very well, let me manage this. Go to the Astor House and don't come away until you see him; ask him up, and leave the rest to me. Tell him he has never met your daughter. Is he married, by the way?"

"Oh, no, his wife died years ago, he half starved her they say, but I don't believe he is quite so bad."

"Well, you had better go now, papa, it is getting late."

Obedient to his daughter's wish, Mr. Cateret called at the Astor House and found Mr. Tatum in the reading room.

"What are you going to do to-night, Tatum?"

"Nothing particular, Cateret, why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought you might like to come around to the house; some of the boys will be there, and we will have a

little poker, and some supper. You never met my daughter, I believe."

"Never had a chance," said the old fellow, blinking his eyes. "The boys say she's a stunner, wondered you never asked me before!" and the old man tried to look wicked, and nudged Cateret in the ribs. "Single man, you know, should give us all an even chance."

In spite of his good nature, Mr. Cateret looked disgusted.

"Come up then, it is understood, to-night about nine o'clock."

"I'll be there, Cateret, must go and get shaved now."

"He'll come, Madeleine, I didn't believe he would, but I think you are the attraction, and he'll come," said her father when he returned.

"How old is he, papa?"

"Hard to tell that, anywhere between sixty and seventy, old enough."

"Then he probably likes to eat and drink well."

"That he does, when he can do it at some one else's expense; he always manages to hitch on to a party going out to lunch. I think he's got a double-headed copper somewhere about him, he always wins when we match to see who will pay."

"He'll pay this time, in spite of his lucky penny," thought Madeleine, but she said nothing.

Promptly about nine o'clock, Mr. Tatum appeared. His long frock coat was buttoned tightly around his wizened form, his thin brown hair was brushed carefully over the bald spots on his head, and his old-fashioned dicky, stuck up on the sides of his cheeks like the side boards to a wheelbarrow. Madeleine was presented to him, and he bowed in an old-fashioned way, while fastening his yellow, beady eyes on her fair young face, as if he would inquire, "is there anything here will hurt me?"

Apparently the scrutiny was satisfactory, and he gave

himself up to the novel enjoyment of being made much of, by a beautiful young woman. Madeleine was in gorgeous apparel and absolutely scintillated with wit. She made Mr. Tatum easily at home, and the old, withered, miserly fellow fairly beamed with the pleasure it gave him to be made so much of by the charming girl. He paid her ridiculous compliments in his high falsetto, and a ghastly grin exhibiting his few yellow stumps of teeth, accompanied every effort on his part to be facetious.

At supper he was waited upon first, and the choicest bits of game, the nicest cut of a Spanish ham, direct from Cadiz, were his, and when it came to a Strasburg paté, Madeleine dug out the truffles, and heaped them on his plate. His glass was always full of champagne, and after the supper was over, Madeleine even lighted his cigar for him, and took a few little puffs herself first.

Later in the evening, "Silver" whispered to Mr. Cateret, "Look out, Cateret, for that lovely daughter of yours, the old man is making a dead set at her."

Mr. Cateret looked but did not interfere, for he trusted Madeleine thoroughly, and although he did not know what it all meant, he knew enough of her to know that all this attention had a definite object.

"My dear, you are charming," mumbled the old man, "but I fear I am keeping you from the rest of the company."

"Never mind, Mr. Tatum, I am sure I can't see what they find in cards to interest them, I much prefer the conversation of an intelligent man, one who knows something about the world."

"Quite right, quite right, Miss Cateret, your papa has too many such as these around him. You should warn him, a great mistake, great mistake," he said wagging his old head.

"I have often thought of that, Mr. Tatum, they are

hardly business men, I often wish I could do papa's business for him. Ah! that reminds me, that mortgage of his becomes due soon, does it not, Mr. Tatum? Why, your cigar is not lighted, I am told it spoils a cigar to have it go out, won't you have a fresh one? No? let me light this then! About that mortgage, I told him to-night he had better get it renewed, for a year more, paying the interest of course, don't you think it best?"

"Why, yes—yes—perhaps so, but really I wanted to use the money," squeaked the falsetto voice, "money is hard to get now."

"Yes, papa said so, but as an especial favor, Mr. Tatum, and I will see the interest is paid promptly when it is due. I have a little money, and I expect some more." And Madeleine drew her chair close to Mr. Tatum's—they were sitting quite apart from the card players—and looked him steadily in the face. He saw those large brown eyes, and he felt her warm, sweet breath on his cheek, he hesitated a moment. Money was his God, he wanted to handle it again, still he thought, "I shan't lose anything, perhaps it is well placed, I might get the property—what wonderful eyes she has!"

"Ahem! ahem! well, Miss Madeleine, since you insist, my dear, but I must have ten per cent., ten per cent., and a bonus."

"Yes, yes," laughed Madeleine, "you shall have it," and she just brushed the old man's hair with her rosy lips. She didn't know what a bonus was, but she chose to understand it, and pay it in the way she did.

After this little scene, she passed into the other room and taking a mouthful of water, she spat it out, rubbed her lips, and ejaculated "ugh! the beast," and a look of disgust which was soon effaced, showed itself for a moment, on her charming countenance. The party broke up shortly after, and as Mr. Tatum took his leave, Madeleine said:

"Papa, Mr. Tatum thinks you had better renew the mortgage. You must pay the interest, I've paid the bonus, have I not?" looking mischievously at Mr. Tatum.

"How! bonus! Oh, yes, to be sure, to be sure," and the old money grabber cast a look at Madeleine, which almost tempted Mr. Cateret to knock him down the steps.

"Yes, come down and fix it up, Cateret, great business woman this daughter of yours."

"Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, Mr. Tatum, come and see me again," said Madeleine, as he left the room.

When her father came back from seeing Mr. Tatum to the door Madeleine said:

"Papa, with my consent that old reptile shall never cross the threshold of this house again."

He never did.

CHAPTER VIII.

"DAVIE'S ROOST."

AWAY up under the sky, in one of the high tenement houses on Grand Street, just off the Bowery, lived Augustus and Davie Duck.

Shortly after Mrs. Duck's death the boys concluded to remove from the dark, noisome basement they had occupied with their mother, to some more habitable, or at least wholesome location. The task of selecting this abode was left to Davie, not so much that little Davie had more time, but he had ideas about the matter, which he impressed upon his older brother.

Despite his lack of education, and notwithstanding his street bringing up, Davie had sentiment, the refinement of feeling which often accompanies crippled forms. Lacking sympathy, and dependent upon himself for amusement, while keenly alive to all which was going on around him, and of which he was unable to partake, he grew morbidly sensitive.

Davie loved the stars, they were always kind to him, did not mock or jeer at his humpback. This seemed to establish a confidence with them, he called them by name. Somehow he learned where Venus was, and Jupiter, he knew the Dipper, and the Pleiades, the Great Bear, and other constellations, and he talked to them nights when he went on the roof. He played the mouth organ for them, and lying on his back on the hard gravel, he looked up and recited that little nursery rhyme which appeals to all childish imaginations.

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,” etc., etc.

He recited it softly, it was *only* the stars he talked to, *they* only understood him.

He heard the hum of the great world pulsating underneath, in the streets; but among the stars all was quiet and calm, and his great eyes shone with all a star's brightness. Long after everybody else had gone down, he lay there, still looking, and longing, and wondering. This is how Davie, in looking for a home chose one next to the roof; it mattered little to Gus, so *he* was suited.

Davie conducted his search for lodgings for many days, and patiently and contentedly climbed stair after stair to find what he wanted. Like most cripples Davie possessed much good sense and no little energy; and his search was finally rewarded by finding just the rooms he sought.

One day when Gus was on his way to the dingy, rat-infested cellar, to get his supper, which it was Davie's task to provide, he met his little brother, who cried out on seeing him:

“O Gussie, Gussie, I'm glad I found yer, come along wid me.”

“All right, Davie, where to?” And Gus took Davie's little hand in his big paw.

“Not far, I'll show yer, Gussie,” and Davie trotted along contentedly, pouring out a perfect stream of talk in his efforts to mislead Gus as to his motive.

“Don't yer get tired, Gussie,” he said looking up in his brother's eyes as if to find any sign of impatience. Gus laughed.

“Well, that's a great note, Davie, you telling me not to get tired, don't you think I can walk as far as you, you little rat?”

“I don't think nothing, Gussie, only I'se afraid yer wanted yer supper, and yer can't have it jes yet.”

"Oh! never mind, little breeches, it ain't much when it's got."

Davie chuckled and pulled Gus into a doorway just then.

"We's going up here a bit, Gussie."

"All right, I'm agreeable, goin' to make a call on yer girl, Davie?" laughed Gus, willing to humor the little cripple, and half suspecting his object.

"Naw," said Davie in disgust, "hain't got no girl."

They had already climbed up two flights of stairs, and Gus saw more to come. Davie was laboring along, helping himself up by resting his hands on his knees, as all these little hunchbacks do.

The little fellow began to puff, but his anxiety to get Gus up without his suspecting, was so great that he struggled on, till Gus reaching down caught him by the arms and swung him to his shoulder. Had it been on the street Davie would have resented this, but he was thoroughly tired out, and did not object. He clapped his hands, calling "higher, higher," as Gus paused at the fifth landing. Finally they reached the top. Davie begged to be put down; and producing a key, opened a door at the head of the stairs, and ran in, calling for Gus to "come along."

Then striking a match, he lighted a lamp, and Gus saw a good-sized room, with two windows looking out upon the street. A bright fire was burning in a cook stove, which had been polished up, until it shone. In the centre of the room was a pine table covered with a clean cloth, on the table were two plates, two cups and saucers, knives and forks, and a sugar bowl.

Two common kitchen chairs, and a wooden box, completed the furnishing of this room. While Gus was taking this all in, Davie was busy in the other room, and soon called out, "come in here, Gussie."

Gus went in and found Davie had lighted a couple of candles, which he had stuck in two empty bottles. The

inner room was somewhat smaller than the other, and contained a bed nicely made up, and covered with an old spread which Gus recognized as his mother's; there was also a good-sized drygoods box, which Davie had made look respectable by covering it with a bit of chintz, for which he had paid a few pennies; this stood on end, and on it were a wash bowl and pitcher. By tacking a bit of leather to the cover, Davie had made hinges, and fastening it with a wooden button of his own manufacture, it served as a wardrobe; for inside, a couple of cleats sustained a board, which made a shelf. Just now it did duty as a pantry, for Davie had not had time to fix up a pantry in the kitchen.

A few nails driven into the wall held the scanty clothing of the two boys. The only attempt at decoration was a half dozen cheap prints, and some illustrations from *Harper's Weekly*, which Davie had tacked on the walls.

Gus took the whole thing in at a glance, and then looked at Davie who stood by the bed, his eyes glistening, his nostrils quivering, as he drew in short breaths, while waiting for the verdict.

"Why, you dear little Davie," burst out Gus, "you don't mean we are to live here, instead of that pesky old cellar?"

"Yes, dat's it, Gussie, it's all our'n, I hunted, an' hunted, till I found it, it don't cost a bit more dan de ole sullar!" he said, anxious lest Gus should think him extravagant.

"I done it all, 'cept bringing de stove up, I traded de ole bed an' stove for dis here, an' I got trusted for de table, an' chairs, was I right, Gussie?"

"Guess you was, little breeches," Gus always called him "little breeches" when good-humored.

Just then Davie's attention was attracted by the hiss and splutter of the tea kettle, which was boiling over.

"Oh! hokey! sit down, Gussie, I must make de tea, de kittle's b'ilin'," and Davie rushed into the other room, pro-

duced a tea pot from somewhere, and set the tea to steeping. From the cupboard he brought out a spider containing some slices of ham, which he placed on the stove, then he sliced up some cold potatoes, which he put to fry with the ham.

While the cooking was going on he dived into the pantry and extracted a loaf of bread and some butter, arranged it all nicely on the table, rushed back to the stove, turned his ham and potatoes to brown them nicely, and in a few minutes announced to the amused and tender-hearted Gus, who sat watching it all, his eyes filled with suspicious moisture, "de supper's ready, Gussie, pull up."

Gus did by a mighty effort pull himself together, and picking up his brother with as little effort as if he had been a doll, he held him a moment in the air opposite his face, then kissing him tenderly, he said:

"Davie, you're a brick," and sat him down.

Poor little sensitive Davie was completely upset by Gus' marked emotion, and as his brother sat down, he threw his arms around his neck and hiding his face on his shoulder, he sobbed for very joy at the thought that little and insignificant as he was he had almost moved his mighty brother to tears.

"Come, Davie," said Gus, choking back the flow, "supper will get cold if we don't eat it." And Davie, conquering his feelings, sat down, and aided Gus in demolishing the frugal meal.

"How d'you like it, Gussie, jolly ain't it?" suggested the little fellow.

"Splendid, Davie, splendid, almost too fine I'm afraid."

Davie's face fell, and Gus saw it.

"I only meant that it was so much nicer than we have ever had, we shall get to looking down on poor folks."

"Guess not yet, 'tain't half so fine as I'se bound to make it, Gus," answered Davie.

"Pretty high for you to climb, ain't it, Davie?"

"Sho, I don't mind it if you don't. Say, Gussie, dis is our home ain't it?"

"Certing, why not?"

"Well, less call it suthin."

"What are you drivin' at, Davie?"

"Why, some name, don't yer see?"

"Oh!" said Gus, "christen it? I twig, what will it be, Davie, you found it?"

"I don't know, you say."

"Well, call it, lemme see," and Gus' eyes twinkled, "call it der robbers' cave."

"Naw," said Davie indignantly, "we ain't no robbers, call it suthin' fine."

"I've got it, you found it, Davie, and it is way up high, we'll call it 'Davie's Roost.'"

"Hurrray! Gussie, dat's it, dat's a good name, I'll roost up here, 'cept when I'se 'shining.'"

And Davie who had seen a launch once, and watched a lady break a bottle of wine on a ship's bows, picking up the teapot and holding it on high poured a little tea on the floor saying, "I name it 'Davie's Roost.'"

Gus laughed and lighted his pipe, while Davie began to clear up things. When everything was packed snugly away, Davie sat down on a corner of a wood box—the chairs were too high for him—and bringing out his mouth organ began to play.

This was Davie's one accomplishment. He had only to hear an air whistled, or sung once, and he could repeat it on his mouth organ with variations; and he played the simple instrument with much taste. He commenced his concert by playing "Home, Sweet Home," and had hardly played it through once, when a gentle knock was heard at the door. Gus shouted "come in" thinking some of their friends had found them out. The door softly opened, and

a little girl of perhaps ten or twelve years of age, came timidly in, looked shyly around, fixing her eyes on Davie, said:

"I'm Bessie, I live down-stairs. I love music, may I stay a little?"

"Why, certainly," said Gus, who although not more than eighteen felt immeasurably older than she was, "sit down, little girl, and brother Davie will play for you. Come, Davie, play something lively." Davie played the "White Cockade," and the "Arkansas Traveller."

Bessie listened critically, and then ventured the remark that she thought "Home, Sweet Home," nicer. Davie thought so too, and played it again. Then Bessie thought she must go.

"May I come again, little boy, and hear you play?" she inquired, looking at Davie. Davie nodded. Gus spoke up, "Come any time and Davie will play for you, Bessie." Whereupon their visitor bade them good-by and retired.

"What a nice little girl, Davie, she will be great company for you," said Gus.

"I dun know, I'se afraid she knows too much, but I'll play for her, she's so clean."

"That makes me think of something, Davie," said Gus, "you must go to evening school. There's one right on this street; by-and-by you can learn book-keeping."

"May I, Gussie? Dat's jes what I wants, I want ter know suthin'."

So it was determined that Davie should go to evening school. And now at the time of which I write, Davie had attended school for a number of years and had studied book-keeping for the last six months. He could read and write nicely, and no longer used the language of the street to express his wants. He had also advanced a step in his music, for he had purchased a violin, and had taught himself to play by ear, and only needed instruction to become

a fine performer. For all this, he still blackened boots, in the day-time, for although fourteen, he was very small and slight. They still occupied the same rooms, but the furniture had been entirely changed, the rooms papered neatly—Gus had done that on Sundays, then their kitchen and dining room had a neat oil cloth carpet, there were plenty of chairs, and a new table and stove; the bedroom was also carpeted. A huge wardrobe stood for their clothes, and the old wooden box covered with chintz, had given place to a washstand. The window was supplied with curtains, and on a ledge outside, was a box of earth, with plants. On the wall was a hanging book-case well-filled, and two or three engravings modestly framed, hung there also. The whole effect was very comfortable and “Davie’s Roost” really looked like home. Davie no longer did the cooking; that was attended to by a poor woman in the house who only charged a small sum, and Bessie Merrill, and her mother saw that everything was kept clean.

Bessie was a nice-looking girl of sixteen, a milliner’s assistant, and Mrs. Merrill did fine sewing. The two households almost seemed like one, they were so intimate. No evening passed, that they were not together, and the happiest time of the day was, when they were all assembled after supper in the clean kitchen of “Davie’s Roost.” Mrs. Merrill brought some light sewing, Gus read, and Bessie either read or covered bonnet frames. Then Davie would take down his violin and play; it was the customary way of spending the evenings in winter, or when the weather was cold. But on warm summer nights, they would all adjourn to the roof, and Davie take his violin along. It was not alone our friends from “Davie’s Roost,” who went there, but frequently the occupants of the whole tenement, when the air was stifling below, and often entire strangers to them all, were there, “roof walkers,” they were called, who preferred the roofs to the parks, for there were no policemen there.

They all sat or lay in little groups and chatted, or listened to the music, the men smoking, and the women discussing the little gossip of the house. Below the noise and light of the great city, above, the clear starry heavens. As they sat clustered together, Davie declared they only needed tents to resemble an encampment of Arabs in the desert.

As the night grew old some disappeared below, but many remained, and always the "roof walkers."

Gus and Davie brought up their mattress and lay there all night. Gus smoked and speculated and planned, and Davie, as usual, conned the stars.

Poor, weary toilers! how little except the free air, life offered them, and the "tramps of the roofs," they came and went, unknown and unquestioned. They disappeared, like a flock of migratory birds, with the morning sun.

CHAPTER IX.

A STUDY IN WHITE.

"OH, missis, missis, dar's de sweetest gemman down in de parlor, an' he axed for you, an' he gimme dis," and Millie held out a card which she had grasped by the corner in her apron for fear of soiling it. Madeleine took it and read, Hugo Bernhard.

"Go down, Millie, and tell the gentleman I will be down directly." Whereupon Millie retired, delivered the message, and retreated to the kitchen, to tell Aunt Sally that Missis Madeleine had a beau, "the bufullest man I ever did see."

"Go long wid yur nonsense, thar's no beaus hyar what's good nuff fur yo missis; her beau will come outen de Souf, go long wid yo, yo poor yaller trash," and Aunt Sally spluttered, indignant that Millie should think her Maddy would look at a Northern "gemman."

When, a few moments later, Madeleine walked into the parlor, Hugo Bernhard thought he had never seen so beautiful a picture as she presented. Dressed in a simple white muslin gown made high in the neck, and fitting her full, white throat perfectly, her head with its masses of black hair seemed to rise from this environment, as if to offer an artistic protest against the simplicity of her adornment.

There was a freshness and daintiness about this vision in white, which captured the artist, Hugo, at once. "Dea certe," came to his mind, as he arose from his chair to greet her.

Madeleine was not a vivacious girl. She had all the

languorous graces of the South, and her movements were as lissome and supple as a tall-stemmed willow which yields to the gentle summer's breeze. And as she moved toward him, Hugo thought her air the perfection of grace and high breeding. Her natural tact was a match for his "savoir faire." If Hugo in his manly beauty was almost another Antinous stepped out of Hadrian's time, Madeleine was a veritable Cleopatra in form, face and hair. One almost expected to hear the stately phraseology of the past, "Most noble Queen, I bear from illustrious Mark Anthony his warmest greetings." And from Cleopatra:

"Be seated, noble sir, here upon this couch, and what saith my noble Lord?"

What was really said, was:

Hugo—"I am delighted to see you again, Miss Cateret."

Miss Cateret—"Good-evening, Mr. Bernhard, we thought we had quite lost you."

Simple, conventional, and in every way correct, yet the heart of one of these people beat with redoubled force, as he gazed upon this calm, self-poised, young beauty. The other could hardly say what she felt, except that Mr. Bernhard was the handsomest man she had ever seen.

The conversation naturally recurred to their ocean trip, and Madeleine asked if he had found his parents well, and expressed a desire to see his sister.

Either Madeleine did not intend the conversation to include any personal feature, or else she wished Hugo to speak of himself, his plans, and prospects, that she might judge what his ambitions were. At all events, she did not permit, or at least encourage, any special reference to their ocean voyage; and Hugo soon noticed the mention of it was distasteful, and he therefore avoided the subject.

The evening was one of those close, oppressive ones, often experienced in New York in the early summer, and Madeleine suggested that they sit outside in order to get

the benefit of the light breeze. She had learned thoroughly how to make men comfortable, and Hugo had no sooner seated himself, than she brought out a box of her father's cigars, and insisted upon his smoking. It was not possible that he should refuse; the cigars he saw were good, the invitation was sweetly given, and it recalled their steamer life—for he had often smoked while chatting with her on deck.

The conversation, aided by the good offices of the cigar, soon established itself on a friendly basis. Just one word here to young ladies who *like* a man, but do not wish him to make love to them: give him a good cigar; he can't possibly make love while smoking, and the cigar establishes confidence and promotes conversation.

It was so in this case, Hugo felt that he was being treated in the friendliest possible manner, and yet sentiment was discouraged.

In answer to a question of Madeleine's, Hugo remarked that his stay in New York would probably be short, as he had entered his father's office and temporarily abjured art.

"Why, Mr. Bernhard, how can you think of such a thing as giving up your profession?" inquired Madeleine.

"The fact is, I don't think at all, it is forced upon me. You see my father has always been a comparatively wealthy man; but, like many others, he was crippled by the panic, and although he is far from being poor, his health has failed, and I feel that it would be criminal for me to desert him now he needs me so much. I trust you will pardon the allusion to my personal affairs, but I feel like justifying my change of heart."

"But does this necessitate your complete relinquishment of art? How about your illustrious predecessors? How many of them found life luxurious, money at command, and the world at their feet, at the outset? Is there no other reason than that you must figure up accounts, let

contracts, and pay laborers? Is a little discouragement fatal to high aspirations? Has enthusiasm waned between Paris and New Haven?"

Madeleine who was aroused to a pitch of earnestness she did not often display, paused a moment, and Hugo was not a little discomposed at this keen analysis of his position, delivered with almost judicial severity. He came, he knew, for sympathy, and he found cold, critical, impartial candor.

He was quick to see his position, and had tact enough to repress the savage feeling which Madeleine's sarcasm evoked, and his answer was a diplomatic one.

"While I am quite sure you must have taken me *au sérieux*, Miss Cateret, when I spoke of giving up my profession, your remarks have given me infinite pleasure in showing me that a total desertion from my chosen profession, for the sake of mammon, would not meet the approbation of a world disposed to criticise such a step. And I have a pleasanter feeling for a public which would treat such a communication as unpardonable."

"Stop there, please, Mr. Bernhard," said Madeleine coldly, "I represent no 'public,' nor could I assume the right to sit in judgment over a man's convictions. I believed your ambitions were being dwarfed, and your career imperilled, by outside influences. I am glad to learn it is not so. I am only a girl, but when I used to go to the Louvre, and see those grand masterpieces, I often thought that the influence exercised over mankind through their revelations, must atone for any lack of the ordinary physical comforts which the artist during life may have experienced."

"A very spirited and idealistic view, Miss Cateret, but appreciation in *this* life, would doubtless be ample compensation, for the artists of *our* day."

"I am convinced that we are at cross purposes, Mr. Bernhard. You mean the laborer is worthy of his hire,

and payment should not be postponed. *I* mean that honor, fame, and power are the rewards of industry and genius combined, and to know the coming race is to be influenced, and possibly controlled, by the creation of one's ideas, is a far grander object to contemplate, than the commercial value of so much paint and oil, on a given quantity of canvas. I can conceive no higher aspiration than to wield power grandly, and an artist has that within him, which properly developed, must in a certain line mould ideas."

"But is the scope of an artist's power in this direction not limited, Miss Cateret?"

"Of an artist, yes; but not of art. I was carried away at the thought that one, who possibly has the power to affect more lives, even in a small degree, seemed disposed to relinquish that power, but"—and Madeleine, realizing that she had inadvertently betrayed herself, hastened to observe the effect of her invective. "I suppose these notions of mine are somewhat fanciful, and I may change them."

In the excitement of her quick, eager speech, Madeleine had stood leaning against one of the pillars of the balcony, and as her ideas clothed themselves in strong, vigorous language, she leaned back and rested her head against the pillar, and so standing, was perfectly erect and motionless.

Hugo watched her admiringly. A priestess of Apollo could not have looked more inspired than she, in the heat of her argument. He was astonished to hear such sentiments delivered with such force. He had not endowed Madeleine in his mind with soft, womanly characteristics, it is true, but he had thought her eminently practical; a "dollars and sense" girl he had thought her. Here she was all passion, all fire, and fervor, but all directed in the line of man's ambitions: it was a revelation, and yet a blow. In figure, face and air, a sweet, simple girl; in voice, mind and purpose, an ambitious, enthusiastic woman. Even

while he admired, he was disappointed. From this on, Madeleine seemed anxious to obliterate all recollection of her emphatic protest against the relinquishment of his art studies; her mood entirely changed, and she gossiped of the news of the day, the coming of the Prince of Wales, of the political news then rife about secession, and so forth.

About this time Mr. Cateret returned, and greeted Hugo cordially. They finally adjourned to the parlor, and Madeleine begged Hugo to play for them, which he did, and then accompanied her while she sang. Her voice was a strong, dramatic contralto, and although not carefully cultivated, there was much magnetism in her singing.

On the whole the evening was thoroughly enjoyable, and despite its unfortunate commencement, it ended satisfactorily. Mr. Cateret was as usual affable, facetious, and although a little pompous, very entertaining. Hugo noticed that whenever he mounted his Pegasus, a quiet look from Madeleine brought him down easily and effectually. As he took his leave, Madeleine, just one instant, reminded him of the historical picture he was to paint, and of which he had spoken to her on the steamer, and she begged to see it when well under way. Hugo laughingly promised she should inspect it, and bade them good-night.

On his way to the hotel, Hugo ran over in his mind the various occurrences of the evening. While on the steamer coming over, he thought Madeleine one of the loveliest and most fascinating women he had ever seen. Her very waywardness, as exhibited to him, was the chief charm of her personality, but he thought he had detected, this evening, indications that her character was far from guileless. The little look she had given her father on one or two occasions, and the diplomatic way in which she manœuvred, when the conversation took a turn she did not like, indicated both tact and cunning.

Beside all this, Madeleine's voice puzzled him. Hugo's

nature was a thoroughly artistic one, as sensitive to tones as he was to colors; and while his eyes were caught by her exceeding beauty and grace, the tone of her voice repelled him. He said to himself, "she is cold, and unsympathetic," and yet in a moment he thought differently. "No, she is certainly not cold—what a roasting she gave me when I spoke of giving up painting. It is not lack of sympathy, either," he mused, "else why did she become so enthusiastic about art? She has passion and feeling, but there is a tone in her voice, which is jarring; it seems like a *trained* voice; one which expresses just as much as the owner wishes, and no more. Yes, there is a lack of spontaneity about it; she is either a very deep girl, or else that particular tone I noticed, comes from habitual schooling."

The study of the human voice was a hobby of Hugo's, and he had often boasted to his fellow-students, that, given a voice, he could construct the person, at least the mental portrait of the speaker. One thing he was sure of—that the degree of trust he could place in a person, was more easily told by listening to the voice, than by any other method.

To his great distress he could not free himself from the feeling that the vibrations of Madeleine's voice betokened characteristics he did not wish to find there. In the glamor of association, while yielding to fascination of her physical presence, he resented the intrusion upon his mind of such an unwelcome thought. Once under the spell of those large, soulful eyes, his judgment was warped, and his imagination enslaved. Away from the magnet, his intelligence asserted itself, and he became perplexed. He could not banish that ghost of a voice. It was well on toward morning, when Hugo slept and then he dreamed of a beautiful siren, who lured him on with a snake-like fascination, from which it was impossible to break away. She stood at the entrance to a cave, and beckoned to him. Although

struggling to resist, he drew ever nearer. He could feel his heart beat against the walls of his chest, and he panted as he moved slowly toward those shining orbs, which drew him on. He knew he was lost and his violent struggles to resist were about being replaced by a paralyzing horror, when he was aroused by the shock of some object striking the wall of the next room. He found himself upright in bed, his heart beating fast and the cold perspiration standing out on his forehead. He gave a heavy sigh of relief and then lay down again to sleep, half hoping he might have one more glimpse of the bewitching siren of his dream.

Poor Hugo! he could just flutter around the light of that magnetic presence; he was sure to suffer, but the very intensity of his sufferings would give him delight.

CHAPTER X.

“A PICKER UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.”

AMONG the friends of Madeleine whom we have once before had occasion to mention, was Grace Richmond, who, as a girl, had attended the same private school in New York, and between whom and Madeleine a warm friendship had existed at that time.

Grace had immediately called upon Madeleine, and the old friendship was renewed. Madeleine's resolute mind and captivating ways had established her as Grace's mentor, and on the part of one of them at least, devotion was absolute. While the intellectual side of Madeleine's nature was more marked, and commanded the respect of weaker intellects, Grace's mind was more highly cultivated and sympathetic, more sensitive and emotional; she was swayed by her feelings, Madeleine, never. Madeleine reasoned out the various problems presented to her mind, and arrived at definite results, Grace was all intuition, all enthusiasm, and lacked application.

It tired her to sit down and reflect; she simply decided instantaneously. Her great admiration for Madeleine's coolness and judgment put her in the position of dependency. She never knew how she stood, until Madeleine's fiat had gone forth. Her assured superiority left no question in Grace's mind; she simply succumbed. With all the lightness and frivolity of her character, she was charming in disposition, and loyal in her friendship. Whether Madeleine cared particularly for her, it was hard to say; she

petted her, and used her, but gave her no confidences. Grace felt this, but could not break away from the fascination of her presence.

Possibly the purely physical quality of Madeleine's beauty had an effect upon her. Grace's more spiritual nature was magnetized by the splendid personality of her friend; the moment she came into her presence she became a reflection of greater or less intensity according to Madeleine's desire.

Grace was never tired of regarding Madeleine's beauty. "Where did you get that nose, Madeleine?" she would say, referring to that exquisite feature. "Just look at mine, and I needed a nice one so much! I don't believe you half appreciate what your ancestors have done for you." And yet Grace's nose was far from ugly; it had a comical depression at the tip, and was just slightly turned up, which gave her a piquant look quite irresistible. Her delicate pink cheek was dimpled like a babe's and her friends went in raptures over her charms, but all this was not satisfactory to Miss Grace.

The idol of her family, she only yielded obedience to the stronger will of Madeleine. Harry, her brother, a good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow, was a partner in his father's business, and the firm of H. A. Richmond & Son, stood high in commercial circles. Their handsome residence on Fifth Avenue was in all respects a well-appointed home.

The Richmonds were also Southerners, that is, father and mother were from Nashville, but the children were born in New York. The morning Grace had called, Mrs. Richmond had been suddenly summoned to Albany where her sister's husband was dangerously ill. Mr. Richmond thought this exceedingly unfortunate, as he had invited a few old cronies to play whist that evening, and this was forgotten until Mrs. Richmond had taken the train. There

was no one but Grace to superintend affairs, and she felt herself helpless.

"Can't give it up, Gracie, you must get on somehow," said her father. "Order anything you wish, I must be off now." Thrusting all responsibility upon poor Grace, Mr. Richmond went to his bank. Whom should she look to, if not her friend Madeleine? So to Madeleine she went, and stated her position.

"What can I do to help you, my dear Grace?" inquired Madeleine.

"Do? Why, tell me what to do to entertain these gentlemen, you have so many men here, and they all tell me you entertain so well. They are all old men, too, Madeleine," she said pouting. "There's Commodore Vanderfelt, and Deacon Dawes, and Mr. Hatch, and Mayor Wood. I don't know how many more. All railroad men, and stock brokers. Father calls them 'big guns,' I know they are all rather ancient."

As Grace rattled on, a thought came to Madeleine like an inspiration. Here was an opportunity; perhaps some chance word might give her a clue to some grand combination. These men whom Grace had named, Madeleine knew to be the magnates in the money world. This thought delighted her, and she promised Grace she would come, but her manner implied she conferred a favor, where she hoped to reap a golden reward.

If I have depicted Madeleine's character aright, the reader has learned that she was ambitious, clear headed, and strongly desirous of improving her own, and her father's financial position. Young as she was, a complete realization of Mr. Cateret's business inefficiency had impressed itself upon her mind; and her independence and self-confidence had led her to decide that if their fallen fortunes were to be restored, it must be through her own instrumentality. A difficult undertaking for one so young

and inexperienced. All Madeleine knew of the business world, she gathered from hearing her father's guests discuss the stock, cotton, and grain markets; the idea had grown in her mind that, in some way, an opportunity for speculation would sooner or later come to her, and why should she not use it? Why could not she acquire the knowledge which enables a man to accumulate a fortune in a short time? She must take desperate chances, and learn the characteristics of those who influenced the markets. She had heard of a Frenchwoman—the mistress of the Marquis de Cluny—who came in possession of a state secret, and used it to such effect, that she made millions which she afterward squandered and died in poverty. This should not be *her* fate she said to herself. Yes, she determined to go and see these men.

She knew she could—when the inclination seized her—cast a glamor over most men; were these of another sort? She would see.

The Commodore was a great power in Wall Street, and the silent and mysterious Dawes had recently come into notice as a shrewd manipulator of other people's money. What was the secret of their success? Was it forbidden a woman to emulate their deeds? Her mind was fired with the thought. What were the essentials? Nerve, daring, secrecy. All these qualities were hers in a high degree. Madeleine knew herself thoroughly, and longed for an opportunity to try her powers.

When six o'clock came, she was dressed and awaiting the carriage which Grace had promised to send. Her toilet was made with extreme care, though very simple. The gown was a black silk, perfectly fitting, high in the neck, just exhibiting a plain linen collar from which rose her full, white throat, perfectly moulded. In her ears were her mother's solitaire earrings. These ears of Madeleine's were peculiar; they were perfect in shape, but too small.

Lavater would have taken one look, and passed her by, had he been seeking a generous, enthusiastic convert to his mystic belief. While the young and ardent lover might easily overlook this defect, which some might even think a charm, the student of physiognomy would have shaken his head, and advised his admiring friend to beware of those perfect shell-like ears.

As a wife, she would never make him her confidant, nor disclose the passionate beatings of a warm and sympathetic heart. No sudden impulse would ever move her to self-abnegation, or the confession of an overpowering love. Even the relative propriety or impropriety of yielding to sentiment would be weighed and considered. If a little feeling were found to be advisable, just that amount would be displayed which judgment deemed expedient. So would Lavater or Caius have said, while viewing these ears, but these men lived many years ago, and Madeleine was an exquisitely beautiful woman. Why inculcate distrust of one so fair?

Twenty years after the time of which I write, I saw these ears, and they were just as small, and just as beautiful; and who shall say what passionate throbs must in all those years have beaten within the cage which held imprisoned this woman's heart? But I neglect the progress of events.

The carriage arrived promptly, and giving Aunt Sally instructions to tell her father that she would spend the evening out, Madeleine was whirled away.

Grace gave a sigh of relief when she saw her.

"You blessed creature, now I am happy. I thought I never should get dressed, the servants asked me so many questions," exclaimed vivacious Grace, clasping her friend in her arms. "I think if I were asked another question I should——well, Alice, what is it?"

"Why, Miss Grace, the ice cream isn't here, and they promised it at six o'clock," said the housemaid.

“What do you want ice cream at all for, Grace?” interrupted Madeleine. “At least tell me why you ordered it at six? Your gentlemen come at eight and will not expect supper until about ten.”

“That’s so,” cried Grace, “I never thought of that. You can go now, Alice.”

“You ought to be thankful the evening is so cool,” said Madeleine, removing her light wrap. “Now, tell me, how do you propose entertaining these ogres of men?”

“Why, I forgot to say it is a whist party, and they will entertain themselves.”

“So much the easier for you, Gracie; are your tables and cards ready? And they must not make the coffee too soon!”

“Coffee!” ejaculated Grace. “Mercy! I didn’t intend to give them coffee.”

“Oh! hot punch, or cold would be better, although either would do, it is getting colder.”

“Hot punch!” almost screamed Grace, “why, I didn’t know they expected punch.”

“Well, well, Gracie, don’t be disturbed, champagne will do.”

“Champagne!” groaned Grace, “I don’t know whether papa has any or not, oh dear,” she sobbed. “I knew it would be just so, I’m a little fool, I—I wish mamma were home, I have a good mind to run away.”

“No, Gracie, you will do nothing of the kind, you will stay here and entertain your father’s guests, and nicely too,” replied Madeleine. “Now sit down and tell me what you have ordered.”

“I ordered two gallons of ice cream from Pistache’s, and three kinds of cake at Brodie’s.”

“Is that all, Gracie?” asked Madeleine, as Grace paused.

“All but some lovely French olives I saw in the window of a grocery store, and I bought two jars.”

This was too much for Madeleine's gravity.

"Ice cream, cake, and olives"—despite her sympathy for Grace, she fairly shrieked with laughter, while poor Grace grew red in the face with shame.

"You wicked Grace, I know you mean to poison them," laughed Madeleine. "Now listen, dear, men don't care for ice cream and cake, you must have some ham and tongue sandwiches made, get a nice Stilton cheese and crackers, have coffee made about ten, and if you want to do it up well, get eighteen or twenty dozen shell oysters to start off with. If your father has some champagne, get it out, and have it iced. You won't hear any complaints afterward, and probably plenty of compliments."

Madeleine made it so easy, that when evening came, and their guests began to arrive, everything was ready, and Grace all smiles and happiness.

First to arrive was the famous "Commodore." Whence he derived that title, no one seemed to know, but it fitted him. He was a large, breezy sort of a man, with white hair and side whiskers. A nice, hearty, benevolent-looking old gentleman, one would say; anything but the wicked speculator who robbed people of their fortunes, whenever they ventured to invest them in the stock market.

Madeleine looked him over as he came in. Arrogance, vanity, and obstinacy, were the signs she read in his assured air, upturned eyebrows, and firmly compressed lips. Would this man be of any use to her? She looked again at the arch of his eyebrows upward from the outer corner, "inordinately vain," she thought; "it is there if anywhere, he is weakest!" Just then Grace brought him up and presented him.

When the "Commodore" met young ladies, he found them shy and indisposed to talk to him; he now met a young lady who looked him squarely in the face, and her look expressed undisguised admiration.

“What glorious eyes she has, and how she uses them,” he thought. “I think I must have made an impression on her!” The vain old man forgot his years. Madeleine’s admiration was so apparent, and seemed so genuine, especially when he attempted to take his leave of her as Grace brought up Mayor Wood, and she gently detained him, saying, “I had rather talk with you, Commodore Vanderfelt,” but just then Mr. Dawes came in, and as Madeleine wished to know him as well as the Commodore, she let him go, with a little regretful look, which gathered strength as he turned it over in his mind.

“What a lovely girl, Miss Grace,” said the handsome old gentleman to his hostess, “who is she?”

“Why, I told you, ‘Commodore,’” laughed Grace, “she is my best friend, her father is on ‘Change’ I believe.”

“She is a great beauty, wonderful eyes——”

“And strange as it may seem, it appears to me, you have made a great impression on Madeleine,” said Grace slyly, without giving him time to finish his sentence. “But, ‘Commodore,’ I know you are longing to begin your game, here is papa.”

“Come, ‘Commodore,’ it is you and I, against Dawes and Hatch, the other tables are already filled,” said Mr. Richmond, coming up with Madeleine on his arm, “Miss Cateret will umpire our game.”

“Look over my hand, Miss Cateret,” said the Commodore as they sat down, “I am sure it will bring me luck.”

Playing began, the Commodore was in great spirits, had bantered the whole table, while he held little asides with Madeleine, telling her how he intended playing. The conversation was general and confined to the play; each side had a game to their credit, when Mr. Richmond ordered in the champagne, and the Commodore asked permission to drink a glass with Miss Cateret.

"With pleasure, Commodore Vanderfelt," and lifting her great eyes to his, she touched his glass with hers and murmured "*à votre santé.*"

"Eh? what's that, Miss Cateret? Speak United States," said the old gentleman, who could be brusque even to a pretty woman.

Madeleine smiled, determined to humor this old autocrat of the money market, although it was exceedingly distasteful to her to be addressed in that tone; and nothing but the desire to further her own schemes could have made her so complacent.

"I drink to your health, Commodore Vanderfelt," replied Madeleine, a slight flush of offended dignity coloring her cheek, and a little reserve tinging her voice, which the Commodore was not so dull as not to notice.

"I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, I am too much of an American to fancy these French furbelows," said the Commodore half apologetically, "your most obedient servant." And he looked benignantly at the blushing girl as he raised his glass.

"Come, Commodore, your play," said Mr. Dawes.

"Mine is it?" growled the old fellow, not relishing the interruption.

"You play your hand, Dawes, and I'll play mine," and his lips retreated, exposing his glittering false teeth. "If you don't play the market better than you play whist, you'll have enough to attend to," and the irascible old Commodore's eyes snapped.

"Don't worry about me, Commodore, I'm on the right side of the market, and we are five points to your two," quietly replied Mr. Dawes. The Commodore scowled, but did not reply, and Madeleine pricked up her ears. Just then she caught the aroma of coffee, and feared that something might happen to interrupt a conversation which seemed to her highly entertaining. Hurrying out, she

begged Grace to delay matters half an hour, which Grace promised wonderingly to do.

Madeleine returned to her seat, in time to hear the Commodore say, between his plays, "keep on selling New York Central and see where it will land you!"

"Just what I intend doing," replied the imperturbable Dawes quietly.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Dawes," broke in the old Commodore, "I'll bet you a new hat, she goes up ten, before she goes down three."

"I'll take that, Commodore," said Dawes absently.

"All right, you gentlemen hear the bet," said the Commodore, finessing his queen. The game went on, and was finally won by Dawes and his partner.

Madeleine gave the signal to Grace, and supper was announced, which stopped the play.

The Commodore was now in good humor again, and chuckled and rubbed his hands. "Tell you what, Miss Cateret," he said to Madeleine as he took her into the dining-room, "if Dawes bites that fly I threw him, I'll buy you a ring as handsome as those solitaires you wear. Allow me," and putting on his eyeglasses he inspected them carefully, and Madeleine's rosy ear at the same time, "beauties," he exclaimed, "but if he just nibbles, I'll match them for you."

"Now, Commodore," laughed Madeleine, "you mustn't talk whist talk to a young lady who doesn't understand the technical phrases of the game!"

"Whist talk, whist talk, Dawes will find that's no whist talk. Bless my soul, child, that's business," and looking around quickly he said, "if he keeps shorting the market, he'll land in the poorhouse, Miss Cateret."

"Dear me!" said Madeleine, "I hope he won't lose all his money. How is that possible and he so rich?" This seemed to amuse the old gentleman greatly.

"What a little innocent you are, child; that man thinks I don't mean what I say, but there's where he is mistaken; you watch N. Y. C. and when she begins to soar, walk into Tiffany's, and look at his diamonds; but pshaw! you don't understand these things, let's go in to supper."

Had Commodore Vanderfelt for one instant imagined that that seemingly innocent, ox-eyed girl at his side, with whom he was slightly impatient that she did not entirely understand his technical phrases, not only understood them, but treasured them up for future use, he would have cursed himself for his imbecile loquacity. As it was Madeleine had now obtained her desire, and when she entered the supper room leaning on the Commodore's arm, and looking so deliciously innocent, and charming, it would have been a keen judge of human nature who believed her other than she seemed.

Grace accused her of flirting with the Commodore, but Madeleine denied the imputation, and declared she was trying to keep one of the Commodore's friends out of the poorhouse. At which remark of Madeleine the now jovial Commodore laughed until his florid countenance was suffused with blood and he looked on the verge of apoplexy. After supper was served, Madeleine was preparing to take her leave, when Mr. Dawes came up and entered into conversation with her.

"Great joke that about the 'poorhouse,' Miss Cateret, the Commodore seems to enjoy it. Which of his friends, pray, has he destined for that delectable abode?"

Madeleine looked at Mr. Dawes, and Mr. Dawes' sphinx-like countenance took on the appearance of one who had swallowed a suspicious oyster. The contrast between the two was immeasurably great. He small, dark, self-centred and reticent. She gay, fresh, magnificent in her youthful beauty, but equally self-contained.

"I am quite sure, Mr. Dawes, I shall see you again soon,"

Madeleine remarked, adjusting her wraps and ignoring entirely his question, which Mr. Dawes was too wise to repeat. He bade her good-night, and returned to the card room.

"Charming girl, but very deep, I must see her again, and I shan't have to look her up either," he muttered.

Madeleine said good-night to Grace, and entering the carriage was driven rapidly home. She did not retire immediately, but when she did some hours later, she had settled in her mind what Mr. Dawes was to "bite."



CHAPTER XI.

A PURELY BUSINESS MATTER.

"PAPA," inquired Madeleine, the next morning at the breakfast table, "who is Mr. Dawes?"

"Dawes, oh, he's one of the big guns on Change, he's a director in several railroads, a stock broker and a millionaire. He operates largely, but is very quiet about it."

"Is he a great friend of Commodore Vanderfelt's, papa?"

"Well, as to that, it's hard to say, they operate together, but either wouldn't hesitate to cut the other's throat, if he could benefit by it, or to gain a point. They are a pair of sharks, and any one who doesn't wish to lose money had better steer clear of them."

"Commodore Vanderfelt was at the Richmonds last night, papa, and what is more, he was very attentive to your daughter."

"Why shouldn't he be, Maddy? Who was Commodore Vanderfelt, before he made his money? My daughter is good enough, I hope, to associate with any of these New York people. My father's father——"

"There, papa, never mind about our ancestors," cried Madeleine, "the living present, is the important thing to be considered. As I was telling you, Commodore Vanderfelt was very gracious to me, and took me in to supper. He is very wealthy, is he not?"

"Immensely: but he is too arrogant and consequential to suit me. Well, I'm off, now, my dear, can I do anything for you in town?" he added jauntily.

"Nothing, papa, thank you, I am going out myself," and

as Mr. Cateret disappeared through the front door, Madeleine went up-stairs and soon returned equipped for the street, and bearing a little parcel in her hand.

This conversation with her father had not been without an object. Over night Madeleine had conceived a plan of action. She was now thoroughly given over to the desire to acquire money. There was no sentiment in her soul, neither was she sordid; money was nothing to her; except so far as it would gratify her ambitions. She saw the power these men possessed; it tormented her that there could be existences more potent than her own. Not that she undervalued her great beauty. Had not that power been tested often enough? But this was something different; the mention of the fact that these men possessed millions, invested them immediately in the mind of the listener with a halo such as surrounds the possessor of an hereditary title of nobility. We look at them with curiosity, wonder, and a vague longing; a desire to envelop ourselves with the same mantle of superiority. Madeleine felt this longing, her questions to her father were preparatory to the springing of her mine. But under the feet of which of these Crœsuses was she to toss the bomb? Where could she make it most effective for her own personal aggrandizement? She held a finely woven thread with which she hoped to win her way out of this labyrinth of poverty into the bright daylight of assured wealth and position. Her very ignorance made her bold; and when she left the house, and called a cab, it was with the feeling that her intuitions had not deceived her.

“Drive to Mr. Tatum’s office, 14 Beaver Street,” she said to the coachman, and sank back in the carriage. A few moments brought them to Mr. Tatum’s office. When Madeleine entered, the old Harpagon was amusing himself by abusing his book-keeper.

“D——n you, Wheelock, you must get here earlier morn-

ings, d'you think I pay you a thousand a year to loaf like this?"

"Eight hundred, Mr. Tatum," said the book-keeper respectfully.

"Well, eight hundred or ten hundred, it's a plaguey sight more'n you're worth."

"I told you, Mr. Tatum, that one of my children was very ill last night, and I was up so late I overslept, I am very sorry——"

"Shut up! what have I got to do with your sickly brats——"

Just then he caught sight of Madeleine, who had entered quietly and heard his abuse of the book-keeper. Mr. Wheelock, whose back was turned, had not seen her, and was about to resent Tatum's heartless abuse, when he received a kick from the old man, who started to meet the young lady. His hateful countenance now struggled with a forced attempt at gayety and jocoseness, in an endeavor to appear pleased at her appearance.

"Unexpected pleasure, Miss Cateret, I'm sure," he remarked in his oiliest tones, at the same time a little in doubt what this early visit portended.

"Are you sure it's a pleasure, Mr. Tatum?" inquired Madeleine, disposed to punish him a little.

"Why—why—certainly, that is, of course, a great pleasure, young ladies don't often come to see us old fellows, except they come on business," and the old fellow looked inquiringly as if he could read in her face what this early visit did mean.

"Yes, that's it, Mr. Tatum, I did come on business. Can I see you in private a few moments?"

"Certainly, Miss Cateret," he replied, dropping his facetious tone, and adopting a cold business-like one. "Step into my private office, if you please."

Just at this moment he looked for all the world like a

suspicious bird. His head was cocked on one side, as if looking for the "early worm."

"Will you walk into my parlor," came into Madeleine's mind, and she smiled, for with the prescient eye of youth and confidence, she saw a big fly of the blue-bottle order, thrashing around in a delicately woven web, and knocking it all to pieces, while a mean, yellow, little spider is flying for dear life.

"Mr. Tatum, I wish to borrow some money," was her abrupt method of commencing the interview. The old man was seated near her, and engaged in rubbing his hands over his thin, brown hair as if it were out of place; this sudden attack upon his pocket, discomposed him a little; he kept up the rubbing process, however, as if to gain a little time to think. Madeleine looked at him steadily. His old wrinkled face in the morning sunlight reminded her of a railroad map.

"Hum!" he ejaculated finally, looking at her, "you have already borrowed a goodish sum, the property won't bear any more!" His head shook, and he assumed a dismal, forbidding look, implying it was of no use to discuss the question: Madeleine thought differently, however.

"Oh! I don't mean on the house, Mr. Tatum, don't distress yourself, I shall offer perfect security for the loan;" and Madeleine opened the parcel she carried and disclosed a small box which she placed on the table before Mr. Tatum.

"I have here a pair of solitaire earrings, the finest gems which could be bought at Tiffany's, a pearl necklace, a bracelet of rubies and diamonds, and some old-fashioned jewelry I——"

"Let me see them, let me see them, Miss Cateret," said the old man, his eyes twinkling, as he rubbed one hand over the other in eager anticipation. The deliberate utterance of Madeleine about diamonds and pearls, and rubies, aroused the cupidity of the old man. Here were collaterals

he could keep in his possession, lock up in his safe, and gloat over.

Madeleine applied the key and raised the lid. Tatum's eyes snapped as he saw the two stones, as large as filberts, lying on top, on a bed of cotton, but he restrained himself; it would never do to exhibit anxiety. He tipped back in his chair, and gazed at the two sparkling gems, just turning his head from one side to the other, as he caught the brilliant scintillations, but remained impassive.

Madeleine paid no attention to him, however, but removed the stones, placing them on the table on their cotton bed. Next came the pearl necklace which she was about to place beside the stones, when Mr. Tatum stretched out his withered hand and grasped it.

"Very pretty," he remarked indifferently, but he handled it lovingly, and laid it down reluctantly. Madeleine then emptied the box. Besides the bracelet was a rich, but old-fashioned brooch, and earrings, and three or four finger rings tied together by a thread. The whole collection was a fine display. By this time Mr. Tatum had approached the table and was handling the stones.

"What do these weigh, Miss Cateret? But never mind, women never know how we judge of these things."

He breathed on them, and watched the moisture disappear, then he examined them with a magnifying glass, picked up the necklace, took out his penknife, and scratched two or three of the largest pearls, nodded his head, as if satisfied they were genuine, tumbled over the other things carelessly, shoved back his chair, and looking at Madeleine with a curious expression in his little, beady eyes, he inquired how much she wanted to borrow.

"I want twenty-five hundred dollars, Mr. Tatum," said Madeleine bravely. The beady eyes became glassy, almost stony, and he shook his head, with a little, tremulous, deprecatory motion, as if pitying her innocence.

"Too much, far too much, my dear," he said, with a disgusting familiarity, which made Madeleine's flesh creep, and caused her to long to put the things away, and give up the pursuit of wealth, but she was far too determined to yield so readily. The delicate alæ of her nostrils quivered, and curled a little, when the next moment, he patted her hand which rested on the arm of the chair. Had the old man seen the wicked look which came into the young girl's face then he would have paused to think it over; it would have been well for him if he had yielded to her wishes, or refused altogether.

Only for one moment, and not long enough for him to note it, did her face reveal the real condition of her mind. Like a flash she thought, "I want the money, and he shall give it to me," then she put out her hand and laid her white plump fingers on his shrivelled, discolored wrist. The touch seemed to electrify the old mummy, and a devilish leer, which she did not notice, darted from his bleared optics. He grinned, and retracted his thin lips, disclosing those horrible, yellow teeth.

"Fifteen hundred, my dear, fifteen hundred, is the best I can do for you," and he leaned back and surveyed Madeleine who laughed merrily.

"You despicable old miser! Tiffany will give me that for the stones alone."

"Well, I must say you are a cool one for a young lady, Miss Madeleine, why don't you take them to Tiffany?"

"For the best of reasons, my dear Mr. Tatum, I don't care to have them know I need money. Come, now decide quickly or I shall take them to some one else," she added.

Tatum hesitated; he knew the value of the jewels but he loved his money. Rising from his chair he opened the door and called his office boy, then picking up the two stones, the pearl necklace and bracelet, he put them in the box and whispered a word to the boy who hurried away.

Mr. Tatum resumed his seat and picked up the remaining jewelry, looking it over carefully.

"These things are worth about two hundred dollars, they are old-fashioned, and I could hardly get that for them."

"You don't for a moment think, Mr. Tatum, that I should ever allow you to sell them?" said Madeleine a little sharply. "I had rather sacrifice the house," and her eyes flashed ominously on the old shark, who instantly saw he had gone too far, for he was already gloating over the fact that the Caterets were getting deeper and deeper in his debt, and the house would soon fall into his hands. Nor had the thought, that just possibly, old, shrunken, and hideous as he was, he might at some time, through their dire necessity, get this young and lovely girl into his power, failed to cross his mind, and he lingered over the idea. Old, decrepit, almost mildewed as he was, the fire and passion of youth was not entirely dulled. "I'll make her an old man's darling," he thought, as he screwed up his face, and worked the stiffened muscles into the semblance of a smile.

"Of course not, of course not," he replied in answer to her query, "but people who loan money, must be cautious; all sorts of traps are laid for us!" Just then he looked furtively at Madeleine, and despite his coolness he felt uneasy as he saw a strange look in her eye.

"I mean——"

"You mean what, Mr. Tatum? That I came here to trick and hoodwink you? Are the jewels not genuine? Do you think to loan me less than I wish, and then throw out these vile insinuations? Get the stones back, and I will not trouble you, others will be willing if you are not," and Madeleine arose from her chair.

"Stop, stop, Miss Madeleine, not so fast," cried the old man in desperation, fearing he would lose the loan. "Make

it eighteen hundred, won't that do?" And the crafty old fox watched her slyly. Just then the boy returned, and handed the box and a slip of paper to Mr. Tatum, who placed the box on the table, and opening the paper in the hollow of his hand glanced at it, then crumpled it up, and dropped it on the floor.

"Come, Miss Madeleine, sit down again, we can arrange the money, eighteen hundred, is it? It's a large sum," he muttered, "I must have five per cent. a month," and he began to examine the stones, while Madeleine stooping quickly, picked up the bit of paper he had dropped, and smoothing it out read "stones worth two thousand, necklace fifteen hundred, bracelet three hundred."

Madeleine resumed her seat, holding the paper so Mr. Tatum could see it, which he did, instantly.

"That's mine," he cried, reaching for it. Madeleine handed it to him.

"I am glad to learn the real value of the things," she said smilingly. "I see an expert values them at thirty-eight hundred dollars, I find upon second thought, I need just twenty-two hundred dollars, if you will give me your check for that amount, I will leave all but the old-fashioned jewelry, which you do not want."

The old man saw he was trapped, and by a mere girl. This did not please him, but there was no help for it; he saw Madeleine was determined.

"I took her for a pretty, little fool, and she is as sharp as a needle," he thought, "pity her father hasn't her head."

"Well, Miss Cateret, if you must have the twenty-two hundred," he said with a sigh, and picking up the jewelry he put it in the box, while Madeleine returned her mother's rings and brooch to her bag.

"Wheelock, write a check for twenty-two hundred dollars, payable to bearer," and picking up the box he left the room in a rage, while Madeleine, quite satisfied with her

experience in the "spider's web," sat a few moments, until he returned and handed her the check, which she folded and placed deliberately in her purse and with a jaunty "good-morning, Mr. Tatum," left the room. She had hardly left the office, and was tripping lightly along to where the carriage was standing on the opposite side of the street, when a voice at her elbow said:

"I beg your pardon, Miss." Madeleine looked around, and saw Wheelock, the poor book-keeper.

"Can I say one word to you, my dear young lady?" he inquired.

"Why, certainly, what is it you wish to speak about?"

Mr. Wheelock came close up to her. "Look out for Mr. Tatum, Miss, he is a hard-hearted man, and if you do not pay him in three months, you will never see your diamonds again."

Madeleine looked at the miserable, trembling creature at her side.

"Do not fear for me, Mr. Wheelock, thank you for your kindness, I won't forget it," and Madeleine entered her carriage and drove to the bank.

CHAPTER XII.

MADELEINE TRUSTS HER SECRET TO TWO PEOPLE.

AFTER having had her check cashed, Madeleine drove directly to her father's office, knowing that at that time he would most likely be "on change," nor was she disappointed. Her light footfall on the stairs was not heard by Augustus Duck, who was seated on his high stool, and engaged just then in chewing the end of a penholder. Gus was given to philosophy, but it was of the practical sort, and not at all fatiguing to his mind. The noise Madeleine made in opening the door, caused him to turn quickly with a guilty start, as if detected in some nefarious scheme.

With one motion he swung himself clear off the stool, and running his hand over his hair, he dropped it to his mouth and secretly removed an enormous quid of tobacco which he deposited in the waste-paper basket.

"Good-morning, Augustus," said Madeleine pleasantly. This affability was too much for "Gus," whom Madeleine had heretofore always addressed as Mr. Duck. He blushed from his long, red hands up to the roots of his hair, but it was with pleasure. He tried to speak, but his "voice stuck in his throat."

"Papa is out, is he?" inquired his visitor.

"Ye—yes, Miss Cateret," Gus managed to say, shifting from one foot to the other, as if his feet pained him—"he—he's on Change."

"Augustus," this time more sweetly, "can you keep a secret?"

"You just try me, Miss Cateret, horses couldn't drag one of your secrets out of me."

"Well, Augustus"—this time a ravishing smile accompanied her utterance of his name—"I want you to do something for me." Madeleine reached into her bag, and drew out a large roll of bills; to these she added the eight hundred dollars which she had left from the draft to Mother Cornichon.

"Here are three thousand dollars, Augustus, I want you to take this to papa, and tell him to buy one thousand shares of New York Central stock for Mr. Charles Kenner who left the money here."

Gus thought a moment, his quick wits were at work.

"Don't you think it would be better if I had a note from Mr. Kenner, authorizing the purchase of the stock? You see we must open an account in the books in Mr. Kenner's name, Miss Cateret."

"Very good, Augustus, I will write the note, if you will give me some paper."

"Can you use a quill, Miss Cateret?"

"I'll try, Augustus, I see you understand the necessity for absolute secrecy." Madeleine took the quill and soon turned out a very bold, and dashing request for the purchase of the stock; and signed it Charles Kenner.

"Do you think you can describe Mr. Kenner to papa, Augustus?"

"I am quite sure I can. He is a tall, dark gentleman, with a full beard, a very handsome man I should say." His effort brought another blush to Gus' face.

"Well done, very well done, Augustus, that is a capital description. I know him well, he is in a great hurry, must go out of town for a few days, and cannot stop to see Mr. Cateret, but hopes to do so at some future time. He will telegraph, or write instructions, that is all—stay, Augustus, tell Mr. Cateret that additional margins will be forthcom-

ing if necessary—you had better run over now,” and Madeleine went out with him. Gus opened the door of the carriage and took off his hat politely.

“Tell the driver to stop at Mr. James Dawes’ office, on William Street, Augustus, if you please.” Gus gave the required directions, and hurried off to find Mr. Cateret.

When Madeleine arrived at Mr. Dawes’ office he was not in, but the manager, at Madeleine’s urgent request, sent a boy on “Change” for him, while she re-entered the carriage, and waited, leaning back quietly, and studying what she should say to the great speculator.

What she had accomplished so far, was simple, compared to what lay before her. She was about undertaking to make use of a wealthy, shrewd, astute business man. She was about to match herself with one of the great leaders in the stock market. This man was a recognized power in a market which is not surpassed by any market in the world, for the shrewdness, cunning, and long-sightedness of its members; and she, a young inexperienced girl, must match herself with one of the keenest of them!

But Madeleine had one advantage over the cool, clear-headed, business man, she had something he wanted, and she knew it, and knew its value. “Would he buy?” That was the question.

Madeleine had not long to wait; Mr. Dawes approached the door of the carriage, immediately recognized her, and apparently without any surprise. He begged her to alight, but she was loth to do this, fearing she might be noticed, and therefore requested him to enter the carriage, and give her a few moments of his valuable time, as she had a communication to make to him.

Mr. Dawes without hesitation entered the carriage, and, at Madeleine’s request, directed the driver to proceed slowly up the Bowery.

“You do not seem surprised to see me, Mr. Dawes,” remarked Madeleine.

"Nor am I entirely, Miss Cateret, you made a remark at Mr. Richmond's which I think I rightly interpreted, that we should see each other again soon; am I correct?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Dawes, I intended then to make this call, and you probably know my motive."

"Not entirely, it has reference to Commodore Vanderfelt's allusion to the poorhouse, has it not?"

"Somewhat," said Madeleine smiling. "I did not tell you that you were the gentleman the Commodore referred to, as liable to land in the poorhouse, but you were."

"And is that all, Miss Cateret?" said Mr. Dawes a little impatiently, "my time is very valuable at this hour of the day."

"No, Mr. Dawes, that is not all; would it be of any use to you to know which way New York Central stock is going?"

Mr. Dawes looked keenly at Madeleine.

"Can you tell me this, Miss Cateret? Remember there must be no trifling."

Anxious as Madeleine was to bring her plan to a successful conclusion, she had too much pride and dignity not to resent this insinuation. Her eyes grew cold, and she froze Mr. Dawes with one look.

"Mr. Dawes forgets himself; this is not on 'Change,' and I am no suppliant for his bounty. You can stop the carriage, Mr. Dawes; there are gentlemen in the market aside from Mr. James T. Dawes."

"One moment, Miss Cateret, and then I will leave you if you so desire," replied Mr. Dawes. "I am a plain business man, and possibly in business hours a little curt. I trust you will forgive me. If you have valuable information of the nature you hint at, you will find no more liberal-handed man to deal with than myself."

Madeleine allowed the severity of her manner to relax.

"Now we are coming to business, Mr. Dawes. I repeat

my question; would the knowledge, the absolute knowledge, that New York Central is to advance, or decline, benefit you?"

"It would be of incalculable benefit," replied Mr. Dawes emphatically. Mindful of her former blunder, Madeleine looked at him steadily.

"Would it be of any benefit to *me*, if I gave you the information you seek?" Mr. Dawes cast one quick inquiring glance at Madeleine's face, then he said, slowly weighing each word:

"It would mean one thousand shares of that stock, bought or sold for your account, and margined by me five cents either way; is that satisfactory, Miss Cateret?"

"Perfectly, Mr. Dawes," replied Madeleine, "New York Central will advance from ten to twelve points, and possibly more."

Then she narrated the entire conversation as it occurred between herself and Commodore Vanderfelt.

"This is exactly as it occurred, is it, Miss Cateret?"

"Exactly, I made a note of it that evening, after returning home, intending to see you, here it is," taking out her purse and unfolding a slip of paper.

"May I ask you one question, Miss Cateret?"

"Ask me any question a gentleman may ask, and I will answer, Mr. Dawes."

"Your father is a stock broker, is he not?"

"He is."

"Have you told him of this conversation?"

"I have not, nor any one, except yourself."

"Will you pledge me your word not to tell any one of our interview or its purport?"

"I will."

"Do you know what the market is this morning?"

"About 79 I think."

"It is 77, it is off two points, I am ten thousand shares

short, and intend to 'double up,' I shall now buy it in, and take the long side. I will purchase immediately one thousand shares for your account, and margin it five cents."

"One moment, Mr. Dawes," interrupted Madeleine, "keep that account in the name of Charles Kenner, if you please."

"If you wish it, certainly."

Madeleine took out her pencil and wrote in a bold hand, "Charles Kenner, care of Mr. C. Rogers, Bank of America." "That is my address."

Mr. Dawes took the slip of paper which Madeleine handed him, looked at it a moment reflectively, and then at her.

"What is it, Mr. Dawes?" inquired Madeleine, anticipating his desire. The nearest approach to a smile which she had yet seen, hovered around the corners of his mouth.

"I thought I should like to ask you if you conceived this plan yourself, or were prompted by some one else. I confess it is so altogether unusual, it has been carried through in so business-like a manner, and is so suggestive of an old head at the helm, I should like to know if I am dealing with a woman's intuition, or the cunningly devised scheme of some shrewd manipulator of the market."

He paused and looked at his companion. Madeleine saw instantly that Mr. Dawes feared he was falling into a trap, which he fancied the old Commodore himself had laid for him; she saw that nothing but the utmost frankness would enable her to carry out her plan, and seeing this, decided instantly to take Mr. Dawes into her confidence. In a few words she told him her desires and hopes, sketched her father's character so that he might understand her motives, and then narrated the story of the pledging of her jewels, and the purchase through her father in the name of Charles Kenner of one thousand shares of

stock that morning before seeing him. Mr. Dawes here interrupted her recital.

"It is quite enough, Miss Cateret, I admire your pluck more than I can tell you. Few men or women could have conceived this plan, fewer could have brought it as far as you did when I began to distrust you; and fewer yet have known when the time came to be entirely frank in regard to the motive of the transaction. You have won my complete confidence. And now I must hasten back to commence our operations. I need not suggest perfect secrecy. Watch the market and let me hear from you soon."

Mr. Dawes left the carriage, stopped a down-town car, and was soon in Wall Street. He received confirmation of Madeleine's story, when he learned that his house had sold Mr. Cateret one thousand shares of New York Central at 77. The market then was a trifle higher, and he commenced through his brokers to buy back his "short stock." Very carefully were the purchases conducted, in order not to disturb the market. Before the day was over, he had bought in all his "shorts," and had secured a few thousand shares of "long stock," one thousand of which went down in his book to the credit of Charles Kenner; the market was back at 79.

"I say, Cateret," said his friend "Silver," "let me have your check for one thousand, I'll give it back to you to-morrow."

"I'll let you have a thousand in currency, Silver," replied the easy-going Cateret, "but I must have it to-morrow."

"Sure, Cateret."

"I'd see, that Albino a long way off, before he'd get any thousand dollars out of me," muttered Gus, who stood by, and heard the conversation.

"I hope the bloody market will just climb for the next month, I don't want to see Mr. Kenner lose anything."

When Mr. Cateret came home that night he was in great spirits, and told Madeleine of his new customer, Mr. Kerner. "A handsome, black-bearded fellow, Gus says, but awfully reckless; anyhow the market has gone his way to-day, he's two thousand better off than this morning." Madeleine smiled.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TEST OF STRENGTH.

THE next few weeks passed along rather uneventfully for Madeleine, who had come to crave a little excitement. She saw her father was in greater straits than ever for money, occasionally he even appeared down-hearted, but the natural elasticity and optimistic bent of his mind, lifted him quickly from his "slough of despond."

He came home one evening late in August, in apparently the greatest dejection, sank his hands deep into his pockets, and paced the floor. The evening paper lay unfolded upon the table, and his cigar remained unlighted between his lips. His eyes were vacantly fixed on the floor, and a heavy sigh, escaping his breast at intervals, indicated more than anything else the perturbed state of his mind.

Madeleine was unusually joyous, for she had constantly added to her holdings of New York Central, until she now held ten thousand shares of the stock; and a letter from Mr. Dawes informed her the market was 84 and advised her to double her investment. When Madeleine entered the library it was with the intention of writing a note to Mr. Dawes instructing him to purchase ten thousand shares more of New York Central.

"Good-evening, papa," she said pleasantly, as she took her seat at the desk and picked up a pen. No response from Cateret père. Madeleine did not appear to notice that he had made no reply, and commenced her note. Glancing at his daughter and noticing her absorption, Mr. Cate-

ret emitted a subdued groan, as if he would say, "my charming daughter, you are happy, you have no cares and responsibilities, but look at me, see how miserable I am, remark the weight which is crushing me!"

Madeleine wrote on, and her father became desperate. It wasn't natural for him to bear a burden without calling some one's attention to the annoyance it gave him. He would have shifted it without the slightest hesitation to his daughter's shoulders, and then pitied her that she bore so great a load. Anywhere, away from his own weak back!

Madeleine had long determined in her own mind that a salutary lesson would be necessary, before her father would mend his careless habits. He had been taking matters altogether too easily, his embarrassed position required more attention and care than he was devoting to it, and a little wholesome worry would not be a bad thing, she thought; hence her assumed indifference.

But matters were coming to a crisis. Madeleine wrote away unconcernedly, and papa Cateret, finding no notice taken of his sighs and groans, thumped the table with his fist and burst out:

"Maddy, I can't stand this."

"Stand what, papa?" replied Madeleine, "why are you so violent—are you ill, in pain? Aunt Sally will fix you up a mustard plaster in no time."

"Aunt Sally be d——d."

"Now, papa, that won't do, this is not 'Change Alley,'" cried Madeleine with some severity.

"I am sorry I am so violent, my dear, but I am in trouble," replied Mr. Cateret very mildly.

"Well, papa, out with it, I have been waiting patiently for the last half-hour to learn what it was; it's money, isn't it, or the lack of it?"

"Why, Maddy, child, how did you know that? I am sure I never mention any money trouble to you."

"No, but I have known for some time that you needed my help, now do not hesitate again, tell me what this especial case is."

"Well, you see, Maddy, that confounded 'Silver,' borrowed a thousand dollars of me five or six weeks ago, and promised to repay it next day, but I can't get a dollar from him. I am carrying on a big deal for Mr. Kenner, he has a profit of some cents on five thousand shares of New York Central stock, and at any time he may ask me to close the deal and demand a settlement. It worries me awfully," and her poor father groaned.

"Is that all, papa?" inquired Madeleine.

"All! I believe you girls think money grows on trees, and we have only to pick it off." And again he began his tramp up and down the library.

"Papa!" said Madeleine, resting her elbow on the desk, and holding the end of the penholder between her pearly teeth in a reflective manner, "sit down here by me."

Mr. Cateret complied. He had long since found out that there was only one will in the house, and that was Madeleine's.

"If I help you out of your present trouble, will you give me your solemn promise not to loan any one money again, and never to use a dollar of money belonging to your customers?"

"Yes, indeed, Maddy," replied her father humbly, "I have had a good lesson; why, I couldn't smoke to-day, I have been so worried. Every mail I expected a letter from Mr. Kenner, or perhaps he might drop in himself, just think of it! He has made a profit of twenty-eight thousand dollars, and don't take it; that man has great nerve!"

"You say you have seen him, papa?"

"Never yet laid eyes on him."

"Strange, how do you get your orders?"

"Oh, he writes me at the office,"

"By the way, that reminds me," said Madeleine, "there is a letter for you somewhere, left here this afternoon, I hope it is not from him." And Madeleine pulled out a letter from under some papers on the desk, and handed it to her father, who no sooner saw it than his face grew pale and he cried, "O Lord! I knew it, it is Mr. Kenner's handwriting. It is all up with me now," and his hands trembled as he turned it over apparently not daring to open it.

"Let me see it," said Madeleine, "why, it's on some of my paper," she exclaimed as she opened it, "I remember now, Millie said he stepped into the library and wrote it here. I'm sorry I missed seeing him."

"Never mind where it was written, Maddy, read it, read it," cried the now thoroughly terrified Mr. Cateret. Madeleine read:

"Mr. Cateret,

"DEAR SIR:—I have just a moment to write you, and your house being nearer than your office, I have called here. The market has had a wonderful advance, but not unexpected by me. A prudent man usually closes his deal when he has a profit."

[*"Oh, dear! it's coming now,"* groaned poor Mr. Cateret, but Madeleine read right on.]

"I think differently, however. I believe it's to be just the beginning of the advance, you will therefore buy me five thousand shares more New York Central at the opening in the morning.

"Yours truly,

"CHARLES KENNER."

"Well, papa, it seems that Mr. Kenner still intends to hold on; I suppose it is a great relief to you?"

"Indeed it is, Maddy, that man must be immensely rich, or he is a born gambler—or a fool, I don't know which.

No one else would take such desperate chances; he evidently does not need money, I've half a mind to take a little flyer myself, before I buy his five thousand."

"Papa," said Madeleine, "you do not mean that;" her father reddened under his daughter's severe, pained look.

"Well, Maddy, if you say not, I won't, the commission will be a nice little plum, but Maddy, how did you intend to get the money if he had ordered me to close his deal, pawn your diamonds, eh?"

"Never mind, papa, it won't be necessary."

"Dear child," said her father, stooping over and kissing her tenderly, "how like your mother you are!" And his mind now relieved, he lighted his cigar and took his paper up.

"Gus," said Mr. Cateret the next morning, when he entered the office, "that Kenner is a thoroughbred, think of it, he wants me to double up his deal."

"He seems a good one, don't make us much trouble, or draw down his deposits," responded Gus. "Odd he doesn't come around oftener though."

"Very odd, but it suits me, Gus."

Madeleine did not send her order to Mr. Dawes until the forenoon was well advanced, wishing that her father should make his purchase first. The result was, that such large purchases started the market up, and at the close of Change the quotation for New York Central was 88 and Mr. Dawes buying all he could get, while the Commodore looked on smiling and muttered, "climb for it, Dawes, you'll want it worse yet."

That evening a carriage rolled rapidly up to the Caterets, and Mr. Dawes sent in his card. Mr. Cateret was at his club, and Madeleine received him in the library. No onlooker would have suspected that the two most important and powerful personages at this moment on the New York Stock Exchange had met for a consultation.

Madeleine held a book, with the leaves half cut, in her hands as Mr. Dawes entered; she laid down neither the book nor even the paper cutter, but crossed the room to meet him, with all the ease and grace of an accomplished woman of the world.

"Take this easy-chair, Mr. Dawes, you will find it very comfortable. When I feel particularly lazy I take that chair; there is nothing so refreshing at times as absolute cold-blooded indolence, and from the action of the market to-day I fancy you must be rather tired and need a little indulgence."

Another one of those rare smiles relaxed Mr. Dawes' somewhat severe expression of countenance.

"Yes, the day has been an exciting one, Miss Cateret, and I confess that I feel the strain a little, but you surprise me, you do indeed," and the hitherto reticent speculator really seemed inclined to become talkative—"you are carrying a load which would weaken the nerve of almost any operator on the board, and to judge from your appearance"—and the cool business man looked at Madeleine admiringly—"one would say your most serious thought might be, whether you would continue and cut the leaves of that book, or take a nap before doing so."

Nothing showed that Madeleine was moved by the great compliment paid her, unless it were a restless glitter in her eyes, which almost seemed feverish.

"I was taught in a peculiar school, and under the scrutiny and supervision of a remarkable man, Mr. Dawes, and I perhaps might say, for a particular purpose. I learned there, that one of the most essential requisites in the conduct of one's life is self-control—but you did not come here to learn about my education; if I am not mistaken you think it about time for us to dispose of our 'holdings,' am I right?"

"Exactly, exactly, Miss Cateret, although I am pleased

to have had this little explanation from you, I was somewhat in doubt whether it was pure ignorance of the tremendous power you just now wield, or really, as I see it is, the result of studied self-repression. Your character is a remarkable one for a woman, and you have my sincere respect and admiration."

This, from a man like Mr. Dawes, was a great, a most extraordinary compliment, and Madeleine's cheeks flushed with the pleasure it gave her. However, Mr. Dawes did not come to pay compliments.

"Our position is just this, Miss Cateret, we are holding an immense amount of stock, the market closed firm and very bullish, it will open higher in the morning and my advice is that we commence to liquidate. The 'lambs' are all coming in, and I think we had better let them carry the load. Commodore Vanderfelt, I am sure, thinks me short 'up to my eyes.' My proposition is, to employ a half-dozen shrewd brokers to sell for me, while I seem to be eager to buy; what do you think of the plan?"

Madeleine thought a moment, then laid down her book, folded her hands in her lap, and fixed the most piercing gaze upon Mr. Dawes he had ever experienced. Her face was bloodless, and her lips tightly closed. He began to feel uncomfortable under this Medusa-like stare. When she did speak, her voice was calm, and as cold as if she were an automaton.

"You must not sell yet, Mr. Dawes, it is not time; your method is a good one, but you are too impatient. Commodore Vanderfelt thinks you 'short,' the market will go from five to eight cents higher, five cents more means a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more for me, and perhaps twice as much for you; am I right?"

"Your figures are right," replied Mr. Dawes uneasily.

"Very well, we will wait for the advance."

"But, Miss Cateret, I am satisfied with my profits."

"And I am not with mine," interrupted Madeleine.

The perspiration stood out on Mr. Dawes' forehead. For the first time in his life, he was held—tied, absolutely powerless to act, and controlled by a woman, too.

"Suppose I sell my stock, Miss Cateret, quietly, and hold yours?" he said, and a playful smile struggled to make itself perceptible on his face.

"You must sell nothing, Mr. Dawes; at your first attempt to sell, I shall inform Commodore Vanderfelt of your position, and ask him to relieve me of my stock at any figure we can agree upon."

This was a terrific blow to Mr. Dawes, who could see no way out of it, and Madeleine instantly took advantage of her position.

"I don't think any such action will be necessary on my part, Mr. Dawes, you must see the folly of attempting to withdraw from the combination. I shall watch the market carefully, and tell you the right moment; it may be in a day or two. When I send you word to sell, it will be after I have learned what Commodore Vanderfelt is doing."

Mr. Dawes saw from Madeleine's manner that she considered the interview at an end, and immediately arose.

"Then I am to await word from you before selling, Miss Cateret?"

"I believe that was the understanding, Mr. Dawes; believe me, it will not be long in coming, and I am convinced that you will thank me for my decision."

And Madeleine, again the charming hostess, brought out her father's excellent Havanas, and even lighted Mr. Dawes' cigar for him, beamed on him with her lustrous eyes, and sent him away the most puzzled, baffled and mystified man in New York that night.

CHAPTER XIV.

“AND LIFE WAS NEVER THE SAME AGAIN.”

WHEN Madeleine made the statement to Mr. Dawes, that she would have information from the Commodore himself, as to the probable course of the market, she had formed no plan, and no line of action had presented itself to her by which she could obtain the desired information. Although to Mr. Dawes she had exhibited traits of character which she was hardly conscious of possessing, the reaction from the nervous strain, left in her mind a feeling of doubt as to her ability to accomplish the feat of which she had boasted with so much confidence. She must make good her assertion, or suffer defeat, and defeat meant humiliation, if not loss of all she aspired to. What if Mr. Dawes should prove to be right, and the morning was the time to sell? With each moment of irresolution or procrastination, a fortune might be slipping away from her, which now was within her grasp; to-morrow it might be gone forever. She tried to evolve some plan from the chaos in her mind; no sooner was one examined, than it was rejected.

The urgency of the case irritated her, she felt that in matching herself with a man in such a contest, and this man remarkable even among his fellows, for his preternatural cunning and shrewdness, she was at a disadvantage; he held all the strings, and she could only pull one—his intense desire to outwit the Commodore, and she had drawn this one to its utmost tension.

What if he should throw her over, and go to the Com-

modore himself? A shudder ran through her frame; she was playing for a great stake, would she lose it? The thought was maddening, and then a strange feeling of calmness came over her, such as comes to persons who face immediate destruction and have given up all hope; it was a paralysis of motion accompanied with an intensity of thought almost superhuman. She was back in Paris, and heard Father Dorlon, the confessor of the Convent, say to her, "my child, that fatal beauty of yours, is at once the source of the greatest danger, and an instrument of marvellous value in swaying human action. In its use, be wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove." With a great effort she threw off the stupefying incubus which paralyzed her.

Suddenly she ran to a long pier glass, which reached from the ceiling to the floor; stood in front of it and regarded herself intently; her inventory was, "beautiful eyes, fine features, an exquisite complexion, and a wealth of black hair;" then she smiled, a most bewitching smile, her face flushed with pleasure, "it will do," she thought. Just then her father's footsteps sounded in the hall; "so early," she wondered, and looked at her watch; half-past eight.

"What brings you home so early, papa, was the club stupid?"

"Hardly that, Maddy, there weren't enough fellows to make it very lively though, all gone to hear Piccolomini sing at the Academy."

Like lightning a thought passed through Madeleine's mind.

"And I wanted to hear her so much, papa, is it too late?"

Papa looked at his watch, "not too late if you wish to go, Maddy."

"I do indeed, I'll dress in ten minutes; will you get a carriage?" And Madeleine ran up-stairs. In ten minutes

she was dressed, how, she never knew. Throwing a light opera cloak over her shoulders, she sprang into the carriage, and they were soon at the Academy doors.

"The house is sold out," was the ticket-seller's answer to Mr. Cateret's request for seats; a disappointed look came over Mr. Cateret's face.

"It's too late," he muttered, and turned away to tell Madeleine.

"Stop a moment, we have one box left, somebody ill, and the box is to be resold, will you have it, sir?"

"Certainly I will," replied Mr. Cateret, and soon they were seated in one of the proscenium boxes. When Madeleine looked around the house the first person she saw was Grace Richmond in the box opposite, with her father and mother. They recognized each other, and Grace shook her finger playfully at Madeleine. Just then the curtain ran up, and Picolomini came forward to sing in the second act. Ordinarily, Madeleine would have been delighted to hear her, but her mind was preoccupied, and she was constantly scanning the house with her glass.

The song was finished, the tremendous applause came, and in response, the prima-donna reappeared, bowed, and withdrew, but Madeleine did not see her. What she did see, was Commodore Vanderfelt just entering the Richmond box.

Possibly Madeleine might have at that moment exercised her mind by intently wishing the Commodore to look her way, or it might have been Grace whispering to him. Whatever it was, he looked across, saw Madeleine, and bowed; and received in return a flutter of her fan, and a smile which, bestowed on a younger man, would have sent him to bed sleepless. Nor was it without its effect upon the Commodore. Madeleine saw in an instant that he intended to withdraw from the box, and turning to her father she said sweetly:

"Papa, you really ought to call a moment on the Richmonds, I saw Grace beckon to you just now." How naturally this was said!

"So I ought," replied the juvenile Mr. Cateret, "but you would be all alone, Madeleine."

"Oh, never mind that, perhaps Mr. Richmond or some one else will come in to see me."

Some one else did come in a few moments—the stately, handsome, old Commodore.

"Just caught a glimpse of you, Miss Cateret, and couldn't resist the temptation of coming around to see how my whist partner was to-night. I haven't forgotten how much you added to our pleasant evening a while ago at the Richmonds; nice family that, especially Miss Grace, great pet of mine, by the way."

"Now, Commodore, you are ungallant to come and see me, and tell me how much you admire my rival," laughed Madeleine merrily.

"Oh, there were no comparisons, Miss Cateret, none possible, Miss Grace is a lovely girl, but no queen."

Madeleine made a mock bow, and pouted her moist red lips.

"Apropos of the Richmonds, have you landed that friend of yours in the poorhouse yet, that Mr.—Mr.——"

"Dawes, do you mean?"

"Yes, I think that was the name."

"That reminds me, Miss Cateret, I don't see those beautiful stones you wore that night."

Madeleine put up her hand to her ear, shrugged her shoulders, and laughed.

"I dressed in such a dreadful hurry to-night to come here, I forgot to wear them, Commodore."

"Well, you recollect my promise? I think I can say you will get the ring!"

"How soon, pray, my dear Commodore Vanderfelt?" said Madeleine incredulously.

"Do you recollect my bet about the hat?"

"Why, to be sure I do, something about some stock going up—let me see," and she pretended to count on her taper fingers.

"I bet that a certain stock would go up ten, before it went down three, it has gone up nine, and will go up at least five more—ah, there's the bell, the curtain is going up."

Mr. Cateret entered the box, was presented to the Commodore, who took Madeleine's soft, white hand in his a moment, and bowed himself out. Madeleine's mind was at rest, and she turned to the stage to enjoy for the first time the singing.

The rest of the evening she was radiant. Her father brought a message from Grace that she would call the next afternoon, and Madeleine, a little conscience-stricken at the way she had tricked him, was all amiability.

The next morning Mr. Dawes had hardly reached his office when Madeleine's card was brought in.

"So, that foolish girl has come to her senses over night. Mr. Fisher, do not go 'on Change' until I return, I shan't be gone long."

When Mr. Dawes approached the carriage, Madeleine met him with outstretched hand, and a brilliant smile.

"Changed your mind, eh, Miss Cateret? Better sell, hadn't we? New York Central is 89 and strong."

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Dawes," replied Madeleine, in her sweetest tones, "the market is going five cents higher, at least, and this I have, as I told you I would, direct from the Commodore himself, and that no later than ten o'clock last evening."

"You don't mean it, Miss Cateret, he told you that?"

"Absolutely, in so many words."

"Then I have nothing more to say; tell me when the time comes to sell, and I will execute your orders. I am in your hands."

"Thank you, Mr. Dawes, you will hear from me. Perhaps you had better try and buy a little to-day, for the Commodore's benefit."

"Right again, Miss Cateret, I will follow your advice." And as Madeleine drove off, Mr. Dawes stood hat in hand, forgetting where he was, and only gazed after the carriage, until Mr. Fisher remarked to the book-keeper, "look at the old man, he's in a trance; deuced pretty woman that!"

Grace called in the afternoon as she promised. She was dainty, piquant and charming; from her natty boots, to her perfectly gloved hand and broad straw hat, everything was in keeping. Her movements were as graceful, her little poses as naïve and picturesque, as those of the most gifted daughter of Eve. The very swish and swing of her skirts were poetical; her ease, was the ease of unconsciousness, and her freshness and sweetness, were the freshness and sweetness of a lovely infant direct from its morning bath. No wonder Madeleine hugged her in her arms, and kissed her neck, throat, and lips. Despite her own maddening, entrancing beauty, she realized that the "bloom was off the peach."

Her pursuit of wealth, had bred deceit, cunning, and secretiveness, where were formerly innocence, frankness and truth. Her contact with the world had rendered her hard, self-reliant, and cold. She worshipped at a golden shrine, and "life was never the same again."

"Come, dear, you must go with me this afternoon, and see some pictures," said Grace vivaciously, "I have so much to tell you," and after they were in the carriage, Grace burst out with:

"I met an old friend of yours yesterday, guess who?"

"I can't, Gracie dear, who was it?"

"It was Mr. Hugo Bernhard, who came over with you on the steamer. I met his sister, also, a lovely girl, she is very tall, taller than you are, Madeleine. I like them both

very much. Isn't he handsome? I don't think I know a man in New York who can compare with him; and so delightfully foreign and well bred!"

"I don't know exactly what you mean, Gracie, is he foreign and therefore well bred, or well bred if he be foreign?"

"Now, Madeleine, you know just what I mean, he is not a foreigner at all, he was born in New England, but he has charming foreign ways, and speaks French as well as you do."

"And why not, pray? He was years in Paris."

"Well, never mind his education, I'll tell you how it all came about. I dropped in at Schaus' to see what he had, and was much taken with the head of an old monk, and asked who painted it. Mr. Schaus told me the artist was an American, a former pupil of Ary Scheffer; we talked about the picture awhile, and finally I bought it. Suddenly Mr. Schaus said, 'here is the artist, just coming in with a young lady, shall I introduce you?'

"I consented, and we had quite a chat, he introduced me to the young lady, his sister, and a fine musician; she intends teaching, and he will open a studio here. One thing led to another, until he mentioned his return home in the *Persia*; I recollected the name of the steamer, and asked him if he met you, then it all came out; he admires you very much, Madeleine, and after he learned we were friends, he would talk of nothing else. I made an appointment with him this afternoon, as he wishes to do a little work on the head before I take it."

All this rather disturbed Madeleine, for her coming with Grace seemed premeditated, but it was too late to withdraw. When they arrived at Schaus' Mr. Bernhard was not there, and Madeleine had ample time to inspect the study which Grace had bought; she had never yet seen any of Hugo's work, and this interested her. It was an ideal head, with the light falling upon the face from above;

it showed strength and great promise. The warm, tender glow of the falling sunlight was pouring in from a window in some old cloister, and fell full upon a face, ecstatic in its conception; the brightness and warmth of the tints reminded Madeleine of Titian's rich coloring. Involuntarily a sigh escaped her as her Paris life came to her mind, so filled with innocent and childish joys, so free from care, so pure and happy. A tear might have dimmed the brightness of her lovely eyes when a second time a reverie of hers was interrupted by the same person; a newspaper was quietly held between her eyes and the picture, and turning quickly around she saw Hugo himself.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Cateret, but this is not exactly the portion of my work I wished you to see."

"And why not, Mr. Bernhard?" replied Madeleine, putting her outstretched hand a moment in his.

"For the best of reasons; I think I have other things would please you better."

"I am very much pleased at this as it is, and I feel that more than ever I am right in advising you not to give up your work, but to push on, work hard and improve." Madeleine said this with an earnest manner which made her face light up wonderfully, and Hugo saw more enthusiasm than he expected from her, and again his heart was ready to confess its weakness.

"Will you always say such encouraging things, Miss Cateret?"

"I am quite sure I shall when they are deserved, Mr. Bernhard. But tell me have you given up entirely the workshop to cultivate art?"

"Yes, entirely, I tried it a month or so at home, but my book-keeping was so atrocious that my father allowed me to pursue the course most suitable to my taste."

While Madeleine and Hugo had been conversing, his sister and Grace had strolled around, looking at pictures

and chatting about art in general, using that as a topic, while they gradually drew nearer to each other in sympathy, and when Hugo and Madeleine joined them both girls seemed friendly and disposed to like each other.

Madeleine was presented to Miss Bernhard, and as the three girls stood together they made an exceedingly pretty picture. Madeleine's calm, well-bred ease of manner made her seem older than Doris, although they were of the same age, and her style of beauty was so striking that she seemed to out-class the other two, if such a phrase may be allowed. They were all beautiful girls, and attractive in different ways. A young man would have looked at Madeleine and called her "a stunning beauty." A young lady would in a trice have fixed her gaze on Grace; the perfection of her dressing was so exquisite that the sense of harmony would have been satisfied, and she would have said, "how lovely she is!" The fathers and mothers of the world, however, would have been at once drawn to Doris, whose grand figure, frank womanly countenance, and modest demeanor, would have caused them to say, "What a noble-looking girl." Doris was an elegant specimen of a New England maiden. Magnificent in form and perfectly proportioned, her chief charm was a mouthful of great white teeth; not pearly as often seen in delicate constitutions, but yellow white-like ivory, and her frequent rippling laughter gave them a fair chance of being constantly observed. Hugo watched with a careful eye to learn, if possible, how Madeleine and Doris would get on together, but men's eyes are dull, compared to women's in this respect.

He saw nothing but the friendliest feelings exhibited, and was delighted, and yet Doris felt repulsed from Madeleine, and the latter never thought of Doris after she left her. Between Grace and Doris a lively affection sprang up, they were drawn like magnets to each other. All this Hugo learned later.

CHAPTER XV.

A GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE Mecca of all the pilgrims who cross the broad Atlantic is New York City. Among the passengers who landed on a Saturday in the fall of 1860, was a quiet, refined, scholarly appearing gentleman, whose precise and accurate use of the English language marked him to be a foreigner.

"To the Astor House," was his response to the query of the hackman who had appropriated his valise.

"I wish a large, quiet room, not too high up," was his remark to the clerk. He signed his name, M. Pierre Laujac, Brussels, Belgium.

Ordinarily, be it said, New York hotel clerks are not a deferential class. A moment to scan the signature, another to glance over the new arrival, a grab at a key, and an uplifted finger to the bell boy, is at most all the attention the guest receives.

For some unexplained reason—it may have been the quiet, simple, assured manner of the traveller, his style of dress, suggesting the priesthood, or the fact that travel was light—the clerk deigned to inquire a little more precisely than usual into Mr. Pierre Laujac's wishes, and received the answer given above. Men of all sorts march up to that book of record and inscribe their names. Some are treated civilly, some with scant courtesy, and others with severity. One and all approach the arbiter of their fate for the next few days, or hours, with timidity. The man who can face the modern hotel clerk, without the feeling that he is now

in the presence of a superior being, and dependent upon him has my sincere and unfeigned respect. The man who has just signed the register, is noticeable. His face is smoothly shaven, and rather round in outline, his nose small and well shaped, his mouth ditto, the lips never parting unless he is speaking. The peculiar thing which one notices, is the waxen look of his face; it is like the face of one who has suffered a long imprisonment, and yet the pallor is not an unhealthy one.

He was dressed entirely in black. A neatly fitting frock coat and trousers, with a high vest of serge, only relieved by a narrow linen collar—the only thing that softened the sombreness of his attire—might have led one to think him in mourning, or else a member of the priesthood. When he entered his room and removed his hat—a soft black one—it was seen that he was slightly bald; but nature, not the church, had tonsured him. What hair he had left, was light brown, with a thread or two of gray. In age he might be forty-five, possibly younger, certainly not older. That impassive face bore no lines to indicate that his life journey, so far, had been afflicted with cares.

The texture of his skin was such that these lines were not easily made. What palmistry might have told us of his character, it was not possible to determine, since his palm was never exposed.

Among all savage tribes, the open palm is held to indicate peace and amity. This gentleman was never brought up among the untutored savages. You saw the back of the hand, and felt the palm; soft, plump and easily compressed, but it was never turned uppermost for inspection.

Was this man an Ishmaelite, at war with the world?

Certainly not openly, not boldly. As much as could be seen of his hand indicated secretiveness, luxuriousness, and cunning. A physiognomist would have said, "his eyes are too near together, his mouth is too small; he is

cruel and silent." A casual observer and listener, would have been charmed with his polished bearing, his deference to your opinion, and his sweetly modulated voice.

After a refreshing bath, M. Laujac ordered a choice bottle of Bordeaux. As he sipped and frequently held his glass between his eye and the light, in admiration of its brilliant, ruby tint, he took in through its crimson shade, a view of the old churchyard opposite.

"Strange," he thought, "that amid all this noise and bustle, this little cemetery should yet remain with its quiet inhabitants, to mark the restless turmoil which now surrounds it. A little puff more of nitrogen in this atmosphere of ours, and we should all rest as quiet as these long-forgotten folk."

A smile overspread his face at the philosophical vein in which he found himself. Presently he pulled out a memorandum book, and looked over a few addresses.

He read, "Dr. Maginn, New York Hotel, recommended by the General; Father Riordan, St. Mary's, recommended by the General; Miss Cateret, Washington Square, recommended by Father Dorlon."

"So, I shall find some friends here," he remarked, putting up his book.

After a few moments' reflection he rang his bell, and called for pen and ink and paper. For the next half-hour, he devoted himself to the task of writing in a minute cipher a lengthy letter which he directed to General Peter Johannes Beckx, S. J., Rome, Italy.

This done he finished his bottle of wine, put on his hat, and sallied forth to see a little of New York.

Jean Pierre Laujac was a Belgian by birth, and although he might be called a man of the world, for he had lived in all parts of it, he always considered Brussels his home.

Here he was born, and here he was educated in the Jesuit College. Young Laujac was of good family on both

sides, but especially his mother's. His father was a retired carpet manufacturer, a member of the chamber of representatives, and highly respected. His mother was of a noble Louvain family, impoverished by the failure of the Bank of Brussels; and they were only too glad when the wealthy Jean Laujac sought her in marriage.

Young Pierre was early destined for the church, being the second son; the elder, who was to inherit the property, was engaged in his father's former business.

Both families being Catholic, Pierre's training was commenced at an early age; and developing precocious talents, he was carefully instructed in all the modern languages; in art, science and literature, and lastly in theology.

I say lastly, because while his theological training was not neglected, he was never designed by his instructors to uphold the faith in polemical discussion.

One particular feature of Jesuit instruction has always been, selection of proper material in the young to be trained for special purposes in the Order.

The Company of Jesus has always been an aggressive organization. Since it was first founded it has partaken of a military character.

Narrow as was the mental vision of Loyola in many respects, he was truly great in his conception of a church militant. While other monastic orders retired from the public gaze and sought seclusion, the Jesuits have ever striven to win souls in the great arena of the world. To mingle with the world, to be a part of it, to influence religious, political, and educational movements, has been as much a part of their policy, as the training of their disciples in the Christian idea. They are literally "soldiers of Christ," and fight equally well with tongue, pen, and sword. The government of the order is an absolute monarchy, its control over men's minds is supreme. Secretly and noiselessly it governs half the world. One of the Generals of

the Order has said, "You see, sir, I govern not only Paris, but China, not only China, but the world, and no one knows how I do it."

Since the organization of this remarkable order by Loyola in 1541 to the present day, no social or political revolution has occurred in the civilized world, in which finger marks of the Jesuits are not found. Secretly, silently, and unobtrusively they influence court, salon, and camp.

Never leaders, but ever instigators, they direct, suggest, and devise plans, which, simple and inconsequential as they may appear, always redound to the honor and welfare of Mother Church.

What the Catholic Church is to-day, with its millions of communicants, its immense riches, its enormous influence in America, it owes to these Jesuits. One-sixth of the population of America to-day are Catholics, or under Catholic control. In municipal affairs, in educational matters, in national politics they are ever prominent. Always alert and vigilant; nothing escapes their cunning scrutiny, and their audacity is only matched by their crafty duplicity.

What wonder our statesmen are as dough in the hands of these trained diplomats! No means are too insignificant, no perils are too imminent to dissuade these daring church soldiers from the pursuit of the power they crave.

One of their instruments was this recently landed foreigner. What was he here for? The low state of the political barometer in America in 1860, indicated a storm of tremendous magnitude, and here appears one of those vultures of society, who like Mother Cary's chickens might well foretell a tempest.

Fancy not that one priest, more or less, could serve to sway the destinies of a mighty nation. There were then, as now, thousands of Jesuit priests in America. Honorable, zealous, pious men many of them were, and are, as priests, but the Order of Jesus contemplates something

wider, grander far, than the simple exercise of priestly function.

The ordinary Jesuit priest is a guileless shepherd of his flock, and while he is like wax in the hands of his superiors if occasion demands, he is generally a patient, gentle, undemonstrative follower of Christian precepts. The professed Jesuit of the fourth order is a different being. A scholar, a diplomat, a wily courtier, and a successful intriguer, *his* mission is not a religious one.

Such a man was Rev. Pierre Laujac. He came not to practise his professed noble calling. Secret as the grave, silent and mysterious as the shades of night, this mighty power which emanates from Rome, and radiates like a many-bladed sword, with the hilt very near the Vatican, had sniffed in the air of our Republic that which necessitated the dispatching a trusty agent; who on the ground, could act, or withhold his hand, as occasion demanded.

For years the watchful eye of the General of the Jesuits had been on America, with one object, the dissolution of the Government, and the establishment of a Catholic Hierarchy, which should acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope.

The Company of Jesus works not for to-day. In that wonderful organization where the most highly trained and gifted mind ranks "but as a cadaver" in its unquestioning obedience to its superior, the thought is ever of the future. Nature herself, in her implacable, unchanging law, is not more relentless, than the guiding hand which points the way to the "slaves of the lamp." Whether it be in war, famine, pestilence or martyrdom, there must be no shrinking, no withdrawal, no hesitation. General Grant never sacrificed his men more readily to gain his end than the General of the Jesuits did his mysterious cohorts, for the furtherance of churchly aggrandizement. Such was, and is, the system, which seeking for an ever-increasing power

and dominion, first grasped the problems, then unsettling the foundations of our Nation, sought to use them as a lever to overthrow the toppling structure; that out of the chaos might be erected a Catholic Hierarchy in the United States.

To be sure slavery was the ostensible cause of the differences arising between North and South, but back of it all was the "man in black." The strings *he* pulled, and the puppets *he* made to dance, came near wrecking a great Nation.

But keen as were the intellects abroad, subtle as were the forces used, there was a power greater than even that of the Jesuits; our geographical position, and the rationalism of the 19th century.

But to return to our Jesuitical friend. Father Laujac picked up his hat, and after a glance around, to see if he had left anything which might indicate his occupation, he strolled up Broadway, looked in at the shop windows, viewed the passers-by, and finally finding himself, by a reference to his guide book, in the vicinity of the Astor Library, called there, and introducing himself to Dr. Cogswell as a traveller interested in literature, they soon became absorbed in the discussion of literary matters.

The learned doctor soon ascertained that his visitor was a bibliophile of the first water, and had even published a supplement to Lambinet's "*Récherches historique sur l'Origine de l'Imprimerie*," was a pupil of Peignet's, and latterly of Dibden, and was now making studies, as he said, for a work on Universal Bibliography.

An hour or two was very pleasantly spent in discussion; and not until the range of bibliographical knowledge was touched upon, was he permitted to take his leave.

"My dear Father Laujac, you must certainly call and see me again"—Father Laujac had sent in his card to Dr. Cogswell—"before you leave America." This promise

was easily made but never kept, even that one visit was one too many, as Father Laujac learned before he left the country. The afternoon was well spent before he returned to his room; and when he did he learned something which would have been beneficial to him had he known it before starting out. The most cunning supervision over one's movements is often matched by chance happenings, and fate often overthrows the best-laid plans.

That little conversation in the library compelled Father Laujac, later in his career, to wish he had delayed his stroll. He found in his room a letter, and a card bearing the name of Dr. Maginn. The letter had not been sent up; he should have received it before he took his walk.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHAPTER ON FINANCE.

SINCE her contest for supremacy with Mr. Dawes, Madeleine had had frequent meetings with her associate. New York Central had been steady, but not strong, and had fallen from 89 to 85. Toward the beginning of October it suddenly started up, closed at 90 and opened at 92 in the morning on the "curb."

Hardly had Mr. Dawes gained information as to the street market, when he received Madeleine's card. When he joined her at the carriage, her usually calm face was eager and impassioned, and her actions equally demonstrative; she grasped his hand.

"It has come, Mr. Dawes," she said excitedly, "now get your brokers together, and sell just as quickly as you can. My father has sold all he holds at 90, so there is nothing in your way, and the people seem to want it," and Madeleine laughed nervously.

The people did want it, and tumbled over each other to get it; at one time, the market rose to 95 but closed at 90 and when night came, neither Mr. Dawes nor Mr. Charles Kenner had a share of stock.

The next afternoon Madeleine received a statement of her account from Mr. Dawes, or to be more precise, a statement of Mr. Charles Kenner's account with James T. Dawes, and with it a personal note the reading of which flushed her cheeks with gratified pride.

"I knew I could do it! Why should the women of our

day hesitate to match themselves with men! Here I am, a young girl, and I have not only turned a little gossip of the drawing-room in such a way as to make a fortune, but I have forced one of the strongest men in New York City to defer to my will!"

All this and more, Madeleine half thought and half spoke, as she paced up and down her room. The young woman had gained fame also in another way, outside of the complimentary remarks contained in Mr. Dawes' letter.

The name of Charles Kenner was on every tongue on "Change." Mr. Dawes had spread the report that there was "new blood" in the market. A young operator had made half a million with him, on the phenomenal rise in New York Central.

"Who's Kenner?" asked one man of another. Nobody seemed to know Kenner, but it was learned that he had made a large sum through "Windy Cateret."

"Who's this fellow Kenner?" asked the Commodore pompously of Mr. Cateret, whom he met just after the close of "Change." "I understand he made a raft of money with you out of New York Central."

"A hundred thousand," whispered Mr. Cateret impressively, glad to be seen talking with the Commodore—"and five times as much with Dawes."

"Whew," gasped the big operator, "he is a good one, introduce me to him."

"Sorry I can't do it, Commodore, but he's not in town, left last night, told me to make up his account, and send a check to the Bank of America, he banks there."

"Hum!" mused the Commodore rubbing his chin, and looking sidewise at Mr. Cateret, a light seemed to be dawning upon him.

"Dawes, Cateret," he murmured, "can't be that sly little puss has pulled the wool over *all* our eyes? By the way, Cateret," the Commodore from his position assumed the

right to address people as he chose—"what's become of that charming daughter of yours?"

"Madeleine? Oh, she's at home, and would be glad to see you, Commodore, at any time you may be pleased to call."

"Tell her I'll call soon—and—stop a moment, tell her I don't think she expects that ring." Mr. Cateret looked surprised.

"Never mind, tell her what I say," answered the Commodore in reply to Mr. Cateret's inquiring look.

About this time Mr. Tatum received a visit from Miss Cateret. As Madeleine had declared since the evening on which he had promised to renew the mortgage, he had never stepped inside the house; although he had called she had always denied herself to him. She had never seen him since the day on which she had borrowed the twenty-two hundred dollars on her jewels with which she began her wonderfully successful speculation.

When the old man saw her, his yellow, parchment-like visage wrinkled still more, he seemed to be suffering with a cold, for his beady eyes were watery, and partially inverted, showing the red membrane. Altogether he was not a pleasant object for the eye to rest upon. He must have fancied that the hour of his triumph was at hand, and his stiffened hands twisted themselves together with a cramp-like action which drew the blood and made them look like the fleshless digits one sees among the mummified Pharaohs in the British Museum.

A horrible leer was observable on his countenance, which meant, "I have you now, my beauty, you have come to beg for money, but I'm determined to lower your pride; you'll crawl to me by-and-by, and fawn upon me." And as these thoughts passed through his evil mind, he laughed aloud, but his laugh was a croak, and would have sent a chill to the heart of Madeleine, had she been the victim he fancied.

“Good-morning, Miss Cateret, what a wonderfully fine color we have this morning, there’s nothing like young blood to give color, mine’s old now, but I’ve got a little left, a little.”

“Never mind my color, Mr. Tatum,” said Madeleine haughtily, “I called to ask you how much I owe you !”

“Highly-tighty, highly-tighty, Miss Cateret, don’t be so perky, you may need some favor of the old man yet,” he squeaked.

“Come, Mr. Tatum,” said Madeleine in a pleasanter tone, for she had a plan she intended to carry out, and did not care to anger the old gentleman. “I wish my jewels, will you please figure up what I owe you, and I will give you a check.”

“A check!” cried the old man in amazement.

“Certainly, Mr. Tatum, I said a check.”

“Take a seat, Miss Cateret,” was all he could articulate. Mr. Wheelock, who had observed the whole scene and heard the conversation, smiled with secret enjoyment. Mr. Tatum figured a few moments after consulting his book and then showed the paper to Madeleine. “It’s a little over three months, the whole amount is twenty-five hundred and fifty dollars.”

Madeleine took out a check, filled in the amount, and handed it to Mr. Tatum, who extended a trembling hand to receive it. Adjusting his glasses he read carefully, until he came to the signature. “Kenner, Kenner,” he said, “what Kenner is this?” and then a sly look overspread his countenance.

“Aha! Miss Cateret, you’re a good one,” and he made a little motion as though he would give her arm a little pinch, but the attempt died away in its inception, for he caught a look which warned him; for Madeleine raised her queenly head, and flashed one glance of contempt upon this miserable cur which made him shiver.

Brute and coward as he was, he saw that back of the look, there was a character he did not realize. He accepted the check humbly and Madeleine smothered the feeling of repulsion she felt, for she meant to punish him for his repeated insults, and she had not forgotten his treatment of her father and poor Wheelock.

"I suppose this is Mr. Charles Kenner, the great operator on 'Change,' I did not know you knew him. Seems to be a most successful speculator; should like to know him myself; you must introduce me some time," he said, bringing out the box containing the jewelry and placing it before Madeleine.

"Is he such a great speculator?" inquired Madeleine innocently.

"Great! why, his operations are the gossip of Wall Street. Now don't be offended, Miss Cateret," he said obsequiously, "but you must be on very good terms with him to have his blank check, don't you think now, my dear, you could get a little information for an old man who has done you a favor?"

Madeleine looked at him intently, wondering if he could be fool enough to go on. "I might, perhaps, if I asked for it," she said indifferently. "I heard him talking with Commodore Vanderfelt a while ago, I'll ask him if it was about the market."

"Do, Miss Madeleine, do, and tell me what he says," interrupted Mr. Tatum.

"It will be greatly to your advantage, will it not, Mr. Tatum, if you learn what the Commodore or Mr. Kenner intend doing?"

"Greatly, greatly," replied Tatum unsuspectingly.

"Will it be to mine, Mr. Tatum, if I repeat to you what they say?"

"Why—why, of course—that is, if I make anything out of it," replied the cunning old man, hedging.

"That will not do, Mr. Tatum; if I bring you the information that must suffice, you can act on it or not as you see fit."

"You drive a hard bargain, Miss Cateret, for a young lady."

"I've learned in a hard school, Mr. Tatum, you squeezed five per cent. a month out of me when I needed money, and your security was perfect; can you expect information by which you expect to benefit, for nothing?"

"Well, well, we won't quarrel," exclaimed the avaricious old man, "you bring me authentic information from either, and I will give you one hundred dollars—there!"

Madeleine smiled; the hundred dollars she would give to Mr. Wheelock, but she knew if Mr. Tatum paid for the information, he would value it.

Before leaving the office, she said: "By the way, Mr. Tatum, just figure up the amount due on that mortgage, and I will take it up at any time, send me the amount by mail."

Again Mr. Tatum opened his eyes, and again he was staggered, what did it all mean? He bent his old form humbly when she left the room.

"What can it mean?" he said aloud, forgetful of Wheelock's presence, "d——n the spiteful tiger cat, how sharp she is, not much like her father. Wants to take up the mortgage, too; no question about it, she must be Kenner's mistress, no man would let his checks be handled by a woman in that way, unless he owned her. If it hadn't been for him I'd had the whole outfit, house, jewels, girl and all—confound him." Then turning around he said in a gruff tone: "Here, Wheelock, take this check to the Bank of America and have it cashed, and be quick about it, I want to see if it is good. Don't be gone an hour, now; if you are, I'll dock half a day's wages."

When Madeleine left Mr. Tatum, she despised herself

heartily for considering the proposition to give him the information he wished, even for one moment. To what had it exposed her? The suspicion of being the mistress of a man, although that man was a myth. It had laid her open to the charge of being mercenary, and an intriguer to gain money. It had hurt her pride, besmirched her honor, and involved her in an undertaking which would compel her to destroy a man's confidence.

This was the spontaneous outburst of a naturally pure mind, which as yet was unsullied, although tinged with the vices which tend to harden it.

The taint upon her moral nature was almost imperceptible, for the red blood surged her face for a moment, and she might have thrown it all over, reconsidered her determination, and suffered her spiritual conscience to establish its supremacy.

But it was not to be. There had been a fault in her mental training. She had been taught that although certain acts are morally wrong, yet when they conduced to the welfare of the true believer, the sufferer being a heretic, they are allowable, having made due confession. "And where there is no knowledge of crime, there is no sin." Such teaching offers to the worldly and ambitious, power and success. If the pupil be devout, it extends forms, ceremonies, and miracles; to the one, money and place; to the other, superstition and reverie.

Madeleine's nature was of the first order, and as she reflected upon her position and her moral obligations, she found her creed continually lengthening, and the decalogue conveniently shortening.

Madeleine felt immeasurably older and wiser, but her freshness and innocence were fast vanishing. Somehow she thought at this moment of Hugo, and wondered how he would feel if he knew her mental condition. And then, so proud and perverse was that nature of hers, she abso-

lutely resented the intrusion into her own mind of such thoughts, and was fairly maddened to think that Hugo himself, or what he would say, could have a place in her worldly schemes.

Why should he sit in judgment? No, she would not be balked; people should admire her, and fear her, though she waded through loads of filth to accomplish her object. Wealth, immense wealth was hers, and now she would use it to create power. She had observed the obsequiousness of men when brought face to face with authority and power, represented in such men as the Commodore, and Mr. Dawes. She had outwitted the one, and outgeneralled the other, but that was nothing to what she would do and could do. She would rise to greater heights than this, and all the wit, all the cunning, and all the energies of her mind and body, should be utilized for the purpose.

CHAPTER XVII.

A SOUTHERN SALON.

THE first thing Father Laujac attended to after his arrival in New York was his wardrobe. Seeking the shop of one of the leading tailors on Broadway, he ordered a complete outfit of clothing; and as the price was not questioned, the only requirement being its early delivery, he found himself the possessor of an equipment which would enable him to appear on the street or in the drawing-room attired in the height of fashion.

The change was remarkable; for with his divorce from his priesthood habiliments, came a surrender of his ecclesiastic manner; when he assumed his worldly garb, he took on an appropriate and conventional style.

The advanced professed Jesuits were men of affairs, they possessed an accommodating, sliding scale of ethics and morals, they were complacent and tolerant; the profligate might pour into their ears the tale of love and passion, without fear of priestly denunciation. Health, piety, intellect, were demanded of them, as was an attractive social appearance.

Dominion over the world of nature, and the renunciation of all family ties, all personal friendships, all individual aspirations, where the characteristics of the Jesuit of the fourth order. His inmost thought did not belong to himself, but to the General of the order, he sank his personal identity in the will of his superiors, he crept into the schools, into homes, into private life. He wore no distinguishing badge of Jesuitism, he was a hidden pres-

ence, with no bodily shape, no visible form; gliding around in the dark he was the more mysterious and formidable. He represented religion with its heart cut out. To accomplish all this, he was versatile, learned and subtle.

Father Laujac, now become M. Laujac by virtue of his rehabilitation, was one of these advanced Jesuits. In his new attire, he might have been a prominent actor, or a stock broker, a retired army man, or a diplomat or some successful speculator on the Bourse in Paris.

"Say, Brown," remarked the cashier of the hotel to the clerk, "twig the minister, he's changed his togs."

"That man's no minister, he's an actor," answered the other, "he's one of those French actors who've been coming over here lately."

This conversation occurred the morning M. Laujac appeared as a layman.

Monsieur Laujac's change in his attire was occasioned by a letter he received the evening after he arrived. The moment Father Laujac opened it he started, and gave vent to an ejaculation of disappointment. The letter was in cipher, and he could not read it without reference to his key, but what he saw was the impression of a seal. He looked at the postmark, and saw it had been mailed in Washington. That was enough to show him that a superior to himself was in America. The letter deciphered, directed him to doff his priestly garb, and assume the costume of a man of the world.

"You will proceed with the matter in hand, A. M. D. G. as suggested in your letter of instruction. First see people mentioned. Send all information direct to Secretary."

The seal which had startled Father Laujac, was a hand holding a five-bladed sword. Very few of the order had the privilege of writing Father Laujac, and signing with a seal. This made the command imperative; and then his change of costume came.

From prudential reasons he did not return Dr. Maginn's call, until he could do so in the garb of an ordinary gentleman, but one morning he sent up his card to the doctor, and was ushered into his room.

His card read M. Pierre Laujac. Dr. Maginn received him cordially, grasped his hand in both his large palms, and drew him instantly to a seat.

"So glad to see you, Monsieur Laujac," he said, in a rich mellow voice, with the delicious broad accent of a cultivated Irishman. "How do you feel now you have your sea legs off?"

"Quite comfortable, doctor, thank you," replied Monsieur Laujac in a quiet manner. "I shall become quite an American soon."

"Ha, ha, I'm sure you will," replied the doctor, "America is a wonderful country, not so green as old Erin, but such lovely homes here."

And Dr. Maginn began a dissertation upon American private life, which showed keen appreciation, an imaginative mind, and wonderful analysis of social distinctions. Monsieur Laujac had time to study him.

He found a face and personality most interesting. He saw in Dr. Maginn a man of perhaps fifty-five years, with one of those faces upon which a beard has never grown, it was a large, but not a fleshy one, his hair brown with an occasional thread of gray, which was worn rather long, and brushed behind the ears; his forehead was broad and prominent where lies the region of ideality, but there were two features in his face which were remarkable. He had an aquiline nose, rather thin but very prominent; if he had had a different mouth, he would have looked selfish and conscienceless, but his mouth was a perfect bow, which, when he was animated or aroused, elongated and opened frequently to emit a hearty laugh; but when his face was in repose the outer corners were inclined to droop, and

then the whole countenance took on a look of extreme sadness and despondency. Upon occasion, the face could become very severe, and almost scornful, but a high sense of humor, almost boyish in its exuberance, relieved a nature inclined to become depressed.

Monsieur Laujac was fascinated by this Dantesque head, which, taken in profile and draped, would have resembled a medallion.

"You are not an American?" he inquired of the doctor.

"No, I was born on the green sod of old Ireland, although I have been forty years in America, with the exception of occasional pilgrimages to Europe. America adopted me out of the orphan asylum," laughed the doctor with explosive violence.

"Speaking of Europe, doctor," said Monsieur Laujac, "I have a letter for you from friends of yours which I promised to deliver and I have one also to Miss Cateret, in Washington Square; do you know her?"

"Oh, yes," smiled the doctor, "very well, indeed, well enough to take you there without a letter of introduction; and let me tell you, to-night will be a good time to go, for you will meet some interesting people there."

"But I have not called yet."

"Oh, that does not matter, we are all Southern sympathizers together, Monsieur Laujac, and Miss Cateret is the light around which we all swarm. With your permission I will read my letter," and as he proceeded to do so, M. Laujac noticed that fixed, sad expression steal over his face. When he had finished he burned it without apology. And then his face brightening a little, he remarked:

"Times are rather gloomy here just now, Monsieur Laujac, no one knows what the next move will be or what the outcome of all this recrimination; probably war."

"Sad, indeed, doctor, but if it must come our friends may benefit by it. I am here, you know, to observe the

course of events, but this had better not be mentioned. I come as a representative of an arms manufactory in Paris, that will do as well as any other occupation, I fancy."

"Excellent idea that, Monsieur Laujac, you have a military look, I noticed, as you came in," remarked the doctor slyly.

"Hum! I don't think on that account I shall don a military garb, commerce is more in my line," said the Jesuit reflectively.

"Well, at any rate, you had better go with me to-night, and to-morrow I will act as your Palinurus around town," said the doctor good-naturedly. After Monsieur Laujac had taken his departure, Dr. Maginn remained a long time in thought.

"An adroit man that, but too ambitious, or I am a bad reader of character. At any rate he will be useful, and perhaps valuable, I must see more of him, to-night will be a good opportunity."

About eight o'clock the doctor appeared at the Astor House in search of Monsieur Laujac. His new friend soon presented himself in irreproachable evening attire, contrasting strongly with the doctor's long frock coat, and half clerical, half professional dress.

A quick drive brought them to the Caterets, where they found already a goodly company assembled.

During the past three months Madeleine had assiduously cultivated all Southern sympathizers, until her house had become a common meeting place, and a prominent Southerner arriving in New York soon found his way to Miss Cateret's.

Her salon was consequently more a political, than a literary one, and it had begun to wield a power which promised to make her famous; for the quick-eyed leaders of the Southern cause already recognized the work she was doing, and to her surprise and gratification, she had recently re-

ceived several messages through trusty agents, from Messrs. Floyd, Toombs, Governor Pickens, and Governor Moore of Alabama, thanking her for the work she was doing, and suggesting certain lines on which she might work successfully in the future.

The result of this communication was a correspondence actively kept up between the leaders at Washington, and the Cateret mansion in Washington Square, in New York. Madeleine became gradually the depository of secrets which, if known, would have seriously jeopardized the plans of the secessionists. She knew this and gloried in the trust imposed upon her. The gatherings at the Caterets grew, from the dropping in of few friends, to regular meetings, with a definite object.

At length Madeleine designated Sunday evening as the time she could best see her friends, and meetings were held on these evenings alone. It was a trying and yet a flattering position for a young girl to be placed in, but Madeleine was, in these few short months, a very different person from the young, inexperienced girl who arrived home from a five years' sojourn abroad, to find that she must assume the responsibility which her mother's letter revealed to her as a necessity. It was indeed a revelation. The capacity was there, the disposition and will, all that was lacking was the incentive.

It came, and the development was rapid; all the latent strength and power of the young girl, was concentrated on one thing; she made it a success. Once having tested the strength of her wings, flight became a pleasure, she was determined to enjoy.

She had now transferred her work to another field, and the energy she threw into it was characteristic of her temperament.

While Madeleine's salon had not as yet taken on the character it afterward possessed, many of her guests were men of note in the councils of the country.

It was through Grace Richmond that Dr. Maginn had become acquainted with Madeleine, and seeing in her a young woman who promised much to the Southern cause through her activity, enthusiasm, and wealth—for in some mysterious manner Dr. Maginn had already learned of Madeleine's speculations—he had assiduously cultivated her good graces.

For some reason she trusted him. Dr. Maginn had a most insinuating way with women, they confided all their little secrets to him, and were amply repaid for this confidence, by his compassionate regard.

Reticent as Madeleine was, she had in several ways betrayed her ambitions, and Dr. Maginn had encouraged her.

With the knowledge ever present in her mind of what so many French women had accomplished in this way in the past, it was not hard for Madeleine to believe that she might be the *Récamier* or *Maintenon* of American politics.

Whatever fancies of the kind she indulged in, she kept to herself. She simply showed to Dr. Maginn that her ambition was to be a leader, and he, well pleased at finding one so clear-headed and competent, encouraged her in her hopes.

Upon the evening Dr. Maginn called with Monsieur Laujac, the events which later so embittered the South against the North not having occurred, the conversation, although partaking somewhat of a political character, was rather general.

The ceremony of presentation having been performed, the doctor left Monsieur Laujac to be entertained by Madeleine, while he stepped forward to speak to Grace Richmond.

"I think I must consider myself singularly fortunate, Miss Cateret, in having found Dr. Maginn as sponsor for me in making your acquaintance, for it enables me to make

a confession which otherwise I might have found it difficult to enter upon."

"How is that, Monsieur Laujac? Pray what confession am I to listen to?" inquired Madeleine pleasantly.

"A confession of carelessness, Miss Cateret. I was, or thought I was, the bearer of a letter to you from an old friend of yours and mine, Father Dorlon."

"From Father Dorlon," exclaimed Madeleine, "do you know Father Dorlon?"

"He is a most intimate, and valued friend, Miss Cateret, and when I mentioned my plan of a trip to the United States, he gave me a letter of introduction to you, but through some carelessness"—Monsieur Laujac had destroyed the letter as it mentioned him as Father Laujac—"I am unable to place my hands upon it. My good star has in a measure befriended me, however, for I bore a letter to Dr. Maginn, and mentioning my loss he was kind enough to relieve me of the consequences of my carelessness by offering to bring me here himself."

Madeleine smiled at the deprecatory air of Monsieur Laujac, while making this explanation, and assured him that despite the loss of the letter he was heartily welcome. A lively conversation then sprang up between them concerning her beloved Paris, when, new guests arriving, Madeleine presented him to several of her friends, and turned to meet the later arrivals.

Among them was no less a person than Judah P. Benjamin, afterward Attorney-General and Secretary of State of the Confederacy, and still later one of London's leading barristers. At this time he was United States Senator from Louisiana. Beyond all comparison, Benjamin was the most accomplished orator in Congress. With a voice of silvery richness, brilliant and quick in imagination, ready to seize any momentary advantage, a sophist in the use of facts which he turned to suit his purpose, and pre-

eminently learned in the law, he had few equals and no superiors in the art of convincing doubting minds of his perfect sincerity and honesty.

"It is a rare pleasure, Miss Cateret, I assure you, to be permitted, in this cold and inhospitable North, the privilege of entering a genuine Southern home," said the Senator as he pressed Madeleine's hand upon being presented by Mayor Wood, who accompanied him.

"Thank you for that pretty speech, Mr. Senator, I only regret we cannot offer you more of the sunny South, but you remember the Persian proverb, 'you may bring a nose-gay to town, but you cannot bring the garden.' You will find we are cultivating a few Southern flowers here; enough to remind us of our obligations."

"With such a gardener, Senator, do you not think the plants are sure to thrive?" came from behind Madeleine, who turned and saw Dr. Maginn, who seemed to be everywhere to-night.

"Good-evening, doctor," replied the Senator, recognizing him instantly. "You must have the shoes of Mercury, for I believe I saw you last in Richmond. Yes, I quite agree with you that the gardener is most skilful, the crop is a little early, but if it is out of season, rarities attract us."

Dr. Maginn slipped behind Senator Benjamin and whispered, "do not mention having seen me lately in Washington," and then aloud: "You see, my dear Senator, even though I have retired from the practice, my friends will persist in calling me in, but I am getting rusty, and almost old; travel vexes me, and I prefer my ease."

"Now, doctor, I shall not permit you to disparage yourself in this manner," replied Madeleine, "there is no younger man here to-night than you are, I believe you were looking for a compliment."

"It is only our enemies who tell us the truth, Miss Madeleine," said the wise doctor, and off he went wagging his massive head.

The Senator and Mayor Wood being deep in conversation, Madeleine dropped into a vacant chair, and instantly the observant Frenchman was at her side. He was a striking-looking man in any assemblage. Not handsome, perhaps, but interesting and intellectual. Madeleine was interested to know how far his sympathies ran with the South, and what his business was in America.

"And you really have come over here to travel, and see the country, Monsieur Laujac?"

"*Pas si bête*, mademoiselle, I should choose a better time if travel were my object in coming to this great land. I represent a large arms manufactory, and my principals fancied some business might be done here."

"North or South, monsieur?"

"Oh, as for that, it is discretionary, I am looking for customers," replied the adroit foreigner, as he eyed Senator Benjamin still talking with the Mayor of New York.

"Are you looking at Senator Benjamin, monsieur?"

"Is that short man with the large head the celebrated Senator Benjamin?"

"The same," replied his fair interlocutor. "By the way, he might be of service to you, too, you must let me introduce you."

"I should consider it a great privilege. Is he not of Hebrew descent? His name would indicate it, and he surely favors the type."

"He is a Louisianian, more than that I cannot tell you, but he is coming this way—Senator," Mr. Benjamin approached his hostess, and Monsieur Laujac arose, the presentation was made, and mentioning that Monsieur Laujac had recently arrived from Europe, Madeleine escaped, to look after the comfort of her other guests.

"We are always glad to welcome our friends from across the water, Monsieur Laujac," said Senator Benjamin immediately addressing the stranger in his own tongue,

"How do you Europeans view our present complications? Are you waiting for us to cut each other's throats, before you step in and separate us?"

"We are not so unchristian as to hope that, Senator Benjamin, but we are not too highly civilized, I admit, to refrain from meddling with our neighbors' affairs, unless——"

"Unless, unless, you could perchance benefit thereby," responded the Senator significantly, and then added, as if it were an afterthought, "how long since Christian feeling influenced the actions of civilized states, when self-interest was at stake?"

"We have not yet reached the millennium, Senator, but I assure you that the Church is very far from wishing the South to suffer from Northern aggression." And as he spoke Monsieur Laujac eyed the Senator keenly.

"Monsieur Laujac, this is, after all, hardly the place to discuss matters of such import," replied the Senator quietly. "May I hope to see you again soon?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Senator, I am stopping at the Astor House and——"

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Madeleine approaching, "no commercial transactions here to-night, if you please; are you trying to sell the Senator a few thousand stands of arms, Monsieur Laujac?"

"On the contrary, Miss Cateret, Monsieur Laujac has just been assuring me of the necessity of more shepherds for our flocks, nothing certainly could be more peaceful than that," replied the Senator in a most affable tone. Madeleine looked from one to the other, somewhat mystified.

"I shall not ask an explanation now, for we are going down to supper. Senator, will you be kind enough to give me your arm? Monsieur, will you give yours to Miss Richmond?"

For the rest of the evening the conversation was general, and when Monsieur Laujac bade his hostess good-night, he received a cordial invitation to call.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

“WHAT an odd thing it is, Maddy, for me to do business for a man I have never seen,” remarked Mr. Cateret to Madeleine at their customary breakfast-table talk.

“Not so strange either, papa, if Mr.— what is the gentleman’s name?”

“Kenner,” replied her father.

“Well, if this Mr. Kenner lives in Chicago, as I think you said he did, it’s not so strange.”

“No, but I don’t think I said he lived in Chicago. I got that idea, how, I don’t know. I think I said I *fancied* so. Another lump of sugar, Maddy, please—as I was saying, it seems to me odd he doesn’t call on me.”

“Does Mr. Dawes know him, papa, you said he traded with Mr. Dawes?”

“Trade with Dawes, I should think he did, he has already made an immense fortune with Dawes; his hundred thousand with me, was nothing to what he made with Dawes.”

“I’ll tell you how we will arrange it, papa,” said Madeleine. “I know Mr. Dawes; I’ll invite him to dine with us some day, and ask him to bring Mr. Kenner with him.”

“Splendid, Maddy, splendid, when shall it be? Ask him soon, for I want some more commissions out of him. Lucky ‘Silver’ paid up before that deal was closed, it makes me shiver yet to think of it.”

“Yes, you had a narrow escape; I hope it won’t occur again, papa. I’ll ask them soon, don’t hurry me, there are several things to be thought of first.”

"Hurry it up, Maddy, the sooner the better. Is it money you need? here's a hundred," handing her a roll of money. Madeleine placed the roll by the side of her plate.

"Let me manage the affair in my own way, papa, you will not regret it." Mr. Cateret saw it was no use to argue with his daughter, he was sure to be worsted.

Madeleine had a plan, which she determined to carry out before the dinner party. In a general way she knew something of Gus' life, and little Davie's, and she had formed so high an opinion of Gus' shrewdness and reliability, that she wished to have him in partnership with her father; both as an adviser, and as a check upon his loose way of doing business. He had cunning, shrewdness and a close mouth; she did not propose to have Mr. Dawes know all her operations, if she entered the market again; and Gus would carry out her schemes faithfully. She had at different times talked with him of his life, and woman-like, had planned a match between him and Bessie, whom she had not yet seen.

One night, a few days after the conversation between Madeleine and her father, "Davie's Roost" was the scene of great excitement; the two families were now very intimate; in fact they seemed like *one* family, for they took their meals together, dividing the expenses; and Mrs. Merrill superintended the culinary arrangements. This particular night, they were waiting for Bessie, who, as has been said, was a milliner's assistant. She was usually at home before dark, but this evening something delayed her, until all began to grow uneasy. Bessie was an unusually pretty girl; she had a neat figure, a sweet face, and was exceedingly modest and winning in her demeanor. She was a great favorite with the customers of Madame Cintra, and Mrs. Merrill thought possibly she might have been detained upon this account.

Gus was about to go down to see if he could meet her,

when they heard her quick foot-fall on the stairs, and suddenly Bessie rushed into the room all excitement, and threw herself sobbing into her mother's arms.

"What is it, Bessie dear?" asked Mrs. Merrill soothingly, "tell mother."

"Oh! that man! that awful man!" sobbed Bessie as though she were in mortal terror.

"Was it the same one, Bessie?" asked her mother. Bessie nodded her head, but could not speak. Mrs. Merrill then told the boys, who were looking on, with their eyes wide open, that twice before, some gentleman had tried to follow Bessie home.

"What did he do, Bessie?" asked Gus, his great hands working nervously, and his face turning white with anger.

"He—he—tried to ki—kiss me," sobbed Bessie hysterically.

"Was he down-stairs when you ran up, Bessie dear?" again asked Gus.

"Yes, Gussie, he stopped at the door," said Bessie, with a little more composure, "he's a horrid thing, and meets me almost every night when I come home."

Gus said nothing, but putting on his hat, took hold of her hand and drew her toward the door.

"Where are you going, Gussie?" she cried terror-stricken.

"Come down with me, Bessie, he must stop this or I'll stop his wind," he said, gritting his teeth. And he urged Bessie toward the door again.

"No, no, Gussie," cried the poor girl, fearing Gus would get into trouble, "I don't mind it. Ugh! the dirty thing," trying to rub off an imaginary kiss from her lips.

"You *do* mind it, and so do I, and this must be stopped. Don't be afraid, I'll fix him," said Gus confidently.

Bessie followed reluctantly, and Mrs. Merrill and Davie accompanied them to the bottom of the stairs.

"Now, you step out, and see if he is there," said Gus, "if he speaks to you, or pays the least attention to you, call me."

Bessie stepped out, and looked quickly about.

"Yes, there he is, he sees me," she said in an undertone.

"Never mind, walk along the street a little," whispered Gus. Bessie did as directed, and soon came a cry, "Gussie, Gussie!"

Gus rushed out, and saw a large, fine-looking man standing near Bessie, and trying to put his arm around her.

Gus caught him by the shoulder and pulled him away from her roughly.

"Run away, Bessie," he said, "I'll attend to this man."

"Who are you, you dirty scoundrel?" exclaimed the big fellow. "What do you mean by pulling me in that fashion?" and he made a lunge at Gus, but the doughty Gus parried the blow very easily.

"O Davie," cried Bessie, who stood a little way off with Davie, "he's so big, I'm afraid he'll hurt Gussie." Davie laughed with scorn.

"You don't know Gus; wait a bit, Bessie," the little fellow whispered hoarsely, all excitement at the fray.

As if to corroborate Davie, they saw the big one reel at a blow from Gus, but he was strong, and did not fall. He came at Gus madder than ever, but it was all over in a second—crack! smash! Gus' adversary threw up his hands and fell into the gutter, his silk hat rolled off, and his fine suit of clothes was daubed with mud and water.

"What's the row here?" inquired a policeman, strolling up leisurely. "Oh, it's you, is it, Gus? What d'yer hit the big un fur?"

"He insulted a lady friend of mine, Dan, and I gave him 'one, two.'"

"Oh! that's it, let's see what he looks like, not a beauty now, I'll bet," laughed the officer, stooping down and roll-

ing the man over; his face was swollen and bleeding, but Gus immediately recognized him.

“By heaven! it’s ‘Silver.’”

“Who’s ‘Silver?’ that’s a queer name,” said the officer.

“He’s a stock-broker, and that’s his nickname. I’m sorry I hurt him, but it served him right. He’s coming to, Dan, put him in a carriage, and take him to the Astor, he lives there; you needn’t mention who struck him. I’ll pay the carriage, here’s five, keep the change, Dan.”

“All right, me boy. I’ll see him home safe, trust me,” and calling a passing carriage, the policeman hustled the half-conscious, and badly demoralized stock-broker into it.

“Drive to the Astor, cabby, this fellow’s been on a big spree, I’ll touch him for a fiver, and we’ll divvy,” said the clever guardian of the peace. Gus’ five went business-like into his own pocket.

“O Gussie,” said Bessie, “I’m so glad you’re safe,” and sobbing she leaned her head on Gus’ shoulder.

“Good boy, Gussie, I knew you’d do the trick,” said Davie approvingly.

“’Twas too easy, Davie,” said Gus, scornfully, looking over his shoulder at Davie; “but who do you think it was?”

“Don’t know, who was it, Gussie?”

“Silver.”

“No!”

“Sure! I don’t think he knew me, though, he hadn’t time to think,” and Gus laughed, and then they all ran up-stairs, where Mrs. Merrill, who had preceded them, was found. Bessie rushed off into the bedroom, bathed her face and brushed her hair, returning in a few moments all smiles. Gus, too, made himself a little more presentable, and when he returned to the room, Bessie-fixed her eyes on her hero in a way that made him hot and cold by turns. Then seemingly a great resolution seized him, and catch-

ing her around the waist, he drew her to him, and walking up to Mrs. Merrill said:

"Mother, will you give her to me for my little wife? You know I'm not a handsome man, nor a rich one; but I've got enough to start on. I made a thousand dollars on the rise in stocks lately, and we can furnish up some rooms in a nice place, and then Bessie will not have to go to the shop, and I can protect her." And the great, awkward, big-hearted fellow trembled as he had not done before his huge antagonist a few moments since. Bessie cuddled close up to her "Gussie," and looked appealingly at her mother.

Although Mrs. Merrill had long known Bessie's heart was irrevocably lost, the abruptness of the demand took her breath away.

"Gussie, my dear son, you may have her; she has been a sweet daughter to me, and will be a loving wife to you, still you are both very young, perhaps——"

"O mother dear, I'm so happy," cried Bessie, leaving Gus' side and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, "I'm not so very young, either, I'm 'most eighteen," she whispered, blushing.

But here Davie interrupted, and drawing a chair along he caught Gus' hand and mounting his chair he spread his hands out and in mock solemnity, "bless you, my children," he cried, "be happy——"

A knock was heard at the door, Davie leaped down and opened the door, when Miss Cateret and her father appeared.

"Good-evening, Augustus," said Madeleine, coming in. "So we have found you at last; and this is Davie and Mrs. Merrill and Bessie. You see I know you all. This is my father, Mrs. Merrill."

Mrs. Merrill bowed, and had just presence of mind enough to wipe off some imaginary dust from a chair, and

present it to Mr. Cateret, and beg him to be seated. Gus found one for Madeleine, who put them all at their ease; for here she sank all her hauteur and pride, and it was difficult to resist her charm of manner. Bessie sat in open wonderment at her grand style of beauty, and willingly confessed afterward, that among all the wealthy and aristocratic patrons of Madame Cintra, there was not one who approached Madeleine for beauty and elegance. Soon they were all chatting away briskly, and while Gus and Madeleine were having a little private talk, the story of Gus' encounter with the burly blackguard, "Silver," was told to Mr. Cateret.

"Served him right, Gus," he said, "I'm glad you thrashed him."

"Please don't mention it, Mr. Cateret, I think he's punished enough," said Gus modestly.

Meanwhile Madeleine drew Bessie aside, and questioned her in a way which caused her some embarrassment, and then Madeleine put her arms around her and kissed her affectionately.

"Come, papa," she said, "I think we must go now, I'm afraid we are keeping our friends from their supper." And with a winning smile to Bessie, and a "good-night" to all, they left the little household to discuss the events of the evening.

Only Davie said nothing until Bessie, noticing this, asked him the cause, for cripple though he was, Davie exercised a wonderful power over the household. He had grown to be a student, and was very thoughtful and observant, as most deformed people are, and they all looked to him for counsel.

"My dear Bessie, I don't know; Miss Cateret is very beautiful, the most beautiful woman in the world, I think, but there is something I can't make out about her. She comes here for some purpose, and I can't make out what."

"I'll tell you what, Davie," said Gus, unable to contain himself at this heresy of Davie's toward his idol, and springing up he caught a plate, tossed it toward the ceiling, and catching it as it fell on the tip of his finger he spun it around, caught it again, and having bowed, he said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: Allow me to introduce to you the junior member of the firm of James Cateret & Co.," and Gus placed his hand on his heart and bowed again.

"You don't mean it, Gussie, are you taken into the firm?" inquired Davie.

"That's just what I am, and that's what brought Miss Cateret and her father here to-night. Now what have you got to say against Miss Cateret?"

"I give it up, Gussie," said Davie penitently.

"And I'll tell you something," said Bessie, blushing, and her eyes sparkling. "She has promised to furnish our house for us when we are married; furnish it from top to bottom; now, Mr. Davie, what do you say?"

"She's a hummer," murmured Davie.

It was long after midnight when they all retired that night, and it was settled that Bessie should remain in the store until January, and a month or two after that they should be married, and all would live together as heretofore.

CHAPTER XIX.

MRS. RICHMOND GIVES A RECEPTION.

SINCE Hugo's meeting with Madeleine at Schaus' he had worked industriously on his large historical painting of "Coligny's Death." Stimulated by Madeleine's evident interest, and in the hope that with increasing fame would come a tenderer feeling on her part—for he confessed himself held to her by a fascination he could not resist—he had almost secluded himself from the public. Little was known of his work save the two or three pictures he had exhibited in the public galleries. He had altogether twenty or twenty-five finished pictures, the result of his five years' work in Paris. What the critics had said was all favorable, but this was not satisfactory to Grace, his first patroness; and proud of her new friend, and his talent, she determined to have his merits brought to the notice of New Yorkers in the proper manner, through an exhibition of his entire work. Being the pet of the house, she easily persuaded her mother to give a reception in Hugo's honor. His consent to this plan having been obtained, preparation began. Hundreds of invitations were sent out to all prominent people of their acquaintance, the large parlors were denuded of all their decorations, a row of gas jets shaded by reflectors circled the rooms, and Hugo himself, attended to the proper hanging of the pictures. Canvas covered the rich carpets, and the only thing Grace permitted to be introduced into the rooms, was a profusion of palms and foliage plants. When the evening came, and Hugo took his place beside Mrs. Richmond to

be presented to her guests, he found Grace established on his left; and few who passed the distinguished-looking couple on that evening, but thought, "what a splendid match that would make." There was an indescribable foreign air about Hugo, due perhaps partially to his lineage; and his easy, courtly manners attracted the eyes of old and young alike. As for Grace; slender, willowy, and elegant in person, with the aid of a toilet combining the charm of perfect taste, and faultless style; she united a winning deportment which made each new arrival feel that her cordiality was reserved for them especially. Meanwhile, Hugo allowed his eyes to rove over the assembled guests.

"I wonder what keeps Madeleine," burst out Grace impatiently, as if in answer to his unspoken question. Hardly were the words uttered before Madeleine appeared, leaning on the arm of Monsieur Laujac.

"Here she comes, Mr. Bernhard, how lovely she looks," as Madeleine slowly made her way to where Mrs. Richmond stood; nodding to Grace in recognition, as she came up.

"I took the liberty of bringing my friend, Monsieur Laujac, Mrs. Richmond,"—at the same time presenting that gentleman, who paid the hostess one of those agreeable, but meaningless, French compliments, which make the social life of that people so void of stiffness, and yet carry with them no weight of responsibility.

Hugo was equally favored with a little added air of deference, and as for Grace, when her turn came, Monsieur Laujac's ready tongue found sufficient license to bring a rosy blush to her cheek.

"So that is the artist? An American? Miss Cateret," inquired Monsieur Laujac.

"Yes, indeed, a thorough American, born in Connecticut, and a pupil of Delacroix."

"Eugene Delacroix, one of my most intimate friends; I

wonder I never met Mr. Bernhard there. He looks like a Frenchman, do you not think so?"

"I think Mr. Bernhard senior was a Hungarian, and that may account for his son's foreign looks," replied Madeleine indifferently.

The inspection of the pictures soon became an impossibility. So many people wished to speak to Madeleine, that although she found Monsieur Laujac an invaluable aid—he seeming thoroughly up in art, and able to show her where Hugo had followed his master, and when he had branched out independent—they were jostled and addressed so often, that half his fine criticism was lost to her.

"Delacroix was intensely tragic in his conceptions, and Mr. Bernhard in his historical pictures is mild in comparison; he seems more to follow Ary Scheffer, by whom you say he was taught for a while. His work is smoother, and more finished, but not as bold, as original as Delacroix's, still, he has great talent, Miss Cateret," he said, as they stood before a picture representing a "bonne" climbing up the side of a ship to see her lover. The moment chosen was when a child which she held in her arms had through her thoughtlessness fallen into the water. The aspect of terror on the girl's face, the eager lover, not knowing what had happened, reaching over the bulwarks to help her in, and below the struggling babe still floating; with a boat pulling rapidly to its rescue, formed a scene which actually happened in Delacroix's own life, and Hugo had seized upon it to paint an immensely realistic picture.

Monsieur Laujac's praise was pleasing to Madeleine, and she would have urged him to continue, when her attention was arrested by a gruff voice behind her, which said:

"So, my little lady, before; it was whist, and now it is pictures you wish to learn about." Monsieur Laujac's eyes happened to rest on Madeleine as the voice fell on their ears, and he remarked a sudden change in her expression.

Her calm, dignified, self-poised air all deserted her; a bright smile beamed over her face, and a sort of helpless baby look came into her eyes. Although inwardly Madeleine resented the familiar tone of the Commodore, when she turned to greet the brusque, but good-natured, old gentleman, not a trace of annoyance was visible. All this afforded the thoughtful Jesuit food for reflection.

"There's nothing wrong in taking lessons either in whist or pictures, is there, Commodore Vanderfelt? especially when the teacher is a master;" and the infantile look with which Madeleine gazed up into the Commodore's eyes was refreshing in its coolness and innocence.

"What a consummate actress," thought Monsieur Laujac. "What does all this mean?" Madeleine without hesitation introduced the two gentlemen to each other.

"Commodore, allow me to present Monsieur Laujac; Monsieur Laujac, Commodore Vanderfelt." Monsieur Laujac bowed low upon hearing the name of the distinguished capitalist. "Be humble before the rich and powerful, that you may the better gain their good-will and confidence," is a part of the secret instruction these people receive from their teachers. Monsieur Laujac had not forgotten his instructors' advice.

The Commodore stared at Monsieur Laujac through his eye-glasses, slightly acknowledging the introduction, and then turning to Madeleine he evidently forgot that such a person existed. With a few hasty words in French, Madeleine informed Monsieur Laujac that she had special reasons for desiring to talk with the Commodore, and begged him to excuse her, which he with great politeness acceded to.

"Who's your French friend, Miss Cateret?" inquired the Commodore, tucking her arm under his, and commencing the circuit of the rooms.

"A gentleman who had a letter of introduction from

some friends in Paris, Commodore—but why haven't you made that call you promised me?"

"Too busy in the market, Miss Cateret. By the way, Dawes lost that hat," remarked the old gentleman, bunching his bushy eyebrows, and looking down on Madeleine.

"Indeed!" answered Madeleine, quickly, "then I won my ring, did I not?"

"Not so fast, my dear child; my offer was that you should get the ring if Dawes 'bit;' he refused the bait, and I did not land my fish."

"Dear me," said Madeleine, with a little "moue" of discontent, "I counted upon it; you seemed so sure, too." Again the Commodore scanned his companion's face; but innocence was so plainly marked there, that he began to fancy his suspicions foolish. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "this chick could not have understood me. Never mind, my dear," he said aloud, "there's another 'hen on,' you'll get it yet, perhaps."

"A 'hen on,'" exclaimed Madeleine, "that's not whist talk, I know, that's slang." And she opened her grand eyes, and in their innocent depths the Commodore saw only wonder at his expression.

"It may be slang, but it's expressive." Then bending over her, he whispered: "Lincoln will be elected, sure, and there will be the biggest kind of a 'boom,' look out for it, I have just heard from Washington and—ahem—do you like that picture, Miss Cateret?" and without waiting for an answer, he dragged her away a few paces. "That confounded French jackanapes was hanging around us," he said in explanation, and Madeleine noticed Monsieur Laujac attentively examining a picture near them. Just then Grace came up and begged the Commodore to permit her to take Madeleine away, as a few of the ladies wished to consult with her about the ball to the Prince which was to take place in a few days. Reluctantly the Commodore

relinquished her arm, and Grace hurried her away, while the Commodore, thrusting his thumb into the arm-hole of his vest, marched off with the suspicion of a scowl on his features.

Madeleine was conducted by Grace to the dining-room, where a few ladies, thinking this a favorable opportunity, were congregating to discuss the ball; with them was Mayor Wood. The subject was the decoration of the Academy, and so many suggestions had been made that everybody was at sea as to the proper plan.

"I do not see of what use I can be, Mr. Wood. Has it occurred to you to ask the advice of Mr. Bernhard about the matter?" asked Madeleine, when the Mayor requested her advice.

"Just the thing we wanted, Miss Cateret, I knew you could help us out. Where is Mr. Bernhard?"

"Mr. Bernhard will do excellently to help see about the decoration, Mr. Mayor, but there is something more to be considered," broke in Mrs. Pierpoint, an elderly dame of the Martha Washington type. "How about the dancing, and the order for supper? We don't have princes visit us every day." And having delivered herself of this truism, the stately dame fanned herself vigorously.

"I presume the wife of the highest official present will dance the first dance with the Prince, Mrs. Pierpoint," remarked Madeleine.

"Quite correct, Miss Cateret. Governor Morgan will be present, and Mrs. Morgan is entitled to precedence, and as for the order at supper, we must arrange that later," said the Mayor, willing to suppress Mrs. Pierpoint. Just at that moment Hugo came up.

"Speaking of supper, I think I see it coming, Miss Cateret, suppose we get seats," he whispered. But the seats were all taken, and the room was crowded with people standing against the wall, unable to put down cup or plate,

so little was the proper way to entertain understood in those days. Just then Hugo spied the conservatory, from which a number of the ferns and palms had been removed for the decoration of the parlors, and with a bench for a seat, and an upturned box for a table, he saw they could at least avoid eating as if at a lunch counter. Pointing this out to Madeleine, they took immediate possession; and corralling a colored servant, he steered him into the conservatory and unloaded a liberal supply of food upon the improvised table; all this just suited Madeleine, who seemed in a merry mood.

"You are a famous caterer, Mr. Bernhard, you always succeed in making people around you comfortable, you recollect I have before experienced your thoughtful provision." Hugo was pleased at the reference to their trip.

"Do you ever think of our long passage, Miss Cateret?"

"Do I? It was the happiest time I have known in the past year."

Hugo's face flushed at the pleasure this remark gave him.

"You don't mean it?"

"I do, indeed, Mr. Bernhard. I was free and happy then, with no cares, and I was coming home. My only annoyances were physical ones—to be sure I thought them then terrific—the weather was not half bad, the air perfect, good company to talk to"—with a little side look, which completely demoralized Hugo—"what more could I ask?"

"And is your life so disagreeable now, Miss Cateret?" he ventured to say, watching Madeleine who was toying with an ice.

"Oh, not disagreeable, but different, very different; do you know, I seem years older since last spring."

"You surprise me, Miss Cateret, life should be one grand holiday for you, and here you seem actually distressed."

Madeleine shrugged her shoulders, and her thin nostrils

curled, not at the speaker, but at his ignorance of what her life was. Hugo looked at her delicate profile outlined against one of the shades, and wondered what her troubles were; could he only share them how happy he would be! Hurried on by the impulse, all love and sympathy, he leaned toward her and said:

“I, too, have often thought of our trip, Miss Madeleine,”—it was the first time he had ever addressed her by her Christian name—she did not seem to notice it, however. “Was I to blame if I had some fancies which I have learned to cherish since? Am I wrong to call the happiest days of my life, those few I spent with you upon the water, Madeleine?” and his rich voice vibrated with the intensity of his emotions—“I have dared to love you. If your life is not pleasant now, I can make it so. I can remove these clouds which seem to oppress you. Give me the right, the privilege; have I won no place in your heart? Is my coming and going alike indifferent to you? You, whose presence fills my heart with gladness, whose lightest wish is law to me! Tell me, Madeleine, have I no hope?” It would be foolish to say that Madeleine did not know this was coming. What woman is there to whom such a declaration comes unexpectedly? A girl, whoever she be, would be ashamed not to be moved by such an appeal, made by a man like Hugo.

Was Madeleine so moved? In a way, yes. Her vanity was touched, and her ambition gratified; beyond that she was not stirred. Hugo was handsome, talented, and intellectual. Her self-love was gratified at his adoration; but it was difficult to say if this girl had the emotions, the sentiment, or passions, which her beauty inspired in others. Madeleine's nature was essentially a cold one, there was none of that tenderness, that soft yieldingness so characteristic of womanly minds. She could not give herself up to another, with the fervor love's passion demands. She was

too absorbed in self, had too many projects to gratify, to have her heart respond to the cry which went out from the man who so loved her. Hugo looked in her face to read the verdict: it was white and calm, and her lips were set when she turned her face toward him.

“Mr. Bernhard, Hugo”—she had not intended so to speak, but a glance at his face drew it out, and for a moment her judgment was overcome—“have I encouraged this? Am I at fault? What shall I say to you, to cause you to relinquish this foolish fancy? You do not know me, Hugo. I am not the girl you imagine me. With your artist soul, you have doubtless endowed me with qualities I do not possess; believe me, I am the commonest kind of common clay. I will be frank with you, as I would not if you had not so honored me. Stop!” seeing Hugo about to speak, “listen to me. I *do* like you thoroughly, more than most men, more than any man I have ever known; but my nature is not a loving one. You speak of freeing me from care; you little realize what my life is. I have in me the ambitions, the schemes, the projects of a man. The passions which stir me, are not the emotions, the vague desires, the heart longings, which go with love’s delights. Yes, it is wise to shrink from me”—noticing Hugo’s involuntary withdrawal—“I live in a world of schemes, of intrigue, of speculation, in which love has no place. Look elsewhere for your happiness, my poor Hugo.”

“But Madeleine, if you love no one, may I not hope? The future may bring a change of feeling. I will wait; I am patient, let me try to win your love,” and Hugo’s hand sought hers.

“No, Hugo, it is useless. I am what I am, and no love can change me; good Hugo, give up this futile passion, it is flat, stale, and unprofitable—but here is Monsieur Laujac looking for us.” Hugo seemed somewhat conscious, as Monsieur Laujac came into the conservatory, but Made-

leine's face was a blank, and the cunning priest, who divined something of what was happening, could read nothing there.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Cateret, but Miss Richmond sent me to look for Monsieur Bernhard, her guests are already taking their departure"

Hugo thanked him and excused himself.

"Monsieur Bernhard seems somewhat disturbed, you were not scolding him, Miss Cateret?" remarked Monsieur Laujac.

"On the contrary, I was encouraging him, he was anxious about the verdict on his work. Shall we go to make our adieux?"

CHAPTER XX.

THREE CONSPIRATORS.

VIEWED collectively, the study of mankind resembles the inspection of a distant landscape through a powerful field glass. What was before only a confused mass of colors, projections and depressions, becomes by the aid of a glass, rocks, trees, hills, valleys and bodies of water. We can arrive at a general idea of the configuration of the land and its salient features, but to understand the nature of the soil, the grasses, grain, the species of wood, the fauna and flora, a more minute inspection is demanded, and microscopical observations must be taken. Collectively, man has a definite form, and a fixed mode of progression, he is evidently gregarious in tendency. That he has emotions, passions, and moods, is evident. Of his nature, his intelligence, his ambition, virtues, and vices, we can know nothing without submitting them to the laws of the human intellect. We must analyze these emotions, scrutinize that physical being, and turn the intellectual microscope of the mind upon those actions, before we rightly comprehend them. No opportunity is more favorable for the study of this complex animal, man, than that afforded during his convivial moments. Possibly Dr. Maginn knew this, for he planned a little supper to which he would invite Senator Benjamin and Monsieur Laujac. 'Twas no "Barmecide feast" to which he bade them; as a few evenings later, they met in one of the little supper rooms at Delmonico's. Himself an ardent worshipper at the shrine of the tenth muse, Gasteria, he conned his gastronomic

bark in such a way as to command the admiration of his two passengers. Dr. Maginn fully realized that "when you invite a friend to sup with you, for the time being, his happiness is in your hands."

To fathom the mysteries of assimilation, and to investigate its effects upon the human mind, was one of the doctor's profound studies.

Imprimis, he required the table to be small, that the facial expressions of his guests, under the enchantment of his culinary conceptions, might be easily noticed. A gastronome of the first order, he dignified his guests by presuming that they also possessed cultivated tastes. Nor was he mistaken. If it be true, that "a man of intellect alone knows how to eat," then Dr. Maginn had two rare birds at his table that evening. As the meal progressed, delight sat on the features of his guests. Among "gourmets," the cultivated Hebrew is easily first, and Senator Benjamin was in every respect an ornament to his race. Father Laujac, also, was no laggard, he had graduated from a good school, and was no disgrace to his preceptors. As the last dish disappeared and a smoking bowl of punch took its place, Dr. Maginn felt that as Amphytrion, he had not failed to interest his guests. Fouché, Napoleon's eminent Minister of Police, always entertained at a "*petit souper*," any person he designed to entrap, or turn over to his side in any political intrigue. He said: "First establish the friendly relations which go with a dinner well considered, and well served, then introduce while digestion is active, your educational topic." Dr. Maginn must have studied in the school of Fouché, for during their symposium, no word was dropped which would indicate any interest in politics; on the contrary, all that wit and fancy, a droll humor, and unsurpassed talent as a "*raconteur*" could do to establish a friendly feeling between himself and his friends, the wily Irishman brought into play.

While Senator Benjamin was the game he sought, he wished to know more of Monsieur Laujac and his character. These three men were each a study. An Irishman, a Jew, and a Frenchman, brought together by the common desire of concerting plans, or aiding and abetting the plans of others, for the overthrow of a country to which they were aliens. A sad spectacle this of the tigerish instincts embodied in human existence. Senator Benjamin was at that time about forty-eight years of age; he lacked, perhaps, the physical presence and the outward evidences of cultivation the other two possessed, but the lack was purely physical. Intellectually he was the superior of the three. While possessed of a more massive brain he was endowed with all the grace of learning, as well as the scholastic subtlety, the two Jesuits possessed. An English subject of Hebrew parentage, he was, when very young, brought to the United States from the West Indies. He graduated at Yale and settled in Louisiana as a lawyer, and was elected from there to a seat in the Senate. Personally he was not prepossessing. His figure was squat, his features irregular and somewhat Jewish in type; he looked rugged and strong. Intellectually he was a giant; as omnivorous a reader as Macaulay; he retained it all, and had all his vast learning at ready command. The two Jesuits were fine types of *their* class. Monsieur Laujac was more learned; the doctor more forceful and commanding. Laujac was more adroit and cunning; the doctor more persuasive and foresighted. But the English Jew was one of the most remarkable legal lights of his day and century. Dr. Maginn studied him carefully, even while his rollicking humor bubbled up like a new spring bursting forth from a green hillside. After a well-told story, hardly decorous for a churchman, but full of humor, he turned suddenly to Mr. Benjamin and remarked that the last time he was at Washington he had heard on good au-

thority, that President Buchanan was considering the propriety of offering him the vacant Justiceship of the Supreme Court. "How would that jibe with your present views, Senator?" he inquired. The laughter in the Senator's eyes faded out as this more serious question was put to him.

"I have, myself, heard something of that, my dear doctor, but rest assured it will never be offered me," he replied very gravely.

"And if it were, Senator," persisted Monsieur Laujac.

"Time enough to answer when it is," smiled the Senator parrying his attempt at pumping him.

"It would be no surprise if a man at your age rejected a position even as honorable as a place for life on the Supreme bench, Senator. Once installed as a member of your highest judicial tribunal, you put all else behind you, there is no scope for anything beyond; you are labelled and ticketed as a specimen fossil, only to be used to illustrate some legal point," continued Monsieur Laujac.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the jolly doctor. "Like the Paddy in the corn field, he's there to frighten off litigious crows."

"Still, records have been made in the Supreme Court, gentlemen," replied the Senator.

"Yes, and some unsavory ones, too, my dear Senator," again laughed the doctor.

"Well, gentlemen, I don't mind telling you, since we are all 'tarred with the same brush,' that my State goes with her sister States, and before the ides of March, Judah P. Benjamin will not be a citizen of the United States." The two Jesuits exchanged a look, but neither spoke.

"Yes, Louisiana goes out," continued the Senator. "The North does not, or will not, comprehend the magnitude of this movement, they will not concede State sovereignty. The right of a State to govern itself is supreme, when the central Government fails to maintain its obligations."

"How about individual cities, Senator?" inquired Dr. Maginn, carelessly. Mr. Benjamin looked keenly at him, and did not immediately answer. The doctor was busy getting a light for his cigar.

Suddenly the Senator broke the silence.

"You may be a physician, doctor, but nature intended you for a politician," he remarked dryly. "There are no doubt many things you would like to know, and there are some things I am willing to tell; and since the presence of our friend, Monsieur Laujac, is proof that he favors the Southern cause,"—Monsieur Laujac nodded—"I am willing to say—and it would not be well to mention this to Miss Cateret, although she is aware of the movement—that a plan is on foot tending to the declaration of New York as a free and independent city."

The statement was a startling one, and new to his listeners. It was a thing to be reported immediately at Rome, and yet to all appearance he might have mentioned the quality of the cigar he was smoking, in place of divulging a secret which might go far toward influencing the recognition of the Confederacy by all foreign powers. So well trained were these men that not an eyelid quivered, and the Senator wondered if they had an inkling of it before, or did not comprehend its import.

"Mayor Wood is naturally in sympathy, I presume, Senator," remarked Monsieur Laujac.

"Thoroughly, thoroughly, 'twas that brought me here." Then he paused a moment, and a new thought entering his mind he continued: "Gentlemen, when I consider the magnitude of our plans and what they involve, I sometimes shudder. The North is imbecile; they do not seem to realize here, the volcano beneath the city. They act like children, talk of buying our slaves, and occasionally, one a little bolder than his fellows, talks of compulsion."

"Are you not afraid that when they are aroused the

awakening will be tremendous?" inquired Monsieur Laujac.

"It should be, my friend, but mark what I say. The South is united, the North divided. No Northerner can go South now, and find the friends I do here. By the way, doctor," turning to Dr. Maginn, "how does Rome view this struggle, you ought to know, being a Catholic?"

"Perhaps Monsieur Laujac can answer that, Senator, he also is Catholic, I believe, and is just over from France," and the doctor turned toward Laujac, in whose face just a delicate tinge of pink was visible, evidently the result of suppressed emotions.

Thus appealed to, Monsieur Laujac laid down his cigar, and speaking in a smoothly modulated tone, disclaimed any knowledge beyond what his friend, the doctor, presented.

"I will say, however, that just at this time the Holy See is so much troubled with the actions of Garibaldi, that very little attention is paid to anything outside."

"All the more reason, it seems to me, that the condition of Catholic affairs in this country should interest His Holiness! He may lose his temporal power, and be glad to look to America as a haven of refuge. How is that, Monsieur Laujac?" asked the Senator laughingly.

The pink in monsieur's cheeks deepened perceptibly, and despite his astuteness, he fell into the trap laid by the keen lawyer. Dr. Maginn, who knew his man better, essayed to attract his attention with a warning frown, but it was unnoticed.

"The French people are a Catholic people, and the Emperor is a Catholic sovereign, but he is also a politician. Our hopes are based on the Empress, and France may interfere with Garibaldi, but failing that, we look for moral aid from America. The South is naturally Catholic, is it not so?"

"My State is," responded Senator Benjamin, attentively.

"All the South should be, Senator. All Southern nations are Catholic, and always will be. Why not use your great influence to aid in encouraging its adoption by the Southern Confederacy as the State religion? Do this, and the great weight of the Vatican will be thrown into the scale to aid your cause. Believe me, slavery is only the catchword, the real thing is, the establishment of a Southern Catholic Hierarchy. This movement means the regeneration of the South; it must take on a new spiritual birth, and friends will rise up at the sowing of the right seed." As Monsieur Laujac uttered these words his face was animated, his eye sparkled and he leaned slightly forward, regarding the Senator as if to read the effect of his appeal. No doubt he would have continued in this strain, had not he received a vicious kick from Dr. Maginn under the cover of the table.

This action made him pause, and drawing back he turned his head slowly until he faced the doctor, and the horrible scowl which met him there, sobered him up instantly. He saw that he had been making statements, which might jeopardize Catholic influence in this struggle.

Dr. Maginn jumped into the breach.

"Really, Laujac, your enthusiasm is almost infectious, I got quite warmed up, as you discoursed so like a pulpiteer. I am afraid, however, His Holiness would not thank you for putting into his mouth, words which I am sure his brain never conceived. No, my dear fellow, the lines are too plainly marked, this is not a Catholic country, and never will be; I think the Senator will concur in what I say," turning toward Mr. Benjamin.

"I am very glad to hear you censure Monsieur Laujac as you did, doctor, for if he, or those back of him, hold to such views, they will be woefully mistaken. This is no religious war, gentlemen. Civil war is bad enough, without introducing the most terrible element known in his-

tory to excite human passions. It is a question of freedom of opinion, and Catholicism is opposed to all individual thought. My mind sometimes reproaches me when I try to foresee what the inevitable must bring to us; blood and treasure unlimited will be poured out before the end comes."

"You have gone too far to draw back now, Senator," said Monsieur Laujac, coldly, "if 'blood and treasure' are spent, it will be in a good cause; 'the end justifies the means.'" This seemed to affect Senator Benjamin unpleasantly.

"My dear sir," he said turning to Monsieur Laujac, "your cold-blooded way of disposing of the matter, and the Jesuitical quotation you make use of, inspire me with the fear that forces outside of our country may be at work, striving to foment this revolution, for their own aggrandizement. But I warn you, and those whom you officially or unofficially represent, that you must hold your hand. You will not be permitted to introduce religion into the controversy. It is bad enough that we three foreigners should be plotting the overthrow of this Government, where we are now securely protected; but to add to that, the introduction of fanatical religionists to aid the scheme, would be base indeed.

"Let me say further, that although you appear as a layman, one could almost swear that you wore a hair shirt underneath your well-cut garments, Monsieur Laujac."

Monsieur Laujac bowed. "My dear Senator, did you ever hear it said, that 'hypocrisy is a homage which vice renders to virtue'? Why not accept the compliment?" and a selfish sneer curled his lip. The hot, Southern blood came to Senator Benjamin's face, and Dr. Maginn, fearing an explosion, said hastily:

"My dear Laujac, 'when wine is in, wit is out,' I shall believe you have taken too much of that punch if you

don't tell the Senator that all this talk is mere badinage; come, make the *amende honorable*."

"With pleasure, doctor," said his colleague. "My dear Senator, if in the heat of debate I have been rude or severe, I humbly beg your pardon," and he put out his hand, palm down, which the Senator took, but not warmly.

This little incident seemed to mar the harmony of the evening, and as the hour was rather late, all arose and betook themselves to their hotels: Senator Benjamin to the Fifth Avenue; Dr. Maginn to the New York, and Monsieur Laujac to the Astor.

The next morning, Monsieur Laujac was up betimes, and wrote a full account of Senator Benjamin's views to the General. This finished, he was about to go out when his mail was presented to him, and there, uppermost, was a letter, in the same handwriting as the one he had received the day of his arrival in New York. He knew it instantly, it read:

"DEAR BROTHER:—It is unnecessary to write the General concerning Senator Benjamin's opinions of a Southern Catholic Hierarchy. This whole matter will be attended to by your Provincial."

There was the seal with the stamp. He must obey.

"The devil take it, it must be the doctor who has revealed this, and cut me off." The postmark was Philadelphia. It had been mailed, then, at six o'clock that morning. Without hesitation, although sadly disappointed, he destroyed his letter, and determined to ascertain if Dr. Maginn was at the bottom of it, he hurried to his hotel. Without sending up his card, he went directly to his room, knocked, and heard the doctor's sleepy voice inquire who was there.

"It is I, Laujac."

"Hold on a bit, until I get my uniform on, my dear

fellow," was the reply, and almost instantly he heard the doctor spring from the bed, the door was unlocked, and he was bade to enter. The sight which met his gaze, was the tall figure of his friend, wrapped in an immense red blanket, making for his bed.

"Do excuse me for this unseemly exhibition, but I have no alternative, my valet is yet to come. Now you are here you must take his place. My mail is under the door, be good enough to toss it over here."

Monsieur Laujac gathered up the letters, and among them he saw one with the identical handwriting he had received himself.

"Did you mention our conversation with Senator Benjamin to anybody, doctor?" inquired Monsieur Laujac.

"No one in New York. I telegraphed a friend at Washington, that Benjamin must be dropped."

"Yes, and spoiled my report to the General, doctor."

"How is that?"

"Why, I received notice this morning not to report it."

"The dickens! Sorry about that, intended doing it myself."

"Cut your own throat, too, or I am mistaken. Read your mail."

The doctor looked over his mail and picked up the one post-marked Philadelphia. A glance at it, and he handed it to Monsieur Laujac.

"Fact! you are right,"—the letter was a fac-simile of Monsieur Laujac's—"I am sorry, but I felt it necessary to inform my friend——"

"A professed of our Order?" inquired Monsieur Laujac, interrupting him.

"No, but a Catholic," replied the doctor. "And, by the way, my mistake was no worse than yours; what possessed you to deliver that *ex cathedra* discourse to Senator Benjamin?"

“For the very purpose which you spoiled, of getting at his sentiments,” replied Monsieur Laujac.

“Do you know what might have happened to you, my friend?”

“Well, what, for instance, my learned doctor?”

“Only that he might have bored a hole through you with a bullet; better not ruffle his Southern chivalry, my good French friend.”

Monsieur Laujac shrugged his shoulders. “Well, doctor, I’ll leave you to make your toilet. I must call at Miss Cateret’s.”

“‘So long,’” replied the doctor with Southern phraseology.

“The ‘thafe of the worruld,’” muttered the doctor, as Laujac went out, “he came near spoiling the broth nicely, but I checkmated him; now I’ll get off that little report.” And before dressing he wrote Rome a full account of the conversation; nor did he spare Monsieur Laujac.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. CATERET MEETS CHARLES KENNER.

MADELEINE had not forgotten her promise to Mr. Tatum to give him any information which she might learn about the stock market. Women of her character never forget injuries or slights, and opportunity, persistently sought, will sooner or later afford such a kind the great gratification of impaling the victim and studying his frantic struggles.

Tatum had treated her so familiarly, had insinuated such abominable hints about her relations with Charles Kenner, and finally, as she learned, had robbed, for years, her father so thoroughly, that he had lost his property, which had passed into Tatum's hands. All this exasperated her. It was enough to arouse every vindictive feeling in Madeleine's nature; her pride had been keenly hurt at the old man's low estimate of her moral nature; and he might just as safely have delivered himself over into the hands of the inquisition as expect mercy from a woman with *her* mental characteristics.

Personal chastisement would not have satisfied her. She thoroughly understood how to make him suffer most keenly, through the avaricious side of his nature. A few days before this, Madeleine had purchased one of Brewster's finest broughams, and a pair of stylish blacks. A trained and skilled coachman was soon secured; and without her father's knowledge, Madeleine found herself the possessor of a well-appointed carriage.

On the morning in question, after Mr. Cateret had gone to his office, the carriage was ordered up, and Madeleine, in an elegant street toilet, issued forth, and directed her coachman to drive to Mr. Tatum's office. For several weeks the old gentleman had concealed his impatience, hoping to receive the desired information about the market; and the day before, he had received a brief note requesting him to have her father's note, and the mortgage on the house, at hand, as she wished the debt discharged.

As the elegant and glittering turnout flashed up in front of Tatum's dingy place of business, the old man was on the lookout.

"Ah, ha, my lady," he thought, "so you have sold yourself; just as I thought; how you'll make Mr. Kenner dance, he'll need his pile to satisfy you, lady bird."

When Madeleine entered the office, Mr. Tatum was busy in his private room figuring up the interest on Mr. Cateret's note.

"Good-morning, Mr. Tatum, I hope you received my note," said Madeleine pleasantly, as in the full flush of her beauty, she appeared in the door and looked down scornfully at the wizened, yellow mummy; who, half doubled up, was scratching, and trying to add a few more pennies to the sum.

"Morning, Miss Cateret. Yes, I got your note, and was just figuring up the interest—here it is," handing Madeleine the slip of paper, which she took, and glanced at indifferently, then calmly removing her glove, took a check from her pocketbook and filled in the amount over the signature of Charles Kenner.

All this Mr. Tatum watched with his little, shining eyes.

"I presume the mortgage must be cancelled, Mr. Tatum, will you attend to that now?" remarked Madeleine in the most matter-of-fact way.

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Cateret," replied Mr. Tatum,

glad that he could find an excuse for a few moments of further conversation.

"Wheelock, here, take this mortgage and have it discharged, and bring it back immediately. 'You needn't hurry,'" he whispered, as Wheelock left the office.

Madeleine handed the check to Mr. Tatum, who scrutinized it carefully, glanced sideways at Madeleine, and folded it up, passing Mr. Cateret's note over at the same time, which Madeleine received and put away carefully.

"Will Mr. Wheelock be gone long, Mr. Tatum?" she inquired.

"A few moments, only a few moments, Miss Cateret. By the way, you haven't heard anything about that matter we were speaking of the last time you were here?"

"What was that, Mr. Tatum?" said Madeleine, innocently.

The old man's countenance dropped, and he looked more sullen and miserable than ever.

"Why, you remember, about the information."

"Oh, yes, but you tried to drive too sharp a bargain, Mr. Tatum! I could give you information of a conversation I heard last evening between Commodore Vanderfelt and Mr. Kenner."

"What!" cried Tatum, "between Vanderfelt and Kenner, only last evening?"

"I said 'last evening,' Mr. Tatum, I believe," said Madeleine, her lip curling.

"What was it, my dear Miss Cateret?" whined Tatum, now all servility at the prospect of getting some useful hint.

"Not so fast, Mr. Tatum, what was our agreement?"

"Why, why, I promised to give you a hundred if I could use the information. Wasn't that it?"

"Not a bit of it, I get the hundred, and you use the information or not, as suits you," replied Madeleine coolly.

"But suppose it can't be used, suppose it is of no value?"

"That is your lookout, Mr. Tatum. The information I can give you relates to the probable course of the market, and is Commodore Vanderfelt's opinion as given by him to Mr. Kenner in my hearing, last evening."

"But suppose he was trying to rope in Kenner, Miss Cateret?"

"*You* must judge of that, Mr. Tatum. Here is Mr. Wheelock, and I must go."

"No, no, wait a moment," he begged.

Mr. Tatum went to his safe and returned with a roll of money, which he handed Madeleine, together with the satisfied mortgage.

"Here is the hundred, now, what was it? It ought to be worth something for this large amount."

Madeleine counted the money carefully, while Mr. Tatum sat fidgeting in his chair, his eyes blinking, and his mouth working spasmodically.

"This is correct, Mr. Tatum," she said quickly. "Now you want my information?"

"Yes, yes," hastily replied the impatient old schemer.

"Well, I heard Commodore Vanderfelt say to Charles Kenner—last evening—at a reception at Mrs. Richmond's—that he had certain knowledge from Washington"—Madeleine paused. The old gentleman was leaning forward, the tips of his fingers beating against the chair, evincing his high state of excitement; and at Madeleine's stop he looked up.

"Well, well, go on, go on."

"I was just thinking," said Madeleine, "that the pay is inadequate to the information," and she looked expectantly at the cringing form of the old man, who was now fairly trembling with excitement and anger.

"What do you mean, Miss Cateret? You have your money; you made your own bargain; do you want to squeeze more out of a poor old man?" Then dropping his aggressive manner he began to wheedle and coax.

"Now, my dear Miss Cateret, do go on, the matter may be important; to make up that money I have given you may require prompt action."

All this performance Madeleine enjoyed; she had no intention of asking more, but she wished to delay a little and harrow him up.

"Yes, I made my bargain a little too quickly, Mr. Tatum, but I will adhere to it—I heard Commodore Vanderfelt say to Mr. Kenner, that he had certain information that Lincoln would be elected, and that his election would bring a 'boom' to the market; and he advised purchase of stock in anticipation."

"Was that all he said?" inquired Mr. Tatum, rather dolefully.

"All he said in my hearing; it seems strong enough," said Madeleine, preparing to go.

"If it was absolutely sure that Lincoln would be elected, the information would be valuable; it is only about a month now, Miss Cateret, if you hear anything more you will let me know, eh?" and Mr. Tatum turned his wizened face up at Madeleine appealingly.

"Oh, yes," said Madeleine, indifferently, "I'll drop you a line if I hear anything."

"Curse her, she's a little devil," snarled Tatum, as Madeleine left the office.

"Wheelock, take this check to Ford & Thompson, tell them to buy me ten thousand shares of 'Central.' I'll call and see them after 'Change.' Hurry up, now."

Wheelock had hardly gone ten steps from the office, when he heard a pleasant voice calling, "Mr. Wheelock." Looking up he saw a carriage at the curb, and Miss Cateret leaning out and beckoning him to approach. Half hesitatingly he did so. Madeleine beamed on him those wondrous eyes of hers, and he became attentive. Although jostled by the crowd, and conscious that the delay would

cost him a torrent of abuse, he listened patiently to all she had to say.

"Are you in a great hurry, Mr. Wheelock? I wish to speak to you." He might have been in a hurry before; he was not then.

"What can I do for you, Miss Cateret?" he inquired politely.

"I wanted to ask you if you were satisfied with your place, Mr. Wheelock?"

"Satisfied?" he answered wonderingly, "I must be, it is my bread and butter, Miss Cateret."

"If you could do better you would change, no doubt?"

"Instantly. Mr. Tatum is not a pleasant man to work for."

"What does he pay you now, Mr. Wheelock?"

"Eight hundred dollars, and docks me every time I am half an hour late."

"Does he? well, he's a brute; how would you like to work for the firm of James Cateret & Co., from the 1st of January, at twelve hundred without any docking, and a Christmas gift?"

"Like it," gasped Wheelock, "I should like nothing better."

"Very well, you can consider yourself engaged. Not a word to Mr. Tatum, mind. You were going somewhere just now?"

"Yes, he sent me with a check to Ford & Thompson."

"To buy some stock, perhaps?"

Wheelock nodded, but said nothing; for badly as Tatum treated him, he was too honorable to betray him. Madeleine saw this instantly, and liked him all the better for it.

"He has the instinct of an animal toward his master," she thought, "the master kicks him but he is still faithful."

"Well, it is understood you can give Mr. Tatum notice that you leave his service in January, but do not say whom

you have engaged with," and nodding, she released Mr. Wheelock, and directed the coachman to drive home. As she said good-morning she pressed into Wheelock's hand the money she obtained from Tatum; "a little advance," was all she said.

This same morning Mr. Cateret received a note from Madeleine—sent through a messenger boy—requesting him to invite Gus and Davie, as well as the Merrills, to dine with them that day; also saying that Mr. Dawes and Mr. Kenner would join them at dinner.

I have said Mr. Cateret was a gentleman, and I have tried to show that, by this time, he was entirely under the domination of his energetic and charming daughter; but for a moment, he hesitated. Mr. Cateret recognized that there must be a certain fitness in the guests one assembles at one's table. He had no objection to inviting Gus and the Merrills, but at the same table with Mr. Kenner and Mr. Dawes—that seemed to him a little incongruous. Nevertheless, his love or fear of Madeleine conquered his personal objections; and in his grandest manner he extended the invitation, as if entirely coming from himself and as something due his partner to be.

"Gus, my dear boy, I wish you would ask Davie and the Merrills—I trust they will excuse the informality—to dine with us to-day. I expect Mr. Dawes and Mr. Kenner, and would like them to meet my partner and his family. We dine at six, Gus, and you must not fail us. I'll see you after 'Change.'"

Gus smiled at his stately manner, well knowing from whom the invitation came. He accepted for them all, and Mr. Cateret, proud of having done a graceful thing, went on the "Board."

Six o'clock came, and Jim Cateret, in the plenitude of an expansive shirt front, elaborately frilled, met the Merrills, Gus and Davie on their arrival, as he would the most honored guests.

"Prompt as ever, my boy," he said, shaking hands with Gus. "Good-evening, Davie. Mrs. Merrill, I am delighted to see that you and your charming daughter did not resent my informal invitation. Millie, show the ladies up-stairs. Gus, you and Davie step into the library; Mr. Kenner and Mr. Dawes are a bit late."

To describe the smartness of Augustus Duck, would require the pen of a Dickens; from the highly polished boots, to his immaculately parted hair, parted not only on the side, but from the crown to the nape of his neck, Gus was irreproachable. A tightly fitting frock coat made his lengthy form look longer than ever. His immense hands were covered with a pair of buff gloves; which he commenced very deliberately to remove; first depositing his light overcoat—which he carried on his left arm, after the manner of the younger order of stock brokers—on the hat rack in the hall. Gus' make-up had been the wonder and admiration of Davie all the way to the house. "Nobby boy," he whispered, as Mr. Cateret stepped into the hall a moment.

Gus colored under Davies' ardent look, and flattering remark, but recovered in time to meet Miss Cateret who was just descending the stairs with her arm around Bessie's waist. He brought his heels together with a click, and executed a profound bow.

"Good-evening, Augustus, good-evening, Davie," said Madeleine greeting the two brothers in the friendliest manner possible. After a few moments' chat, she turned and said:

"Papa, Mr. Dawes and Mr. Kenner are late, suppose we go down to dinner. Will you give your arm to Mrs. Merrill?" which he did, inwardly growling that the two gentlemen should be treated so cavalierly, as he considered it. Madeleine intimated to Gus that he was to take Bessie, and putting her hand under Davie's arm, she talked to

him so graciously, and ignored so effectually the great dissimilarity in their mutual appearance, that Davie's heart was won completely, and from this on he became her devoted slave.

Happening to look down at Bessie as they entered the dining-room, Gus noticed she wore a very pretty chain and locket. Bessie noticed the look, and lifting it said, "Miss Cateret gave this to me just now." Mr. Cateret's back was turned, and Davie and Miss Cateret had not yet reached the bottom of the stairs, Gus seized the opportunity to unbend a little, and stooping he kissed Bessie's blushing cheek.

"Why, Gussie," whispered the indignant Bessie.

"Augustus," called Madeleine.

"Yes, Miss Cateret," he answered, halting suddenly, while Bessie felt as if the roof ought to fall and crush them.

"Augustus, not a word about Mr. Kenner, until he appears." Gus nodded, with a cunning grin, and they all took their places at table. Soup had hardly been served, when the bell rang.

"Mr. Kenner or Mr. Dawes," ejaculated Mr. Cateret, dropping his spoon, and half rising; but a look from Madeleine settled him back into his seat again. Soon Millie brought in Mr. Dawes' card, which she handed Madeleine. "Mr. Dawes and Mr. Kenner," said Madeleine, promptly. Again Mr. Cateret made a spasmodic effort to rise, and again a glance from Madeleine caused him to change his mind.

"Perhaps you had better receive the gentlemen, my dear," he said, feebly. Madeleine excused herself, and left the table. Mr. Cateret regained his composure.

"Milly, that decanter of sherry. Gus, I drink to you fiancée! It gives me great pleasure to be able to present you to such distinguished members of the Exchange as Mr. Dawes and Mr. Kenner."

This was almost too much for Gus' power of endurance; he grew frightfully red in the face, and Bessie looked at him beseechingly.

Just then Madeleine entered the room with Mr. Dawes. Mr. Cateret instantly arose, and greeted his guest with a most urbane air.

"Most happy to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Dawes at my own table; Mr. Dawes, my future partner, Mr. Duck,"—with a dignified wave of his hand toward Gus. "Mrs. Merrill, Miss Merrill, Mr. David Duck;" Mr. Dawes bowed profoundly. Just then Mr. Cateret bethought himself—"but bless me, where is Mr. Kenner? Excuse me, but I——"

This time he was arrested by a move of Mr. Dawes, who taking Madeleine's hand, led her up to her father.

"My dear Mr. Cateret," he said, in a grave tone, "allow me to present 'Mr. Charles Kenner,' the most successful operator on 'Change.'"

Mr. Cateret's face grew red and his eyes seemed popping out of his head.

"Good! good! that's good!" he exclaimed, "but really we ought not to neglect,"—he paused, grew white, and grasped the back of his chair; something on the faces of those before him, told him this was no joke. Madeleine thought him about to faint, and sprang to his side.

"Yes, papa, it is true," she said, "what Mr. Dawes has told you, *I am Charles Kenner.*"

Mr. Cateret had lost the use of his legs; they trembled under him, and he slipped into his chair. Recovering himself a little, he smiled.

"Pray be seated, Mr. Dawes," he said mildly, "be seated Madeleine." Mr. Cateret rarely used Madeleine's full Christian name, but he seemed dazed, his forehead was covered with perspiration, and he raised his handkerchief to dry it.

"I know it must be a great surprise to you, Mr. Cateret, to find that your daughter and Mr. Charles Kenner, the bold operator, are one and the same person," remarked Mr. Dawes, "but I take great pleasure in telling you that it is a fact, and that in your daughter, you have, without exception, not alone the most beautiful, but the most gifted young lady in New York."

The speech was a commonplace one, but it served its purpose, and enabled Mr. Cateret to recover his equanimity. The few moments before had been painful to all; his surprise was so complete, that it amounted to a shock; but he soon recovered from the mortification he had felt, and looking around the table he fixed his eyes on Gus.

"Gus, you rascal, *you* were in this, too, you told me Mr. Kenner was a tall, handsome fellow with a black beard."

Gus looked confused, but Madeleine came to his aid.

"It's all my fault, papa, I told Gus you must not know, and he must do the best he could to put you off the track."

"And he did completely. Well, well, my Maddy 'Charles Kenner'—Say, Maddy, where did you learn it all?"

"Why, papa, you must think me stupid to listen to your talk for months, and not learn anything." Mr. Cateret caught at this.

"To be sure, you always knew what I thought about the market, and you acted on my theories. Eh? We get timid, Mr. Dawes, as we get older, but these young ones are daring. Ladies and gentlemen: I propose the health of 'Charles Kenner.'"

Amid great applause the toast was drank, and Mr. Cateret felt himself again.

From this out, the dinner passed off gayly, Mr. Dawes dropped his taciturnity, and became absolutely jolly. Mr. Cateret was witty and confidential by turns. The Merrills and Davie were quiet, but enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

And as for Gus, after a glass or two of wine, he entertained the whole table with his drolleries.

After dinner Mr. Dawes was obliged to take his leave. The rest adjourned to the library, and Mr. Cateret, now fully recovered from his astonishment, really conceived that to him alone was due Madeleine's success as a financier. He told delightful fairy tales of operations on the "Board," brought out his finest cigars for Gus, teased Bessie until she turned scarlet, and was in every way the genial host, and accomplished gentleman.

When the Merrills, Gus and Davie were finally driven home in Madeleine's private carriage—she would not permit them to go in any other way—the hearts of all were full at their handsome reception; and for many a day it served as a topic for their evening conversation at Davie's "Roost."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ORDER OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

THE door had hardly closed upon her retreating guests when Madeleine remarked:

"Papa, I think I'll go up-stairs."

Now, Papa Cateret wished to ask multitudes of questions. He thought now the "cat was out of the bag," he would learn all about Charles Kenner's operations; he was never more mistaken in his life.

"Oh, don't go to bed yet, Maddy, everything is so comfortable here," he begged. But Madeleine's mind was flooded with thoughts, which she desired to arrange systematically.

"Not to-night, papa, I'm sleepy. Good-night," and impressing a light kiss on either cheek, she hurried up-stairs, and Mr. Cateret sank gloomily into a chair, and chewed the end of his cigar in an absent-minded way, while wishing Madeleine a boy, who would be "chummy."

Madeleine, divested of her dress, and enveloped in a warm wrapper, seated herself in a low chair, and thrust out her slippered feet toward the grate fire. 'Tis no intrusion for us to investigate these musings of Madeleine; we know her characteristics, and betray no confidence. As she pulled out one hairpin after another, and allowed that luxuriant mass of hair to fall loosely over her shoulders, she looked too sweet and beautiful to suggest to the mind of the beholder, any other thought than admiration. The marks which time, thought, and character, impress upon human lineaments were almost wanting. One might have

said the lines of her mouth were somewhat hard, but she was alone, and deep in thought. How few women bear critical inspection in their unguarded moments! At that instant Madeleine was running over in her mind the incidents of Hugo's confession of love in the conservatory. She saw his eager, handsome, pleading countenance; but the thought aroused no gleam of fancy; no flush of pleasure mantled her cheek, as might have happened had her heart been tenderer. She smiled a little, but it was the smile of gratified pride. The same smile came when she thought of the dinner that evening, and her father's astonishment to learn that his daughter was Charles Kenner. She settled back in her chair in complete satisfaction at the culmination of her efforts. The warm, soft wrapper, the cheerful fire, her successful "*coup*;" all these made her happy, but it was the happiness which comes from a selfish gratification. Her face changed again. She was thinking of Monsieur Laujac, and his entrance into the conservatory.

"How keenly he looked at us as he came in. He must have suspected something. What a strange and interesting man he is. His life must have been an eventful one. He'll be a good man to help me with this plan of mine about the society. I must talk with him about it, he is full of ideas." Somehow the recollection of Monsieur Laujac had aroused all her mental activity; as a passing thought evokes a train of ideas which leads us entirely away from the exciting cause. All her idleness and inactivity engendered by the warm fire, and her comfortable position, disappeared. She sat clutching the arm of her chair with either hand, her body bent half forward, in what would have been, were she aware of it, a most uncomfortable position. Her eyes were fixed upon the glowing coals; her condition was a strange one. The bright glare, and her concentration of thought, had unconsciously half

hypnotized her. Externals to her now did not exist, and her mind, freed from all the antagonism of material existence, was busy formulating a plan, of which before she had only a vague idea. Madeleine's design was to unite all the friends of the South in New York in an organization which would have for its object the furtherance of the Southern cause. Hitherto she could not fix upon any plan or scheme which seemed entirely satisfactory. Now it was all clear. She would form a society or order into which persons of both sexes should be admitted. These members should pledge themselves to furnish either financial, political, or physical aid to the South, in her efforts to obtain her independence. One could pledge one's self to take either one or all three of the degrees. The first, financial, should be benevolent; the second, political, should be social and practical; the third, physical, might be military. Only those of known trustworthiness and true fidelity were to be admitted as the possessors of a distinguishing badge, which carried with it certain obligations, and would be a voucher for the honesty and integrity of the wearer—who would be known as a brother or sister of the order. The slamming of a door below aroused her from this hypnotic state, and she sank back in her chair, her heart beating rapidly, and physically quite weak and limp. Her self-concentration had been so great that her intellect had seemed, for the time being, isolated from her body. While the animal functions went on with automatic precision, the spiritual essence had absented itself, while performing the creative act, and reunion was brought about by the sharp shock to the auditory nerves. It is hardly proper for the novelist to introduce into the thread of the story distracting ideas; but the thought occurs that the time may come when, better instructed in the adjustments which exist between physical and mental natures, we may *at will* disconnect spirit from matter, either for the purpose of purely

speculative study, or to rid ourselves, for the time being, of the inherited or acquired ills which all flesh is heir to. The limitless possibilities of the human mind, when trained to free itself from gross materialism, becomes daily a more and more absorbing topic for the speculative intellect.

When Madeleine finally finished her plans the night was far advanced. The fire was burning low, and she shivered as she slowly undressed and sought her bed. Her mind was in a sad turmoil with all the grand ideas she had evoked, and sleep did not readily come to greet her. The result was that she was late at breakfast. But a cold bath, and a brisk rub, had removed every trace of mental fatigue, when she did appear. Hardly had she sipped the last drop of Aunt Sally's delicious coffee, when Monsieur Laujac's card was brought in.

"How fortunate," she thought, "just the man of all men I most wished to see. Show him into the library, Millie, and ask him if he will have a cup of coffee. Tell him I will be with him in ten minutes;" and Madeleine hastened up-stairs to dress. In less than the specified time, she entered the library and found Monsieur Laujac waiting. He was engaged in writing a note.

"Pardon the liberty I have taken, but I was reminded of a letter I desired to write upon seeing the desk and paper, Miss Cateret."

"Do not apologize, Monsieur Laujac, please go on and finish your letter, I have a few directions to give my cook, meanwhile you will have finished writing, and we can have a chat."

Thus encouraged, Monsieur Laujac added a few lines to a closely-written letter, placed it in an envelope, and addressed it to General Peter Johannes Beckx, S.J., Rome, Italy, blotted it, and placed it in an inside pocket just as Madeleine returned. The facts of the case were, that noticing Madeleine's portfolio, he had thoroughly rum-

maged through it, and found a letter from Secretary Floyd, intimating that Mr. Lincoln's election was a foregone conclusion, and telling her that in the event of it taking place the Cabinet would be dissolved. This certainly was worth reporting at Rome, and partially atoned for his mistake of the night before. Later in his career the fact of his writing this letter very nearly unhorsed him from the steed he was riding.

Madeleine designed subjecting the Frenchman to a little catechizing. She wished to learn the extent of his interest in the South, before admitting him to her scheme. She little knew with whom she had to deal. In such matters she was a baby compared to Monsieur Laujac, who quickly arrived at her intentions, and fell in with her views until he learned their purport.

"You must find America a terribly prosaic place after *la belle France*, monsieur. Do you remain here long?"

"Ah, mademoiselle, with true American impetuosity you have launched two questions at me in one breath," replied the Jesuit, smilingly.

"America is certainly not France, nor is New York Paris, but New York, which is all I have seen of America, is far from prosaic. Your gentlemen are, perhaps, a little brusque, too much pre-occupied with business, but for all that, interesting. What they lack in culture and art they make up in energy and enterprise. You are settling some questions here. You attack problems in a day over which we delay for years. Just now, for instance, you are struggling with a tremendous question—the rights of States, and the power of the General Government to compel obedience to its mandates. The North, while interested in this question, seems hardly to feel it so vital a point as the South. This may eventuate in a struggle between the two sections of the country." Monsieur Laujac paused a moment, and Madeleine gently leaned forward and said:

“And where will Monsieur Laujac be found; on which side of the struggle?”

“Oh! as for me, Miss Cateret, I am an alien, I must be neutral,” he replied, laughingly.

“A neutral,” repeated Madeleine with an accent of scorn, which would have brought the blood to the cheeks of the tamest of mankind. Monsieur Laujac simply smiled. No current of blood came with quickened force to tinge *his* cheeks at this scornful tone of the beautiful woman who confronted him.

“Have you no opinion then, no enthusiasm, no chivalry? I have heard of foreigners who took service in the French army to maintain what they considered the rights of man. Does not your blood boil at the outrages inflicted upon the South?” Madeleine stood before him clutching the paper containing the draft of the organization she wished to consult him about. “It seems to me, Monsieur Laujac,” she continued, “that Dr. Maginn must have been woefully mistaken in your character when he introduced you into this house.” This was said rather insolently than resentfully.

“My dear Miss Cateret,” replied Monsieur Laujac calmly, “it was *because* good Dr. Maginn knew me thoroughly that he did me the honor to bring me here; may I beg of you to be seated and listen to me a moment?”

A little self-consciousness that perhaps she had been too hasty, caused Madeleine to resume her seat. Madeleine's remark upon meeting him that morning, and her return to the room with the roll of paper in her hand, showed him plainly that she wished to consult him about some important matter. He did not wish to thwart this confidential disclosure. Assuming a very grave and serious manner, he interlaced his fingers, and resting them in his lap leaned slightly toward her.

“Miss Cateret,” he said, “I wonder whether you have

the curiosity to know my sole purpose in visiting America. It is hardly a time for a traveller to make a tour of the country. I have given it out that I am an agent of an arms manufactory. I know, perhaps, as little about these matters as you do." Madeleine became instantly interested. Here was a secret, and what woman can refuse to listen to a secret?

"The truth is, I *do* take a great interest in the struggle which is now precipitating itself upon this country. I represent, unofficially, no less a person than the Emperor himself, who favors the South. Openly he can do nothing, other nations are watching his attitude; but he, or perhaps I should say the Empress, is on the side of the South. My mission is a secret one, I cannot openly declare for one side or the other, that would jeopardize my chance of obtaining information. Now you understand my position, I trust you will respect my secret; even Dr. Maginn does not know it."

"Indeed I will! indeed I will!" exclaimed Madeleine, "and let me say I am ashamed of my suspicions," and she put her hand in the soft palm of the Jesuits which was put forward to receive it.

"And now I will tell you *my* secret," said Madeleine, gayly.

"It has occurred to me that some organization ought to be adopted by those of us who live in the North whereby we may render efficient service to the South. An organization which shall bind us together to work in common; and I have made an imperfect draft of such an order."

All this suited Laujac's Jesuitical turn of mind.

"What is the order to be called, Miss Cateret? Give it an attractive name. Patriotism is fine in itself, but you must make it interesting as well as honorable."

"Then you do not fully believe in the earnestness of the Southern patriots?"

"Oh, I do not doubt the enthusiasm of you Southerners, but a gilded pill is better than a plain bitter one, other things being equal."

"How would the 'Star of the South' do for a name?" inquired Madeleine, with a little feeling of trepidation.

"Very good, and very suggestive, but if I recollect aright, I have heard that there was once an order called the 'Lone Star' prevalent in this country or Cuba, some years ago."

Madeleine was astonished at his knowledge.

"I have thought of one which I offer for your consideration. How would the 'Order of the Southern Cross' do?"

"Capital! capital!" exclaimed Madeleine, "I knew you could help me! That will be symbolical and political." Then looking at him quickly, she said, "has it any other signification, monsieur?"

"None that I can think of, unless it be faith in the cause," he replied.

Madeleine had fancied he meant more than he said, but allowed it to pass.

Then they looked over the draft. Monsieur Laujac made some alterations here and there, which his greater experience suggested, but practically he left it intact, wondering all the while at the genius the girl had displayed in its conception.

Madeleine, full of her new project, told him she intended having a meeting called immediately, and made him agree that he would be present, which he promised before he left the house, although at first reluctant to make himself so prominent. Madeleine's invitations went out that day; and as the ball to the Prince of Wales was to occur, she made her arrangements to have her friends all present on the next evening. All Madeleine's trusty lieutenants were ordered out to work for the cause, and when the next evening came her parlors were well filled with the faithful. Dr. Maginn, who had just returned from Watervliet,

where, at the suggestion of Howell Cobb, he had purchased several thousand stand of arms for the South, was present, and Madeleine pressed him into service to explain the design of the order, and then she brought out the roll for them to sign. It was arranged so that members might sign under the form they elected to favor with their support. When it came Madeleine's turn to sign she wrote her name under each of the three grades, "financial, political, and physical," assuming the obligation to furnish monetary, political, or even military aid to the Order. Dr. Maginn noticing this, slyly remarked to her that he had just purchased fifty thousand stand of arms, and he could loan her a musket.

"Do not laugh, my dear doctor, I may yet carry some form of weapon in aid of the South," said Madeleine earnestly, "more timid women than I may yet fire a gun in the cause of freedom. Don't make fun of our Order, for we shall make you Chief." And so it was, for when it came to balloting for officers, Dr. Maginn was chosen Chief and Madeleine, Secretary.

The amiable doctor, in a witty little speech, accepted the office. Although his speech was witty it was not wanting in earnestness, and toward the close he seemed fully to appreciate the magnitude of the undertaking, and the same expression I have before mentioned came over his countenance, as he deplored the necessity of their organization. He bade them all to be of good cheer. "It was God's work they were doing," and he only hoped they might find a Joshua to lead them to victory.

Then Madeleine pinned a little badge—of white silver thread, on black cloth—upon the left breast of every member, and an adjournment was taken until notified by the Secretary of a future meeting.

Thus originated an order which did much toward affording aid and comfort to the South during the long war which was to follow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BALL.

A TRAVELLER sauntering forth from his hotel in New York on a certain morning in October, 1860, would have been struck by the look on the faces of the passers-by. This look seemed one of exhilaration; gratified pride would produce about the same facial expression. All walked with a jaunty air, and seemed inwardly chuckling—not at anything arising in the line of vision, for in whichever direction this observant traveller had chanced to extend his stroll, he would have noticed the same pleasant, self-satisfied, almost grinning countenances. He would have felt that had any occasion for addressing any of these people arisen, the reply would have been pleasantly given. Upon unfolding his paper the secret would have been out, for he would have seen this heading, “THE PRINCE IS HERE,” and when the waiter came to take his order he would have prefaced his request with the remark, “The Prince is here, sir.” Yes, the Prince of Wales was in New York; and the satisfaction of the good people at this fact was something incomprehensible. Here, where he should have been a ruler, he now comes as an honored visitor, and New York seemed determined to efface from the princely mind any misgivings he might have had as to his reception. What hopes, what fears, what longings, disturbed the minds of maids and matrons, as they read the announcement! A genuine prince was something few had ever seen. Foreign travel was a rare thing in those days, and there were none to describe a prince. How did the envied mortal look?

Children referred to their fairy tales, and thought of Cinderella and *her* prince. Older people wondered and thought; does he eat, sleep, and drink like an ordinary young man? Was the clay of which he was made of a finer grade than that of which they were constructed? Was his mien more noble, his eye more piercing, his intellect more subtle? It must be confessed in those days Americans were quite innocent of the knowledge of how royalty looked. Time and travel have changed all that, and this same Prince is much less interesting at forty-eight, than he was at eighteen.

New York on this day had but one thought, to see the Prince, and do him honor. There was a ball to be given in the Academy, and the fairest maidens and bravest men will be there. Heart burnings there will be, for all cannot bask in the sunshine of his glances, but all will be there to greet him. The Academy has been decorated with lavish expenditure, the stars and stripes are entwined with the union jack; all animosity has been put aside, and a glowing welcome awaits the Prince. Carriage after carriage deposits its load of guests at the door; and thickly clustered around the "*hoi polloi*" enjoy the unusual sight; and the language of the street, witty, spontaneous, and indescribable in its humorous sarcasm, flies back and forth, at each new arrival.

Inside, the large floor is gradually filling up. At one end of the Academy several chair and lounges were placed, and here the Prince was to take his stand. A sudden stir in the great throng, a craning forward of necks, a noisy hum of expectation, and there the Prince stood; a large-eyed, pleasant-faced, long-haired, gentle-looking youth.

Beside him stands the Duke of Newcastle, next to him the Earl of St. German, and others of his suite grouped around. "Hail to the Chief" and "God save the Queen," crashed upon the ear; and then the Prince opened the ball

by leading out Mrs. Governor Morgan for the first quadrille. Then came a wild scramble for places; all wanted to be as near as possible to the first set. The wealthy butcher from Fulton Market, who had obtained a ticket through "infloence," paraded his beefy spouse with him, alongside of Mrs. Schuyler Livingston; and Madam de la Mode, née O'Brien, elbowed the aristocratic Fernando Wood, New York's Mayor. It was, indeed, a democratic assembly; but all were good natured, for had they not a Prince for a guest?

To tell their children and grandchildren how they had danced at the Prince's ball, and almost trod upon his princely toes, was a thing none wished to miss. The first quadrille over, a few introductions took place, and curiosity having been satisfied, all began to enjoy themselves; when crash! down came a heavy vase almost upon the head of the Prince. Hugo, who happened, with his sister, to have been forced near his Highness, noticed it toppling, and sprang forward in time to save the royal toes from being jammed. The Prince politely bowed his thanks, and the ball went on. A few moments later Major Teesdale came up to Hugo, and introducing himself, conveyed to him his Highness' thanks. An introduction to Doris was a matter of course, and the gallant Major begged for her hand for the next dance. This left Hugo at liberty to seek Madeleine, for despite the pronounced rebuff he had experienced at the Richmonds, he had not yet relinquished all hope of winning her hand.

Too strongly had this siren woven her fetters around his heart for him to readily shake himself free. Consciously, or unconsciously, Madeleine must have recognized this, for when he did see her he found her eyes fixed on him. What a vision of ravishing beauty she appeared! Queenly in her height and carriage, she, of all the ladies present, might easily have been presumed of noble birth. Her

dress of gossamer-like, white illusion, over an underskirt of white silk, the whole ornamented with flowers, was vastly becoming to her grand style of beauty. Her masses of black hair, contrary to the prevailing fashion, were brushed back from her forehead and temples, forming a frame-work for her exquisitely modelled face. Around her neck she wore her mother's string of pearls, and on her left breast was pinned a small ebony cross, set with pearls, presented her that morning by Monsieur Laujac. Madeleine would have refused any ordinary gift, but this one, emblematical of the "Order," she chose to accept.

When Hugo saw her she was standing with her father. As her eye met his, his face flushed with pleasure. Just a little hesitation there was on his part, and then overboard went his pride, and he approached slowly through the crowd toward those brilliant eyes, which drew him ever on. How sweet the smile, and how gracious the air with which she recognized him! Was there yet hope for him? How we men fool ourselves, when looking into the eyes of a beautiful woman! How easily they divine our thoughts, and how obtuse they seem! Eve may have lost Paradise, but in that one act she gained control of the kingdom of man, and the wildest serpent of them all will never succeed in ousting her from *that* dominion. One could almost swear the sacrifice a designed one; and through all these ages woman has been laughing in her sleeve at the misplaced sympathy bestowed upon her.

As Hugo came up the next dance was just on, and Mr. Cateret readily relinquished his daughter, at Hugo's request for her hand. With the exercise of a little adroitness, Hugo managed to land himself and his partner in the same set with his sister and Major Teesdale, who seemed to have established very friendly relations with Doris, for she was laughing merrily at some droll story of his, when Hugo and Madeleine came up. The gallant major was presented

to Madeleine, and during the few moments before the dance commenced, he hardly took his eyes from her face. In the next set above them was the Prince with Miss Livingston for a partner, and as the evolutions of the quadrille often brought him almost vis-à-vis with Madeleine, his eye sought hers in undisguised admiration. Nothing loth to encourage a Prince, when she would have ignored a similar scrutiny from almost any one else, Madeleine replied in kind, and was not surprised when Major Teesdale, who had left them a moment after the dance was over, returned and asked if he should not present them to his Royal Highness, who wished to thank Mr. Bernhard personally for his prompt assistance in the early part of the evening. Madeleine alone saw through the polite ruse on the part of the Major; and all assented readily at the proposed distinction. Thoroughly versed in all such matters, the Major made the presentation in the simplest manner, and the Prince greeted them most affably, and thanking Hugo for his quickly rendered service, fell instantly into conversation with Madeleine.

“Your name would suggest that you were not an American, Miss Cateret?” he remarked interrogatively.

“Yes, indeed, I am, your Highness,” answered Madeleine quickly. “I was born in the South, although of French parentage, but,”—interrupting herself—“your Highness did not come to America to see foreigners?”

“Most assuredly not, Miss Cateret, on the contrary, I find American women too charming to wish to meet any other,” and he bowed slightly.

Madeleine’s response was an instantaneous ripple of laughter. The Prince was too young for her to feel it a breach of etiquette to give way to her merriment.

“You do not doubt my word, Miss Cateret?” continued the Prince with an injured air.

“Oh, no, most assuredly not,” answered Madeleine mock-

ingly. "A king can do no wrong, and a Prince can tell no stories."

"He can, but he won't in this instance, Miss Cateret; he adheres to his original statement."

"A delightful prerogative, that exercised by royalty, your Highness; for a moment, I am tempted to envy you your privileges," retorted Madeleine.

"That Miss Cateret can envy me anything, is a source of profound regret," replied the young Prince very politely. A light blush suffused Madeleine's countenance, heightening the beauty of the face into which the Prince was gazing. Before Madeleine could reply the Major, Commodore Vanderfelt, Mr. Richmond, and Grace joined the circle surrounding the Prince and further discourse was prohibited.

What Madeleine had said was not particularly witty, nor had the Prince's responses been more than commonplace, but they were two young people, and the eyes of both had been fully occupied, his in admiring, hers in attracting attention. Although another partner had been provided for his Royal Highness, the Prince determined to dance with Madeleine.

"Teesdale, you must make it appear that there has been a mistake, and put the lady off one dance; this time I lead Miss Cateret out," said the Prince, *sotto voce*. A few moments before this aside of the Prince, Commodore Vanderfelt, thumb in arm-hole of his vest—which was cut very low exposing his ample ruffled shirt front—his nose in the air, and his elbows in everybody's ribs, accosted Mr. Richmond.

"I say, Richmond, isn't that Cateret's girl talking with the Prince just now?" and the Commodore indicated with a jerk of his thumb the direction.

"It certainly is, Commodore, didn't you recognize her?"

"Thought so," muttered the "Prince of the money

world," without directly replying. "Let's go over there," and disregarding all forms of etiquette, he hurried Mr. Richmond and Grace toward where the Prince, Madeleine, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Lyons were standing.

"Good-evening, Miss Cateret," called out, rather than spoke, the great "Money King," just as the Prince, having obtained the promise of Madeleine's hand for the next dance, turned to reply to some remark of the Duke.

"Good-evening, Commodore, good-evening, Mr. Richmond, Grace," responded Madeleine, turning her peerless figure toward his Money Highness, and her friends.

"Is he nice, Madeleine?" whispered Grace leaning toward her.

"Very," smiled Madeleine.

"Of course, you little humbug, isn't he a Prince," grunted the Commodore under his breath.

"O Madeleine, do contrive an introduction for me," urged Grace, pathetically.

Madeleine promised to arrange it through Major Teesdale.

"Has the youngster got any brains, Miss Cateret?" asked the Commodore superciliously.

"My dear Commodore, I am not an anatomist; he certainly is very agreeable, and evidently has a good common-school education. He is at least polite!" This was said rather maliciously.

"Tut! tut! Miss Cateret, his mother looked out for that. But has he any ability, does he amount to anything? You do; does he?"

"Commodore," replied Madeleine, determined not to lose her temper, "why don't you cross-question him?"

"Tried to," jerked out the Commodore, "but he wouldn't talk." This was too much for Madeleine's self-control. She laughed heartily, and leaning forward put her hand on the Commodore's wrist.

"Next time don't patronize him too much," she whispered. The old man's face grew red, and for a moment he looked confused, but ended by laughing himself.

"Guess you are about right, you little witch; he's nothing but a boy anyhow," and with this salve to his self-esteem, he turned away, as Major Teesdale came up to conduct Madeleine to the side of the Prince.

"A striking-looking old gentleman," remarked the Major, alluding to Commodore Vanderfelt, "he reminds me of one of our better class of country squires at home; a little testy, is he not?"

"A little, perhaps, when crossed," replied Madeleine, in answer to the latter part of the query. "Why do you think so?" The Major looked rather quizzically at Madeleine.

"Well, Major Teesdale, go on, the Commodore is no friend of mine," she said.

"Then I may say that the Prince was obliged to snub him a little; the old gentleman attempted to patronize him, and made a dismal failure. I suppose he is very rich?"

"Vulgarly so," laughed Madeleine. Just then the Prince stepped forward to claim his partner. This dance with the Prince attracted an unusual amount of attention; Madeleine's striking beauty and the Prince's very deferential air toward her, evoked an endless amount of comment.

"Who is she? What style! Did you ever see a more beautiful girl?" These remarks were heard on all sides. As for Madeleine, conscious that she was observed by all, her dancing and deportment were grace itself. As for the Prince, his gaze was riveted on her face, and he went through the form of dancing in a perfunctory sort of a way. In one of the figures his arm inadvertently brushed against the pin which Monsieur Laujac had given her; it became unfastened, and fell to the floor, where it was instantly

crushed by the foot of the Prince. With an exclamation of dismay, he stopped and picked it up, only to find it irretrievably ruined. The cross was broken, and most of the pearls crushed out of shape.

"What an awkward fellow I am, Miss Cateret," he exclaimed in dismay. "Was this an emblem?" for he noticed the words, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité, O. of S. C.," on the back. For a moment, Madeleine had turned pale when she saw the damage done; it appeared symbolical of the fate of the Confederation, but recovering herself, she begged the Prince, "not to mind it, it could be repaired."

"I charge myself with that duty, Miss Cateret," he replied, "but did you notice this has thirteen pearls—an unlucky number—and these words, this jargon of the French revolution? it has all a meaning," and he looked in Madeleine's face, and met there such an intense expression, that even Royalty was for a moment abashed.

"I told your Highness I was a Southern girl, did you ever hear of the Southern Cross? Do you know we mean to be free? Do you know that a revolution is imminent? Is England with us?" As Madeleine spoke these words, or rather whispered them, her cheeks were flushed, and she looked like an inspired Pythoness. What the Prince would have said we cannot say, for the dance being ended, the watchful Newcastle took the Prince away, and Hugo pounced upon Madeleine for his promised dance. And then the ball went on. One thing puzzled Madeleine; as she whispered to the Prince, she caught the eye of Monsieur Laujac, who, a few steps away, was intently gazing at her. A solemn sneer, which she had never seen upon his countenance before, rested there. Did he notice the mishap of the cross?

CHAPTER XXIV.

DORIS IN THE RÔLE OF AN EDUCATOR OF YOUTH.

THE Richmond family had become, in the course of time, much attached to Doris Bernhard. At first it was Grace, but later the whole family became devoted to her. Hugo was looking up a place for a studio, and at the urgent request of Mrs. Richmond and Grace, Doris consented to spend a few weeks with them. Mrs. Richmond, of whom little has been said, was a woman of great force of character, entirely worldly, always alert and seeking for an opportunity to advance the Richmond interests. Mrs. Richmond was a large woman, a pugnacious woman, and a little overbearing in manner. She was honest in her purpose, but she meant things to go her way; resolute and uncompromising in her character, she resented as outrageous and impertinent all opinions which differed from hers. It was easy to provoke argument with her, but hard to withdraw from it; with her it was constant attack; defend yourself if you were able. Such a character as this, always in perfect health, was a power, and no move was made in the Richmond household which she did not pronounce satisfactory. While Grace was her father's favorite, Harry, the big, handsome son, was his mother's darling. In size, impetuosity, and energy, he resembled his mother. One of Mrs. Richmond's hobbies was, the proper mating of the human race to produce perfect children; large, strong and robust herself, she disliked delicate or puny people, and it was a source of great disappointment to her that Grace was so slight. "She may be fairly healthy, my dear," she said

to one of her intimates, "but she is not a Richmond." Look at her father! Look at her brother! Look at her uncles." This disparagement of Grace, however, was by no means merited. Although she was slight and nervous, she was not delicate, and promised, later in life, to rival her mother in size, as she certainly would in energy. When Doris entered the household, Mrs. Richmond succumbed immediately. Here was a girl after her own heart, larger even than she was herself, if not as stout. With magnificent shoulders and bust, a large white neck, pink and white cheeks, a veritable Juno in carriage, and having a frank, fearless way which defied deceit. Mrs. Richmond immediately set her wishing cap agoing, and her wish was, that Harry should fall in love with this amiable Amazon. For some time past Mrs. Richmond had discovered that Harry was inclined to be a little wild. He was irregular at his meals, came home all hours of the night and morning, kept whiskey in his room, and made a "pig-pen,"—as she expressed it—of it, with his pipes, cigars and ashes. "What he needed was a wife to keep him straight; all men needed one, and just now he most of all."

"What a pair they'd make, Grace," she said one morning, when alone with her daughter. "What a great thing it would be if they would fall in love with each other!"

"Good for him, perhaps, but not for her."

"Why, Grace Richmond!" ejaculated her mother with explosive force, "what do you mean? Any girl might be proud if your brother preferred her."

Grace shook her head. "You may think that true, mother, but I do not. Doris is a very lovely girl, and I think Harry could have a great many improvements made on him before he could become a good match for such a noble girl."

"Grace!" said her mother emphatically, "I will not have you speak so about your brother, boys are not like

girls; would you have him sit in the house all day mending his own stockings, or reading some goody goody book, and know nothing about life in the world? How is he ever to learn what life is, learn to protect his wife when he gets her, if he dawdles away his time at home? What would you make of him? an emasculated dandy, a girl-man, who simpers and blushes and is afraid of a mouse? You may like such a man as that, but I don't.

"Harry is a big, healthy, good-natured animal, just now, I admit, but he has the making of a fine man, he only needs a little directing by a woman he loves and who loves him," and Mrs. Richmond stood over Grace as if she would annihilate her; but Grace folded her hands in her lap and viewed her mother calmly.

"So you would like to have him marry Doris that she might educate him? Poor Doris! What a mission for her," and Grace shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Grace Richmond!" and Mrs. Richmond's ponderous form swelled up in righteous indignation. "You have not one bit of love for your only brother. He is worth two of you, but don't you dare interfere! That girl may be an angel, but she is none too good for Harry, and she shall marry him or my name is not Susan Richmond!" And Mrs. Richmond, mater, strode out of the room with her chin high in the air, and banged the door after her.

"Harry is a good, dear boy," muttered Grace, after her mother left the room, "but he is too wild, and mother leads him to think too well of himself; he needs a little taking down, and I believe Doris can do it."

And what of Doris? Was she to lend herself to the "taking down" process? Ever since her advent into the household Harry Richmond had manifested a decided liking for her. Mrs. Richmond had stated the case frankly, when she said Harry was at the present time a "good-natured animal;" horse-races, "chicken disputes," boxing,

wrestling, etc., were all in his line. He often saw the sun rise and heard the rattle of the milk wagons, but unfortunately, he was on the wrong side of the house when this happened. Since Doris became an occupant of the house things were changed. Harry suddenly found business engrossing, and remained home nights to talk over the markets with the "governor" after dinner. Quite frequently, he had taken Grace and Doris to some concert, or art exhibition, and showed none of the indifference or absolute scorn noticeable on former occasions, when Grace pressed him into service as an escort. Doris had found her new home very pleasant. Grace's sisterly affection was very grateful to her, and Mrs. Richmond was kindness itself. As for Harry, he had become thoroughly devoted, and it was "Harry" and "Doris," as though they had known each other for years. Grace with her winsome ways, wormed her way into Doris' heart, and who could resist her! A victim of moods, one moment in tears, and then brimming over with mirth and frolicsomeness. While disposed to criticise this unevenness of temperament, one could only say, "how generous she is! What a bewitching creature!" in fact, she wore her "heart upon her sleeve." Whoever was base enough to injure her, could easily study the effect of their cruelty. A look of reproach, a slight neglect on the part of a friend, and then you saw that restless, palpitating heart shrinking or expanding as you willed it.

But to return to Doris. Early evidence of Harry's interest manifested itself so plainly that she could not but recognize it, and although she was attracted by his warm, manly nature, and recognized many good, sterling traits in his character, she had not lost her heart, for she was resolute and self-contained; there was nothing impulsive about her.

"What is it makes me so naughty?" Grace inquired one

evening of Doris, apropos to some explosion which had taken place.

"Internal cussedness," suggested Harry nonchalantly.

"I'll tell you, Grace dear," replied Doris, "you have never been accustomed to restrain yourself. Don't fly into a passion at everything which annoys you."

"That's very easy for you to say, Doris, who do not know what passion means"—Doris flushed a little—"but I'm no iceberg, why, I'd turn all gall, if I couldn't explode on people. Oh, dear! I s'pose I'se born so."

Doris seemed to be gradually supplanting Madeleine in Grace's affection, for on several occasions lately the latter had treated Grace in such a condescending way that the young lady was considerably exasperated.

"I have always loved and admired Madeleine," she said to Doris, "but I cannot endure her patronizing ways of late. She smiles a sort of '*de haut en bas*' smile, that makes me feel wicked."

"I believe Miss Cateret is a selfish, ambitious girl, Grace. I think she is proud and cold-hearted. She certainly has a wonderful power over people," said Doris in reply. "She seems to look over our heads."

"A difficult thing for her to do in your case, Doris, dear," laughed Grace.

"You know what I mean, Grace, I have never talked with her much, but she seems continually on exhibition, like a 'salon picture.'"

"That may be, in a way," said Grace, thoughtfully, "but I must say she has always been kind to me."

"You never opposed her will, Grace. Trust me, scratch her smooth skin, and you would find the Tartar underneath, only it is well veneered."

"All prejudice, my dear Doris; I would be willing to make a wager, that if she spent the evening with you, you would be her devoted admirer as I am." Doris shook her

head; the fact was, she was dissatisfied with Madeleine's influence over Hugo; she thought her amusing herself with him, and of all the people in the world, her brother was to her the dearest. She knew Hugo was infatuated, and nothing she had seen on Madeleine's part indicated anything more than friendly interest. She had also seen that she played with him, she had noticed this in the conservatory at the exhibition of his pictures, and it made her bitter against Madeleine. In Doris' mind Hugo was to become a great artist, and she would keep house for him and make him comfortable.

But there were other things in store for both Hugo and Doris. The whole Richmond family were very much in love with Doris, and all, except Grace, had decided that she must marry Harry. Even Grace would have liked this, but Harry was wild, and she doubted if Doris could be brought to see that she was the one who ought to take him in hand and tame him.

In solemn family conclave it was decided that Harry ought to marry, and Doris was the victim chosen for the sacrifice. There was no thought of the girl and her wishes. Pure, lovely and good, as she was, a noble woman, with a sterling character, there was no question as to what her fate might be. The only consideration was, "is she the woman to lead him back into straight paths?" The decree was, "no better could be found." From that moment, the praises of Harry were sung in all keys in Doris' patient ears. Harry, himself, although not taken into the council, seemed to feel that every one was favorable, and laid violent siege to Doris' heart. But the Connecticut maiden had a mind of her own, as master Harry found out to his sorrow, when after dancing attendance upon Doris and Grace for weeks, he finally summoned up courage, one evening, when the family were all away except Doris and Grace—who, willing to give Harry a chance, remained on

some trivial pretext in her room—to ask Doris to be his wife.

The big, handsome fellow, who would have found himself entirely at home bandying jokes behind the scenes with the ballet girls, or at a *petit souper*, with one of the gilded Aspasia's of the day, was utterly lost when he tried to tell Doris how passionately he adored her, and how necessary she was to his happiness.

They had been looking over some etchings of Hugo's which he had left that afternoon for Grace, when Harry said:

“Doris, do you know that I think Grace is awfully in love with your brother Hugo?”

“Why, what makes you think so, Harry?” exclaimed Doris, dropping the etchings in her surprise.

“Oh, it's plain enough,” he replied nonchalantly, stooping to pick up the scattered prints, “I have seen it for some time.”

“I hope not,” said Doris, absently.

“Hope not, why, what do you mean, Doris?”

“Well, I will tell you, Harry; Hugo is, I am afraid, very much in love with Miss Cateret, and it would be a terrible thing if Gracie fell in love with him.”

“It is too late now, the deed is done, I am sure. Grace is sly, but I have watched her and I am sure I am right. It will be awfully hard on her, and she's such a nice little thing.”

“After all you may be wrong, Harry. I do hope nothing will come of this infatuation for Miss Cateret. I always intended to keep house for him, and I expect he will be a great artist some day.” This she said merrily, her hands clasped around her knee and her eyes fixed vacantly on the lights in the street. It was a pretty picture for Harry to contemplate, and he felt that God hates a coward.

“Doris dear,” he said, plumping himself down on the

sofa alongside of her. "Keep house for me, and not for Hugo," and then grasping her hand, he slid off the sofa with a thud upon his knees. "Doris darling, tell me, will you be good to me, and be my wife?" And then struggling on, fearing to hear her reply, and trying to convince himself it would all come right, he commenced, "I know I am not brilliant, but I *do* love you, Doris, and I will be kind and good to you if you will only love me a little bit. I am not good at talking, but I mean all I say, and a good deal more," and stroking her hand he tried to read a favorable decision in her face, but she only looked sadly down at him a moment and then said:

"Come, Harry, get up from the floor, you are too big to be down there, sit down beside me and let me talk to you." Reluctantly and faint-heartedly Harry did as directed.

"My dear Harry," she said, "this idea of yours that you wish to marry me, is a foolish one. I have no doubt you like me, and I am very fond of you, but that is not enough for two people to marry on. This decision in our lives means happiness or misery; you will forgive me, Harry, but you are not fit to be married,"—the poor boy hung his head—"you do not know what you want, some new sensation, probably." Harry tried a mild protest, but Doris continued, "you look for excitement and change; you are full of animal spirits, and a quiet home life, such as I should wish to live, would soon become irksome to you. No, Harry, I am not the one you need. Married life should be calm, peaceful and safe; with you it would be feverish, uncertain, and precarious. I admit that I am fond of you, but let us drop this question of marriage."

For a moment Harry had been discouraged at Doris' calm views in relation to married life, but gradually he regained his normal frame of mind, and seizing Doris' hand, he essayed, in his most stormy, impetuous manner, to convince her that she was mistaken.

"I can't half tell you, Doris, all I feel; I have no pretty phrases in which to tell you how much I love you; I know I seem stupid to you, but I am not." Doris smiled a little at this statement, and Harry, gaining courage, went on, blindly trying to find reasons why Doris should marry him. It would have been better had he desisted then and there. "You must marry me, Doris, I need you, I shall be so proud of you, and you will make me better, a thousand times, than I am; mother has told me a hundred times I ought to have a wife like you."

At this, a sudden change came over Doris' face, drawing the hand away, which until this moment she had allowed him to hold, her face flushed with anger at the thought that she had been discussed in this way. Pointing to a chair, she said in a freezing tone:

"Sit down there, Mr. Richmond, and I will tell you something you did not think of. In all that you have said to me of your desire for my hand, what I am to be to you, and what I can do for you, has been uppermost. It is not enough that the person who honors me by asking for my hand in marriage should feel that I am just suited to him.

"What are you to be to me? Shall I honor, esteem, and admire you? Is your character—are your habits, morals, and instincts—such that we shall be in harmony with each other? Must I give everything and receive nothing? What has been your life, Harry Richmond? Has it been such a one as would recommend you to a young, trusting girl who could give you the first love of her heart? No, Harry, I am ashamed to say that I know more of your life than you think I do, and now I beg of you to change it, and when next you carry your love and place it at the feet of her you wish to honor, let it be a purer, more unselfish love than that you have brought to me." Doris rose gently and left the room. Harry made no opposition, but long after she had gone, he paced the floor and soliloquized:

"Stupid fool that I was to ask a girl like that to marry me; I ought to have known better, but the mater put me up to try it. I'm an idiot of the first water! Next time I'll know better. I believe she is fond of me, though. I'll never quit now. She is a dear, sweet girl, and I don't see why I should ask her to reform me, as she said." And then something of his mother's energy rising in him, he smashed his hand on the table and cried out, "she shall marry me yet."

When Mrs. Richmond returned home she found her beloved son stalking up and down the parlor in an angry, reckless fashion, and upon her entrance he turned at once upon her.

"There, mother, you made me make a fool of myself, and spoil my best chances with Doris. She will have nothing to do with me; told me I was a ruffian, a loafer, and a blackguard."

"Harry Richmond," ejaculated his mother, "did that chit of a girl dare to say that to you? The presuming jade! Is she a princess? What does she mean? But I'll teach her a lesson."

"You'll do nothing of the kind, my dear mother, for she was right," and then he told her what Doris had really said.

"Never mind, Harry, my boy, that girl shall marry you yet, I've made up my mind to that."

"And so have I," laughed Harry, imbibing some of his mother's confidence.

"Be kind and attentive, Harry, I'll manage it. Good-night."

CHAPTER XXV.

NOVEMBER 6TH AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected, as Commodore Vanderfelt had predicted. The North was jubilant and the South correspondingly depressed. Among other consequences of this event, stocks for a few days were booming. Old Tatum bought and bought, chuckling all the while that he had obtained his information so cheaply. A day or two after the election, Mr. Tatum came into his office in high good humor and even treated Wheelock pleasantly. He had had a clean shave, and wore a new necktie in place of the old frayed one which had seen such continuous service.

"Things look well, Wheelock, very well," then smoothing out the wrinkles in his sallow cheeks with his thumb and forefinger, he said:

"Let me see, Wheelock, who sold us that ten thousand 'Central'?"

Mr. Wheelock looked over his books, "Dawes & Co., sir," he replied.

"Ha! ha! Dawes, eh, hum; Dawes is off a little, this time. And the 'Cleveland & Toledo,' who sold us the five we have there?"

Mr. Wheelock looked it up. "Dawes & Co., sir."

"Eh? Dawes & Co., too? Well, that is good, Dawes will get into a hole. Lemme see, who sold us the 'C. H. & I.?' We had ten, bought them, I think, just before election?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Wheelock, "James Cateret & Co. sold us that ten."

"What? James Cateret! Call him for margins."

"He has fifty thousand up now, Mr. Tatum."

"Never mind, call him five cents more. I'll break him, the windy fool, and he'll owe it to his daughter, too. Wonder who he sold it for?"

"Shall I go now, sir?" said Mr. Wheelock.

"No, there's no hurry, wait a bit and write up your books."

For more than an hour nothing was heard in the office but the scratch, scratch of Wheelock's pen; the occasional sputtering of the coal in the grate—for the day was a cool one—and the rustle of papers in Mr. Tatum's private room. The few rays of sunlight which struggled through the clouds, added little to the cheerfulness of the office, for the window panes were thick with dust. Scratch—scratch—scratch, rustle—rustle—rustle. Suddenly a quick footstep is heard, and the office door is opened hurriedly.

"Where's Tatum, Wheelock?" exclaimed Driscoll, Mr. Tatum's partner in the bank, allowing the door to swing to with a bang. The old man stuck his head out of the office, and called out in a querulous voice, "What a racket you make, Driscoll, why can't you come in quietly?"

Not a word did Mr. Driscoll reply, but hastening to the private office, he closed the door, and then faced Mr. Tatum, who saw instantly that something was wrong.

"Well, well, speak up, now, what is it? You didn't come here with this rush for nothing."

"No, indeed, Tatum, I didn't; do you know what the market is?"

"Booming, eh?" burst out the old man rubbing his hands and giving Mr. Driscoll a slap on the knee. "Don't get excited, I knew it was coming. Why, what's the matter now?" seeing a look of amazement and almost horror on Mr. Driscoll's face.

"My God! Mr. Tatum, haven't you heard anything? All the Southern States are 'going out.' Howell Cobb has

resigned, and they say England will help the South; the market has gone all to pieces, and Dawes & Co. have just called us for a hundred thousand."

"Wha—what!" yelled the old man, his hands quivering, while he grasped the arms of his office chair, "a hun—No, Driscoll, it's a joke, 'a hundred thousand,' no!" The old man sank back in his chair, shaking as though he had the ague.

"Wheelock, Wheelock, quick, some water, whiskey, anything, Mr. Tatum is ill," called Driscoll, trying to loosen the old man's cravat.

"Better call a physician, Mr. Driscoll," said Wheelock, coming in, "he looks very sick."

The old man's hands continued to shake and his head nodded in unison. "No, no," he ejaculated, "no doctor, I wo—won't have one. I'll—be—all—right soon," but he was never all right again. The tremor continued, nor did that head ever cease its continual vibration while Thomas Tatum lived. Gradually he regained his senses, and listened to Mr. Driscoll's story of the break. For a time he seemed to regain partially his vigor of mind. "Go back to the bank, Driscoll, and stay there, this is only temporary," he managed to say after much effort.

"Hadn't you better go to the hotel, Mr. Tatum, and see a physician?" The old man's eyes closed, and his head shook more vigorously than ever.

"Go back and look after the bank, Driscoll," was all he said. After Mr. Driscoll left the office, Mr. Tatum nodded to Wheelock, who put his head down to listen to what he had to say.

"Go on Change and buy five 'Central' and five 'C. & T.,'" he got out after much effort.

"But, Mr. Tatum, I can't leave you here alone," said Wheelock.

"Do what—I tell you—you rascal, or I'll discharge you,"

hissed the half-paralyzed, but still vindictive old speculator.

Mr. Wheelock left the office and when he returned half an hour later, he found Mr. Tatum still in the same position. He looked up eagerly as Wheelock entered.

"D'you—get—it?"

"Yes, I bought it of Duck, Mr. Tatum, it goes down to Cateret & Co." Mr. Tatum scowled when he heard the name. "Got the 'Central' at 83, and the 'C. & T.' at 26."

"Good, now help me up," he said slowly.

Wheelock assisted him to rise from the chair and found he could walk without assistance, but the tremor remained. First one step and then another the old man tried, and then turning toward Wheelock he smiled grimly.

"I'm not done yet, you villain, get me a cab."

Wheelock hastened out and hailed a passing carriage, which he assisted the old fellow to enter.

"To your hotel?" he asked. Mr. Tatum nodded, and Wheelock ordered the driver to proceed carefully to the Astor House.

Arrived at the hotel, Mr. Tatum went immediately to his room without attracting any special attention; those who did see him and noticed his appearance, thought "old man Tatum is breaking up."

The first thing he did was to summon a physician, the most eminent one to be found. When the doctor arrived, Mr. Tatum was in bed, resting quietly, without pain. Immediately upon the physician's entrance Tatum fixed his ferret eyes upon him, thinking to read an unprejudiced verdict upon his condition; he might as well have tried to read the wall. Quiet, rather grave, in fact professional, the man of science seated himself at the bedside.

"Well, you are ill, Mr. Tatum, tell me something about it. Are you in pain?"

"No," snapped the old man. "I have no pain, it's this confounded shaking I sent for you to stop."

"Is this recent?" queried the physician.

"I don't know what you call recent, it commenced an hour or two ago." After making a few tests, which Mr. Tatum sustained impatiently, he blurted out, "Well, can you cure it?" The doctor shook his head.

"I may as well tell you now, Mr. Tatum, it never can be cured, the trouble is one of the motor cells——"

"I don't care about your motor cells," interpolated the irascible patient, "will it kill me?"

Now the doctor smiled. "I should say not, Mr. Tatum. This came on suddenly, under some strong excitement, probably,"—Tatum nodded a little more emphatically than usual—"well, while you will never be without the motion, except, probably, when asleep, it will not affect your health. I would recommend the avoidance of any excitement, and the use of nutritious food; you need no medicine," and taking his hat, the learned doctor bowed himself out.

"Won't kill me, he says," soliloquized Mr. Tatum, after the doctor's disappearance.

"Mustn't have excitement; eat plenty of food; hump! I don't think I'll change my life for him." Nor did he, for the next morning, nodding and shaking, he appeared at his office as usual.

The decline in the market seemed partially arrested, and although it cost Mr. Tatum great effort to write his checks that day, everything passed along as usual. From this day on the market dropped and dropped, Tatum nodded and shook, and his securities rapidly disappeared to reappear at Dawes & Co.'s, or James Cateret's office. Day by day the old man grew thinner and weaker, he seemed to be gradually shaking off what little flesh he had. How he existed no one knew, for he was never seen to eat. A day came when he could no longer furnish margins. He ap-

peared at Dawes & Co.'s office in a carriage, a pitiable sight. As he entered Mr. Dawes' private office he scarcely raised his eyes, and when he did, he was surprised to see Miss Cateret there, apparently very much at home. As for Madeleine, for one moment she was shocked at the appearance of the man she had ruined; but the feeling of resentment was so strong within her that the look of amazement faded from her face and was replaced with one of scorn.

Mr. Tatum paused a moment at the door.

"Take a seat, Mr. Tatum, you wished to see me?" said Mr. Dawes, turning half way round from his position facing Madeleine.

"Ye—yes, bu—but I wished to see you in private, M—Mr. Dawes," he had barely noticed Madeleine's salutation of "good-morning, Mr. Tatum."

"What you have to say to me can be said in the presence of Miss Cateret, Mr. Tatum. It was about margins, was it not?"

Tatum hesitated; it was gall and wormwood to him to speak before the girl he hoped to ruin together with her father, but his necessities compelled him.

"You — made — another — call — Mr. Dawes," he said slowly, with frequent stops. "Just now I am a little tied up; in a day or two I hope to extricate myself, and then——"

"Am sorry, Mr. Tatum, but my instructions from Mr. Kenner were to buy in the stock, unless promptly margined."

"Mr.—Mr.—Kenner," gasped the old man, "did I buy that stock from Kenner?"

"Certainly you did. He sold you all you bought."

Tatum's head sank forward, his eyes closed, and his face looked as nearly ashen as it was possible for his yellow skin to look. When he opened his eyes he fixed them on Madeleine, and with his tremulous finger raised—his head

shaking in unison—he pointed at her, “you—did—this,—you—put Kenner up to this.”

Madeleine sat calmly looking at him, perhaps a trifle paler than usual, but with a stony look in her eyes.

“Perhaps you had better tell him, Mr. Dawes,” she said.

“You have never met Mr. Kenner, have you, Mr. Tatum?” queried Mr. Dawes.

“No, I don’t know him,” he said. “What good would it do when that devil is his mistress?”

Madeleine sprang to her feet. With flashing eyes and scarlet cheeks, she walked toward Tatum, who shook and quivered in his chair.

“You scoundrel!” she said, her voice trembling and her face blazing with wrath—“do you want to know who Charles Kenner is, do you want to see my lover and beg him not to ruin you? You who ruined my father, would have ruined me, and are now ruined in your turn! I am Charles Kenner, and every dollar you possessed is now mine; you ruined my father and insulted me when you thought me a simple, dishonored girl; now we are quits. Mr. Dawes, buy in that stock unless he margins it before the market closes!”

Madeleine walked back to take her seat, but before she could do so Tatum started forward and caught Mr. Dawes by the arm.

It was pitiful to see his earnestness in his efforts to articulate. When he did get a word out, Mr. Dawes saw he wished Madeleine’s word confirmed.

“It is true, Mr. Tatum, Miss Cateret is the great speculator Charles Kenner. She sold you all the stock you bought.”

“And—James Cateret—what he sold me,” whispered Tatum huskily, “did—she—sell—me—that?”

“Most likely, Mr. Tatum,” replied Mr. Dawes, looking at Madeleine, who nodded.

Tatum stood a moment tottering and then approaching Madeleine, he whispered huskily:

"Look at me; a few weeks ago I was rich, people may not have liked me, but they treated me well. I was comparatively healthy, now I am a wreck. My money is gone, my credit is gone, my health is gone, and you have done it—you, with your pretty cheeks and white teeth, whom I thought a silly child, have proved yourself a she-devil. I might have lived twenty years yet, but now I must go. May the palsy that has settled upon me in my old age not spare you in your youth! May the gold you have stolen from me prove your ruin! Your face is young, but your heart is older than mine. May no lover ever put his arms around you to shield you! May no child cling to you in love and trust! Alone, I die unpitied and forsaken. May your death bed be more wretched than mine."

All this had been whispered with intense bitterness, rather than spoken; it took the old man a long while to say what he had to say, but no one interrupted him. Mr. Dawes made an effort to do so, but was restrained by a look from Madeleine. Uttering curses upon the one who had ruined him, he turned and tottered toward the door. He reached his carriage, and was driven to the hotel; for a few weary months he lingered, but never left his room. He died friendless and alone, and so he passes from this story.

"Rather severe, was it not?" asked Madeleine, looking at Mr. Dawes, as Tatum left the room.

"More than that, Miss Cateret. It seemed an arraignment and sentence." Madeleine frowned, shrugged her shoulders, and said coldly:

"Please see Mr. Tatum needs nothing so long as he lives." Mr. Dawes bowed, and Madeleine passed out to her carriage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MADELEINE'S NEW HOME AND HER EVENING VISITOR.

THE old home on Washington Square now seemed to Madeleine, with her great wealth, altogether too small and insignificant. The home she had schemed and planned to save no longer afforded her the satisfaction she had anticipated when it was doubtful whether it would be possible to retain it. With her wealth, her wants had increased, and a *menage* in keeping with her increased importance, was a necessity. Some one has pithily said, "Fools build houses, and wise people buy them," and as Madeleine was one of the wise ones, she soon found on Fifth Avenue a mansion she decided to purchase. New York has always possessed an abundance of people on the verge of bankruptcy, and an equally large number ready to take advantage of others' misfortunes. This particular bankrupt had possessed taste, and either funds or credit sufficient to enable him to build, and furnish, an almost royal mansion. The ready money which Madeleine possessed enabled her to dictate the price, and the papers were soon passed which made her a householder.

This especial house was built of brick, with brown-stone trimmings, in the prevailing style of the times. There was a large, roomy stoop in front, and on the south side fifty feet of carefully kept lawn and to the rear the stables. A large conservatory opening into the dining-room added an air of elegance and brightness to a room otherwise rather dismal, from its high-panelled walls of black walnut, and highly carved walnut furnishings. Adjoining the

dining-room was the library, Madeleine's especial pride. Here she worked, consulted, wrote her letters, and transacted her business. Upon the night in question a large wood fire burned in the grate; it shed a soft glow and diffused a gentle warmth through the room. A half gloom seemed to gratify Madeleine's taste for what was sombre and funereal; the very light which hung low from the ceiling was carefully shaded. It was an evening in March, and although Madeleine had taken possession of her new home a month previous, she had seen few of her friends, except, perhaps, Hugo Bernhard, who was there almost daily, and had given her great help in designing the furnishing for the different rooms. In this very library one of his pictures hung over the mantel. One slight alteration Madeleine had made in her household; Millie, the maid, had been dismissed, and Aunt Sally, good, kind-hearted, blundering, loving Aunt Sally, had been pensioned off, and sent back to her Southern home. It almost broke her heart to leave her "babby," but Madeleine was inflexible, and Aunt Sally was supplanted by a French cook. A very formal and precise butler, Hawkins by name, answered the door and officiated at table, all of which delighted the heart of Mr. Cateret, who dearly loved good living. One other change Madeleine made. She felt it prudent in her new home to secure the services of a companion, and this was accomplished by means of an advertisement, and Madeleine selected a Madame Malet, a gentlewoman of perhaps fifty years of age. Madame Malet had made a runaway match with a handsome young confectioner. Together, years before, they had sought the shores of the new world. After a twenty years' residence in New York, most of the time engaged in assisting her husband in his business, death had separated this attached couple, and left the surviving widow with a limited income, without children or family. Madeleine's advertisement suggested a

way to improve her condition, and being mutually pleased, Madame Malet became an inmate of the household. Small, precise in her dress, which was almost always of some gray material, lady-like in her demeanor, mouse-like in her movements, she made an admirable housekeeper and companion. She was Hugo's *bête noir*, for he could never get a moment alone with Madeleine. Whether this occurred from intention or accident he could not determine. If upon entering the room where Madeleine was, Madame Malet was absent, he had hardly taken his seat when she appeared, with some bit of work or a book in her hand. Noiselessly she slipped into the room, and with a quiet greeting took a seat at the window, and seemed immersed in her employment. Hugo would grit his teeth and try to appear amiable, but inwardly he chafed at this inconsequential presence. Madeleine never appeared to notice his annoyance, and chatted with him as freely as though he were her brother. She gave him commissions to execute, questioned him about his work, and altogether treated him as if he belonged to her. Never a reference had been made to that evening in the conservatory, at the Richmonds. Hugo was desperate; no look or word encouraged him to fancy himself beloved. Once or twice he tried to rebel, and attempted argument—when Madeleine had seemed rather dictatorial—but the look he received, and the almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, warned him not to be perverse.

It was early in the evening on one of New York's raw, March days. The family had dined, Mr. Cateret had returned to his den up-stairs to have a quiet smoke; Madame Malet was occupied with some household duties, and Madeleine sat alone in her library. A great change had come over the girl who only one short year before arrived home from school. Change belongs to youth, the young girl develops, becomes mature and womanly. The young

man lengthens and broadens, mustache and beard add lines and character to a boyish face.

The change to which I refer was more a mental than a physical change. Madeleine sat in an easy chair, a little turned away from the large library table. Upon her lap rested a telegram, apparently just received. She raised it with one hand, glanced at it, then turning, picked up a little black memorandum book which, opened, lay face down upon the table. A quick comparison of the telegram and book was hastily concluded, and a smile hovered around her beautiful, but hardly lovable, mouth. Replacing the book upon the table she permitted the telegram to fall back into her lap, and mused awhile; but a noise at one of the windows attracted her attention. A year before, she would have sprung up from her chair and rushed to see what it meant; now she coolly turned her head and listened. The noise was repeated.

"A storm blowing up," she half murmured, and resumed her reverie. The fresh wood fire snapped and crackled, and the little blue gas flames sissed and spluttered, a slight explosion came, and a large coal was blown out upon the hearth, threatening to ignite the valuable rug upon which her feet rested. Madeleine touched a bell upon the table, and Hawkins, the butler, appeared—formal and dignified as a butler should be. Madeleine pointed to the coal which the grave Hawkins quickly replaced in the grate, and was about to withdraw.

"One moment, Hawkins," arrested his motion. Madeleine referred to the little black memorandum book, and then rapidly wrote a telegram, which she addressed to a well-known Southern sympathizer, who yet remained in Washington, although Abraham Lincoln had been inaugurated now two weeks or more.

"This goes immediately, Hawkins; send the coachman with it, I shall not want him to-night," she remarked. Hawkins bowed and withdrew.

What was particularly noticeable about Madeleine was her self-poise, the suggestion of perfect confidence in herself. There was a repose about her which rarely comes but to the matured woman, and is oftenest acquired in the school of adversity.

Upon this evening her forces of self-control were to be roughly tested. Hawkins had barely returned when a rap came at the door, and in obedience to Madeleine's "come in," he again appeared and extended a small salver on which rested a card. Madeleine glanced at it, laid it upon the table, and said:

"Show the lady in, Hawkins."

A moment more and the door opened and Grace Richmond entered the room.

"Why, Grace," said Madeleine, coming forward, "this is kind of you to come on such an evening as this. Lay off your wraps and sit down with me and have a nice chat; this is the first time you have honored my new house with a visit. Well, Grace, what is it?" she said suddenly, changing her light, bantering tone, for something in Grace's air impressed her with the fact that this was no ordinary call.

Grace, who had hitherto remained silent, and barely acknowledged Madeleine's good-evening, now seemed embarrassed. She sank into a chair and glanced around the room. Almost the first thing her eyes rested upon was Hugo's picture—which she well knew—hanging over the fireplace. A sudden flush suffused her face, but it quickly paled.

"Come, dear, out with it," urged Madeleine, "it must be no common affair which has brought you here so unexpectedly."

This was spoken a little impatiently, for Madeleine had become so business-like in her methods that anything like hesitancy irritated her.

"I know you will think me foolish, Madeleine; crazy perhaps, I *am* almost so, but I have studied it over, and studied it, until I determined to see you about it; no one knows about my coming." Madeleine simply opened her eyes at this, and Grace continued. "Doris would not have allowed it—had she suspected me." At the mention of Hugo's sister, Madeleine frowned.

"Well, my dear, I am listening, but I can't see what Mr. Bernhard's sister has to do between you and me," and Madeleine shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Why, nothing, to be sure," replied Grace, "except that she is Hugo's sister," and a flush stole over her face, and then impulsively she drew her chair up toward Madeleine's, and looking for one instant into her face, she grasped the passive hand of her old school friend.

"Madeleine, tell me truly, do you love Hugo Bernhard?" and her eager eyes were strained to discern in her friend's face a reply to her question. Even before Madeleine's lips could form a phrase she saw she had made a mistake. Madeleine's face hardened, and she withdrew her hand from Grace's passionate grasp and leaning back looked her coldly in the face. "And suppose I do love the gentleman you have reference to, what is it to you? By what right do you assume to catechize me? I am not aware that even our old friendship could furnish a sufficient excuse for this unaccountable, and somewhat impertinent inquiry."

Madeleine's coldness as much as her disdainful reply, froze Grace, and the blood left her face, but she was too much in earnest and too impetuous to leave it so.

"Do not put me off so, Madeleine, I implore you," begged Grace, "you do not realize what it all means to me. I love Hugo, oh, so much, he is my idol, my God, I cannot give him up. I know it is unmaidenly to confess this, but I cannot help it. Doris told me you had refused him, why do you hold him from me, then? I know he loves you,

but if he saw there was no hope for him, I am sure he would love me. I live in him; without him everything is a blank. I have fought and fought against it, but it is of no use." And the hot tears rolled down Grace's cheeks; tears of pain, of grief, and mortification. She was a high-spirited girl and had always had her own way, and now she was humbling herself to her rival. Just this one little thing she wished, that Madeleine would give him up. Again she raised her eyes to Madeleine's face. If she only could see one sign of her relenting. A death mask would have been as expressive, but no words half so coldly insulting as Madeleine's manner.

"Since you are so persistent, I may tell you that I do not wish your Mr. Hugo Bernhard, you are welcome to him, for all I care, although I knew him long before you. He is only a friend of mine, otherwise I have no interest in him." And Madeleine's inflection indicated plainly enough that the whole matter bored her extremely.

Grace's face flushed crimson. She was too high-spirited a girl not to resent this insolence.

"I knew you did not love him."

"Then why did you ask?" interrupted Madeleine.

"I'll tell you why," replied Grace hotly, "I did hope that you would see that what was your pleasure, was my life, I hoped that you would be generous enough to show him you did not, and could not love him, and that I should have *his* love as he has mine; but I see you are far too selfish and cruel for that. Doris warned me of this, but I did not believe my old school friend could be so worldly, unfeeling, and criminal as to encourage the constant attention of a lover whom she did not love, merely to gratify a foolish vanity——"

"Stop," cried Madeleine, extending her hand, "do not make me forget that you are in my house and for the moment my guest."

"No, Madeleine Cateret," almost screamed Grace, now wildly excited, "I forget nothing; you *have* a beautiful home, but how did you acquire it? You ruined and killed a poor, inoffensive old man, whose only fault was his great love of money, and now with those beautiful eyes of yours, and that pale, fair skin, you have bewitched an honorable man, whose life you will as surely ruin, that you may gratify your love of power. You have no heart, it is a stone, and never throbbed with one impulse of kindness, love, or sympathy for a human being. I pity you and I despise you."

How long Grace would have continued this tirade no one could tell, when Madeleine's hand touched the bell on the table and grave Mr. Hawkins appeared. Madeleine's first impulse was to summarily dismiss Grace, and show her the door, but her innate good breeding forbade this, although sorely tried.

"See if Miss Richmond's carriage is at the door, Hawkins, and hand her in, please. Good-evening, my dear."

It was impossible for Grace to say or do anything. One look she gave Madeleine, a look of despair she long remembered, and then turned and followed the butler, who opened the carriage door.

"Say home, please," she replied in answer to his query and the door closed. She buried her face in her handkerchief in one corner of the carriage, and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"Hawkins," said Madeleine, as she met him in the hall on her way to her room, "you can attend to the fire and put out the lights in the library; and, Hawkins, remember, I am never at home if Miss Richmond calls again."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A JESUIT'S OATH.

WHILE Madeleine was undressing that night, a multitude of thoughts were flitting through her active brain.

"My! what a little tiger cat Grace Richmond turned out to be. The idea of her questioning me in the way she did! Well, it is all over now, we shall never be friends again. Why should we? We have nothing in common but Hugo," and Madeleine laughed quietly.

"Do I love that handsome fellow? He is nice, and kind, but weak, awfully weak. No, I'm afraid he would tire me. What a different man is Monsieur Laujac; now, if Hugo had only some of his character—he's a man to look up to, ah! but hardly a man to love, there it is; well, one can't have everything. I suppose I shall marry some time, if only to escape the duennaship of dear little Malet. Well, I won't worry now," and Madeleine sank into her downy couch, wondering how Grace knew about old Tatum.

In another part of the city another soliloquy was being enacted. Monsieur Laujac still retained his quarters at the Astor House. He came and went on various errands, but always retained his rooms there. On this same March evening he had returned from Washington—he had been for a month past in that city—had witnessed the inauguration of Lincoln and had been quietly, secretly, but surely, sounding various Southern sympathizers. Returning to New York late that afternoon, he had been running over a large mail which had accumulated in his absence. Among the letters was one which he held in his hand. The ad-

dress had been unfamiliar, but upon opening it he was startled to see the same handwriting which had greeted him on several former occasions. The envelope was post-marked Washington, and the letter had been mailed two or three days previous to his return. At the head were the familiar capitals, A. M. D. G., and the latter read:

“Father Pierre Laujac.

“DEAR BROTHER:—I am directed by the General to request you to make a tour through the principal cities of the South, especially Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans, and observe the feeling there, particularly the attitude of the South toward Mother Church. In the present state of affairs a speedy departure is requisite.”

There was no signature save the impression of the hand with the five-bladed sword.

After reading this letter carefully a second time, Monsieur Laujac burned it, glanced through the rest of his mail, and settled himself to think. At heart Monsieur Laujac wished to remain in New York, but there was no help for it, he must go, and probably remain away for months, possibly a year. No thought of resenting the dictum of that note entered his mind. He had been trained, as all Jesuits are, in a school of submission.

All personal interest must be put aside, all human feeling and inclination must be crushed out, that Holy Mother Church should not suffer by this neglect. Strong as this man was, in this, he was like wax in the hands of his superiors. Obedience! under all conditions, simple, unquestioning obedience, had been instilled into this man's mind until it was a part of his nature. Even his personal ambition, one of the strongest motives to influence human action, must be quelled; and yet it *was* strong within him, as we shall see.

"This command from the General hastens my plans, and I almost fear 'twill ruin them, and yet I cannot go away and miss this stroke. It is too soon, by many weeks. This is no common girl, and her handling must be done skilfully. Strange what an interest I take in her! How we grope through life anyway.

"It is a pity I must pull my strings, and my net is not well laid. What a clever girl Miss Cateret is, and worth over a million! If I can only bring her and her fortune into the Church. Stop! I might, I might—Ah! this order forces my hand, but I can't go and leave her with this silly artist. She is but a woman after all, a wonderful one, but a woman still. Stay, I have it, I'll propose to her, possibly I can hold her, 'case of conscience,' " and springing to his feet he paced up and down the room. Was he disturbed at the thought that he, a Catholic priest, was about to attempt to win the heart of a young girl whom he knew he could never marry? Did it occur to him that to deliberately set about winning the love of Madeleine Cateret was as diabolical an act as planning her murder? If the truth be told, he never for one moment reflected upon the subject. Father Laujac had a meritorious purpose in view; he sought, first, the power it would give him to control Madeleine's wealth, and, secondly, he purposed bringing her and her money into the safe fold of the Church. For did he not call to mind the instructions of the Jesuit fathers, "Above all things, every effort must be made to gain the ear and mind of the rich and great. Widows and orphan children should be treated tenderly, and discreetly, to the end that Holy Mother Church may benefit by the acquisition of their wealth."

Yes, certainly, Father Laujac had authority for the course he had mapped out for himself. If he could bring that million into the Church, what position could he not aspire to in his order? He had a superior in America,

why should he not win his place? He felt that he had great ability and must convince them of that.

He knew he had to deal with a bright mind, and his hand was forced, as it were, but it would never do to leave the prize while that love-sick artist had her ear. A short time longer he continued his thoughtful march up and down, when a sudden resolve seemed to seize him, and sitting down at his desk he wrote a few lines hastily, and addressing it to Father Joseph Riordan, St. Mary's Church, he rang for a messenger and dispatched the note.

Early the next morning Father Riordan's parish bell rang, and Monsieur Pierre Laujac's card was handed him.

"Show the gentleman into the parlor, Anne," he remarked to the tidy-looking, middle-aged Irishwoman who served as his housekeeper, "tell him I shall be engaged for a few moments, but will see him very soon," and Father Riordan returned to his study.

"He is here already," he said, addressing a gentleman who stood with his back to the door examining a book—"you had better step into the bed-room," and opening a door he disclosed a small bed-room, plainly furnished. Drawing a chair to the wall next the study, he picked up a rubber tube about two feet long to which was attached an ear-piece, and turning to his visitor, an older man than himself, with strongly marked features, he added: "If you will be kind enough to sit here I think everything will be distinctly heard; you had better lock the door, I will admit him now." And turning, he closed the door of the bedroom which the other gentleman immediately locked, and seating himself placed the tube at his ear. Father Riordan had barely returned to the study when his second visitor had been admitted to the parlor. Placing a chair between his own seat at the desk and the wall, he quickly passed into the parlor.

"Monsieur Laujac?" he inquired interrogatively, as he

entered. Father Riordan was tall and thin, with a pale ascetic expression of countenance—and Monsieur Laujac scrutinized him carefully, seeking to determine the character of the man he wished to interview.

“Well, yes, Father Riordan, just now Monsieur Laujac, but permit me to introduce myself in another way,” and he handed the Father a card which read, “Father Pierre Laujac, S. J.”

“Ah! indeed, Father,” responded the priest, glancing at the card, a faint smile passing over his face, “I suspected as much, when I saw your face. Will you be kind enough to step into my study, where we shall not be liable to interruptions.” And ushering Monsieur Laujac into the little room, he closed the door, and taking his seat at the desk, motioned Monsieur Laujac to the chair he had before adjusted.

“I need not ask if we are alone, Father Riordan,” said Monsieur Laujac, glancing around.

“Entirely, we shall not be disturbed. You mentioned in your note that you wished to consult me in regard to one of my flock; may I ask to whom you refer?”

“Certainly, Father, Mademoiselle Cateret: if I am not mistaken you are her father confessor.”

“Oh, yes,” replied Father Riordan, resting the elbow of his left arm upon the arm of his chair, and placing his long, thin fingers upon his temple. “Miss Cateret confesses to me, but she is not, I am sorry to say, very regular in her attendance at confessional; worldly affairs seem to occupy her mind to the exclusion of more serious and vital questions. I feel grave doubts as to the condition of her mind on religious questions.” A faint flush passed over the Father’s pale face as he made this remark, and he seemed lost in thought. Monsieur Laujac had been studying his man, like a skilled physiognomist as he was, and the conclusion he arrived at, was, that Father Riordan was

a fanatical enthusiast to whom Church is all, and self, nothing.

“’Tis sad, indeed, Father, that young minds so carefully trained as Miss Cateret’s has been, should yield to wordly temptations and forget Christ. We must be all the stronger and more persistent in saving such souls. It only needs patient work; all extraneous influences must be suppressed. I trust no heretic has won her heart; such a marriage would peril great hopes the Church cherishes of receiving a liberal endowment which her early training in one of our schools encourages us to look for.”

Monsieur Laujac paused a moment, and then seeing Father Riordan not disposed to answer, he continued, interrogatively:

“You have not discovered, Father, any predilection, any sentiment, which would lead you to infer the young lady meditated disposing of her hand to some heretic?”

Father Riordan’s face flushed and he moved uneasily in his chair.

“How can I speak of these things, Father Laujac? I have no knowledge which has not come to me under the seal of the confessional.” Monsieur Laujac smiled compassionately at the innocence of the good priest.

“My dear Father Riordan, I thoroughly appreciate your scruples, they become you, but there are exceptions to all rules; certain contingencies arise necessitating the fullest comprehension of matters of which the Church takes cognizance; this is one.” Placing his hand in his breast pocket he removed a letter which he tendered to Father Riordan, at the same time assuming a severe and dictatorial tone, he addressed him with these words:

“Remember your oath, remember your vows when received into our sacred order. You swore, ‘to help, assist or advise, any or all of his Holiness’s agents, in any place, territory or kingdom, in which you might be stationed.’

You swore, 'to do your utmost to extirpate heretical tendencies, and to inform his Holiness's agents of any and all matters which might come to your knowledge, prejudicial to the welfare and interest of Holy Mother Church!' This I now demand of you in your capacity of father confessor. I demand this as your superior in the order."

Father Laujac paused and eyed Father Riordan searchingly, who having read the letter addressed, "to all members of the Order of Jesus throughout the world," could no longer resist the demands made upon him.

"What is it you wish to know, Father Laujac?"

"I wish to know if Miss Cateret has a lover, and if so, who he is," replied Laujac pleasantly.

"I have not seen Miss Cateret for several months, she is not very regular at confession, but I recollect that she did confess to having proposals of marriage made to her by an artist, who is a heretic, a man named Bernhard; more than that I do not know," replied Father Riordan. Monsieur Laujac smiled at the priest's words, but his black eyes shone with an angry look.

"It is well, Father, that is all I wished to know," and he replaced the paper in his pocket. "I find I have already detained you too long; if you should have any further information to give me, address me care of the Astor House, but remember only as Monsieur Pierre Laujac; any letters will be forwarded to me. I fear I must put up with much less comfortable quarters than these for some time to come," and he looked around the comfortable room regretfully, "but it is all '*ad majorem Dei gloriam*,'" and Monsieur Laujac shook Father Riordan's hand warmly, and bade him good-morning. The outside door had barely clicked behind him when the door between the bed-room and Father Riordan's study opened, and Dr. Maginn stood upon the threshold, looking at the rather crest-fallen priest.

"My dear doctor, I could not answer otherwise," said the priest, "the instructions were too imperative; his powers are extraordinary."

"Never mind, never mind, there is no harm done; you were perfectly right in answering," and he grasped the presented hand and pressed it. "He has the authority to question, but I have authority to listen; make your mind easy. If, by the way, you have occasion to write him, send me a copy of your letter," and Dr. Maginn leaned forward and whispered to Father Riordan, whose face brightened as he listened. Patting him affectionately on the shoulder, Dr. Maginn left him to his reflections and walked slowly down the street.

Dr. Maginn was no longer a young man, but he was still in the prime of life, his intellect was keen, his health was good, and his ambition was great. Naturally he was endowed with qualities of mind and person which would have made him a marked figure in any position in life, but his early training had been among the Jesuits, and so imbued was he with the sentiments and doctrines of this perverted order, that despite his naturally open, frank nature, training and habit had so warped his conscience that he sincerely believed the methods used by them tended in the end to the salvation of a greater number of human beings, than the more open, and less devious plans promulgated by rival doctrinaires.

It is sufficient to say that he was at heart and soul a Jesuit, and whether he clasped your hand with the warm frankness of his sunny nature, sipped his grog of a cold winter's evening at your fireside, chatted of books, art or music—of which, by the way, he was a great lover—he always remained the Jesuit. He could soar into the empyrean, and climb Parnassus's heights with a gifted emotional woman; and the picture of heavenly quiet, and the ravishing beauties of celestial symphonies, which he evoked

from the depth of his transcendental nature, were almost inspired, if he had only believed it all, *but he didn't*. With the man of the world, the *bon vivant*, the genial companion, he was at home; and the unctuous wit, the picturesque view he took of life, and his grotesque humor, carried you away with its spontaneity, if you only didn't know that this was a part of his stock in trade. He had been educated for this. Yes, he was a charming companion if you only believed him and accepted the interesting side he presented to you.

Good Dr. Maginn was not servile. He loved the rich, for he was a sensuous man, and with them he gratified his earthly nature. In an easy chair, surrounded with beautiful women, fine, paintings, interesting literature, and a little glimmer of mystery, he was happy; and yet he was an abstemious man, a generous man, and not at all self-indulgent; his indignation was easily aroused at any shameless abuse of life, and he often did good in secret; his fault was his early training. When night came he turned a reverent face toward Rome.

Dr. Maginn had not walked far when a sudden idea apparently seized him, and calling a carriage, he asked to be driven to James Cateret's office.

"I wonder what Pierre Laujac is scheming, his fertile brain is hatching some plot, he appears to be paving his way for information after his departure, but for what purpose? It cannot be"—and the corners of his mouth dropped as some thought flashed through his mind,—“no, that would be too ridiculous to believe. He knows Madeleine is very rich, he is very ambitious, and may think he can influence her choice of a husband. Ah! well, he will bear watching; he must not supplant me!” Just then the driver pulled up at Mr. Cateret's office and Dr. Maginn ran up-stairs. Davie met him at the door, and after a few moments' conversation he pulled on his coat

and told Wheelock to tell Mr. Cateret he had some very important business to attend to and should not be down again until the next day. Together with the doctor he walked down-stairs, and after a few words more they separated, the doctor entered his carriage, and Davie took a street car up-town.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A PROPOSAL.

WHAT a pity astrology is out of fashion! Had it not been so, Madeleine Cateret would have known on the morning of the 23d of March, 1861, that a very important event was to happen in her life. As it was, she arose at her usual hour, scolded papa Cateret for being late at breakfast, arranged for a little shopping with Madame Malet, sipped her coffee with quiet pleasure, and directed Hawkins to order the carriage at ten sharp. Had she only known the aspect of the stars, that Venus in the seventh hour was opposed to Mercury in the eleventh, that Jupiter as the sign of the Scorpion, predicted danger to Virgo in the right conjunction; had Zadkiel, or Tycho Brahe lived at this time, and had Madeleine only consulted one of them, she might have been warned; as it was, in virgin innocence, she went about her business as usual.

When little Davie left Dr. Maginn in front of Mr. Cateret's office, he took, as I have said, an up-town car. When some distance above Union Square, he alighted and walked over to Fifth Avenue and established himself at a corner not far from the Cateret house, but yet so far distant as not to attract attention.

To explain why Davie took this position, it is only necessary to say that Dr. Maginn knew he was a humble admirer of Miss Cateret, and knowing this, he preferred to use him in obtaining the services of a private detective; he had merely asked Davie to watch the house, as a danger threatened Miss Cateret. He was to observe if a pale gen-

tleman, looking somewhat like a priest, entered the house that day, and if so, he must remain until he left and immediately report the circumstance to him.

"You will know him, Davie," he said, "he walks so," and Dr. Maginn illustrated Monsieur Laujac's method of walking, with his hands partially closed, and the backs always turned outside.

When Davie took up his post of observation, Madeleine had already left home in her carriage to attend to her shopping; he saw many people call at the house, both on foot and in carriages. For since the ball to the Prince of Wales, Madeleine had been taken up by New York swell society, and from Governor and Mrs. Morgan down, all were glad to know her. Together with her social duties, and her political intrigues, Madeleine had established quite a salon. Few knew the object of her persistent seeking for social triumphs, but Madeleine coolly calculated that the more extensive her acquaintance, the wider the field of her operations. Many a prominent politician and party leader parted with his secrets unconsciously at the bidding of this young and beautiful ingénue, and the said secrets found their way within a few days into the hands of the enemy.

It was well known, but unaccountable, how quickly the plans of the Administration leaked out through the New York sieve. There was not a suspicion that a young girl was the medium of communication. But to return to vigilant Davie. He saw all these people, but none answered the description he had received.

About noon, Madeleine herself drove by in her carriage and caught a glimpse of him. She ordered the coachman to pull up, and beckoned Davie who could not escape; he approached the carriage door.

"What are you doing up here, Davie?" she said to the blushing boy.

"I just came up on an errand, Miss Cateret," replied bashful Davie.

"And were not going to stop and see me? O Davie!" Poor Davie, those beautiful black eyes looked so charmingly at him, and the sweet mouth framed so sweet a smile, that Davie felt "all over," as he explained it to Dr. Maginn.

"Indeed, Miss Cateret, I couldn't to-day," and hesitating a little, "but I'll come some day, if you'll let me," and again the happy boy's face grew scarlet.

"Come any time, Davie, come and dine with me," said Madeleine encouragingly.

"Oh, may I, Miss Cateret? I should like to so much!"

"Well, then you have a standing invitation to come any time, Davie; good-by," and Davie's vision passed from before his eyes. He looked longingly after the carriage, and saw Madeleine enter the house, having entirely forgotten poor, crippled worshipping Davie, to whom she had flung a sweet smile and a kind word, out of pure selfishness, and an inordinate desire for admiration, even though it came from the mean little hunchback.

Not long after this incident, Davie's watch was rewarded; he saw his man and knew him instantly. The pale face and peculiar walk were quickly noticed by the street boy, and he was not surprised when his man stopped at the house, and rang the bell. Davie saw Hawkins open the door and the gentleman entered; then he settled back to watch for his exit, but he waited a long while.

"Show the gentleman into the library, Hawkins, and say I am engaged if any one calls," remarked Madeleine, upon looking at the card the butler brought her. When Madeleine entered the library she passed through the reception-room, and saw Monsieur Laujac standing before the picture of Hugo's. His back was turned and he evidently did not hear her light footfall.

"Are you studying art, Monsieur Laujac? What do you think of that picture?" was Madeleine's greeting.

"I beg pardon, Miss Cateret, I did not hear you enter. Yes, I was examining the painting, it is cleverly done, I was trying to make out the artist's name. But I think I prefer to study the picture now before me," and Monsieur Laujac took Madeleine's hand in his soft palm and even retained it a trifle longer than usual, which Madeleine instantly reflected upon.

"You have not been to see me for some time, Monsieur Laujac," remarked Madeleine, ignoring the compliment her visitor desired to pay her. "Won't you be seated, here on the lounge?" and Madeleine sank into her chair near the library table.

"Come, monsieur, explain yourself. Why have you been so remiss in your attentions? There was a time when you professed it a pleasure to come and see me, has some new face caught your vagrant fancy?"

"'Professed pleasure,' did you say 'professed,' Miss Cateret?" inquired Monsieur Laujac in his sweet, grave tone. "I think you should have said I *confessed* the pleasure it has always given me to see you."

"Oh, we won't quarrel about the word, Monsieur Laujac," laughed Madeleine, airily, "since you evidently have not thought it worth while to take advantage of your opportunities." Was she playing into his hands deliberately? It looked that way.

"How little you know the constant current of men's minds——"

"Men's or one man's?" interrupted Madeleine.

At this abrupt interruption Monsieur Laujac looked up quickly and fixed his piercing black eyes upon her face. Madeleine's heart thrilled at the intensity of the gaze and she wondered what was coming. Not for an instant did his look waver. Madeleine felt a benumbing sensation

creeping over her, and a sense of oppression caused her to utter an audible sigh. Her attitude of expectancy was that of a bird, when the slowly waving head of the hooded snake vibrates before its resting place. At first she wished to scream, and then settled back into quiet apathy and half enjoyed the stupefying effect she experienced while looking into the Jesuit's eyes. As she had often served others, so she was being served herself, and when the low, carefully modulated tones of Monsieur Laujac fell upon her ear, she seemed in a dream.

"When I came up your front steps, Miss Cateret, to make a parting call upon you, a very beautiful bit of English verse came to my mind. I know not who wrote it, but it expresses my feeling so vividly I am tempted to repeat it and see if you have ever heard it."

"Do," was all Madeleine could say.

"It runs like this," and in a rich and well-trained voice he repeated these lines:

" 'Like as a plank of driftwood,
Tossed on the wat'ry main,
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again,
So, tossed and drifting ever,
On life's unending sea,
Men meet, and greet and sever,
Parting eternally.' "

"Beautiful, is it not, Miss Cateret?" But Madeleine did not reply. "It is hardly apropos to our conversation, but as I am about to leave New York for a long journey, I came to-day to bid you good-by."

"Bid me good-by? Are you going away?" Madeleine seemed to have partially aroused from her stupor.

"Yes, Miss Cateret, I came to America on a special mission, and I must leave to-night for the South. In the present condition of affairs travelling is somewhat difficult,

and I do not know when I shall return. My work is in the interest of the 'cause,' and that reminds me, I see you no longer wear my little gift, but a much more gorgeous one. Is mine so soon relegated to the jewel box?"

"Oh, no, indeed," responded Madeleine, now alive to all he was saying. "You remember the ball to the Prince of Wales. While dancing with me, his arm brushed against the pretty cross you were kind enough to give me. The fastening broke, it fell to the floor, and before he could prevent it, he had stepped upon it, crushing it. I felt very much grieved, it seemed such a bad omen to the cause; the Prince noticed my disappointment, and probably thought if he replaced it with another it would not be missed. I received from Tiffany's, a short time afterward, this one, with a line asking me to accept it in place of the one he had ruined."

"Not a difficult thing to do; the gifts of Princes are always acceptable," replied Monsieur Laujac, rather bitterly.

"And why should I reject a gift so courteously offered?" returned Madeleine, somewhat coolly, and in a tone which notified Monsieur Laujac he had presumed too much.

"My dear Miss Cateret," the wily Jesuit hastened to say, "you entirely misunderstood me. Why should I resent your receiving what gives you pleasure? I have no right to do so, whether the Prince of Wales, or any gentleman, presents you with a cross. I might reasonably regret, however, that *I* could not be the giver of a gift you prize."

The perfectly quiet, calm tone of Monsieur Laujac dispelled any anger Madeleine might have felt at his unwarranted sneer, and she studied his face to ascertain his real feelings. This man had certainly won Madeleine's high respect; he had never failed, in his deportment toward her, to indicate his great admiration for her superior qualities; all this gratified her ambition; the esteem of such men she craved. All hostile feeling, a sentiment easily aroused in

this girl's mind, was stilled. Just then Monsieur Laujac arose as though he would bid her good-by. There was, Madeleine noticed for the first time, a slight tinge of pink in his pale, handsome countenance; he paused a moment undecided or apparently so, but nothing was further from his mind than indecision; this was a part of his carefully-planned acting.

"You are not going, Monsieur Laujac?" inquired Madeleine rising, "I have so many things I wished to talk with you about, and here you rush off before I have half time to think of them."

"It is more difficult for me to go than you think, Miss Cateret, but my time is so limited, as I leave to-night, I must not linger, pleasant as it is," and placing his hand upon his heart he bowed with exceeding grace.

"We shall miss you greatly at our meetings," said Madeleine. "What a pity you must go, can it not be postponed?"

Monsieur Laujac smiled, "If anything could keep me, your expressed wish would be sufficient," and then starting forward as if struck with a sudden impulse:

"If only I could go with the assurance, Madeleine," he exclaimed, seizing her unresisting hand and fixing his burning eyes upon her, while he appeared trying to resist the exhibition of some suppressed emotion—"have you been so blind as not to see that separation from you is tearing up my heart? Must a lover grovel on his knees to the woman he adores, that she may enjoy his infatuation, though his heart be torn in the conflict? Must he lay it bare that the tension of each quivering fibre be noticed and tested, before conviction penetrates the soul of the beloved one?"

Then for a moment he covered his eyes with his disengaged hand, struggling apparently to conceal the depth of his anguish. A great calm succeeded the storm.

“Madeleine, I came to bid you good-by, with no other thought; but seeing you, being in your gracious presence, has been too much for my strength, I have betrayed my secret! Well, so be it! Let me confess it, I am proud to love you. Tell me, is it an insane dream that a man of thirty-five,—he was forty—dares to love a young girl like you? Tell me, is it an incredible act of folly on my part to indulge such a fancy?” Then folding his arms he stood proudly before her.

“But why should I strive to justify myself? I have eyes to take in form and color, intellect to seize the ripening thought your active brain conceives, and give it shape and force; emotions equal to the task of sharing any vagrant fancy a maiden heart unfolds to him who has its key. Must I then seal my lips, and crush back the passions you have unconsciously aroused? Is all that the world holds for me of beauty, hope, and promise an illusion my heated fancy has evolved, which you shall shatter at a word?”

He paused, and Madeleine was impressed with the dignity of his manner, as she had been with the eloquence of his speech. What a finished bit of acting would have been unfolded to the on-looker at this moment!

The Jesuit, intellectual, facile, passionate and argumentative by turns, first fed her vanity, then gratified her ambition, and finally piqued her fancy.

Madeleine, selfish, calculating, and emotionless, seemed moved, half won, yet slyly holding back.

“Monsieur Laujac,” said Madeleine—putting out her hand which he grasped warmly—“if I seem unresponsive, astonishment has tied my tongue; anything more unexpected than this, it would be difficult for me to conceive. The honor you do me, however, I fully comprehend. You are a learned man, a man of the world, and I am a poor untutored girl; you must really give me time to consider this strange situation in which I find myself placed.”

Monsieur Laujac drew a trifle closer, still holding her hand, and now placing his left hand upon the back of hers in a fatherly sort of a fashion as if to assure her of his gentleness and candor.

“I am not surprised, Madeleine, at your reserve. This has, no doubt, startled you with its suddenness; I would have had it otherwise, but the necessity for my departure compelled me to speak or yield all hope of winning your love. Why should not other men look upon your grace and beauty and feel as strongly moved as I? But we have much in common, Madeleine, you are Catholic and so am I, we have one cause to which our hearts are devoted. Can we not work together until our great hopes are realized? Who will stand higher in Southern eyes than Madeleine Cateret and Pierre Laujac?” And the Jesuit looked keenly at her face, striving to read the effect of his insinuating argument. He knew her ambition, he understood her desire for power, and he sought to arouse and enlist that quality in lieu of passion and affection.

Whether these feelings were non-existent, or he had failed to arouse them, were questions he asked himself. He saw that Madeleine’s mind was disturbed, and she did not resent his suit. What then? On what must he base his hopes?

Madeleine’s mind *was* disturbed, but not with love; her pride was gratified, but that was the extent of her emotions. How should she hold this man, how should she play her cards to insure his continual attention? She must encourage him a little.

“My dear Monsieur Laujac,” she began, throwing into her eyes a look of frankness, and an air of candor which deceived the wily priest—himself such an adept at dissimulation—“give me time to think of all this,” her form trembled, and she seemed almost unable to proceed from excess of emotion.

"My dear," he hastened to say, "you shall have all the time you desire, I will not seek to bind you, but you will write to me?"

"Most certainly," hurriedly answered Madeleine, only wishing he would go. Monsieur Laujac bowed his head over her beautiful hand, raised it gently to his lips, dropped it with a sigh, and vanished from the room.

"Well, that was an experience," soliloquized Madeleine, as the door closed upon his retreating form, while she sank into a convenient chair and emitted a sigh of relief.

"Who would have thought it—quite a conquest—I should be sorry to disappoint you, Monsieur Laujac, but I'm afraid I love somebody else, at least, as much as a woman as busy as I am, can love!"

Monsieur Laujac's excitement lasted no further than the outside door, but he was evidently in good humor, for he hummed a little French chanson as he walked slowly down the street. Davie, relieved from his post, muttered:

"He stayed a durned long while, he must have tired Miss Cateret out, and I'll go and find Dr. Maginn and tell him."

CHAPTER XXIX.

WAR'S ALARUMS.

THE thirteenth day of April, 1861, awoke a slumbering, truculent North to the fact that war, horrible civil war, was an established fact. Jesuitism had again, under the guise of an effort to maintain the institution of slavery, thrust itself between two families, and turned them against each other. Will the time ever come when the malign influence of this secret and pernicious order shall cease to intrude its blighting force into the affairs of nations to their undoing? How well Lafayette recognized the danger, when he made his famous assertion:

“If ever the liberty of the American Republic is destroyed, it will be the work of Roman Catholic priests.” On the 12th, Fort Sumter had been fired upon, the gage had been thrown at the feet of a too confiding North, and the awakening was a fearful thing to see. First incredulity, then scorn, and lastly anger, and even ferocity, animated the minds of all loyal citizens. From East to West, from North to South the tocsin rang; the farmer stopped his plough, the artisan dropped his hammer, the merchant ceased to exhibit his goods, and the banker to count his gold. Heroic sentiments and patriotic speeches fired men’s hearts, a busy hum of preparation resounded on all sides. Had Madeleine dared, she would have hung out the “stars and bars,” from her windows. She was jubilant, but knowing that her usefulness would be curtailed, if it were known publicly she was a Southern sympathizer, she made no sign. All around her the flag of the Union hung in

starry folds from the house tops; the windows of the Caterets were closed, and the shades down. That night there was a meeting of the "Order of the Southern Cross,"—a jubilee meeting—Madeleine called it. The excitement was so great it was voted only to convene upon notice from the Secretary (Madeleine), who would be notified by the Executive Committee (Madeleine), what orders or instructions to promulgate.

Months passed away after Monsieur Laujac departed before a letter came. When one did come it was dated at New Orleans. It spoke of the great success that had attended his work in the South. "The country was thoroughly aroused, and unanimously determined to spill the last drop of blood before submitting to the arrogant North." As to his return that was uncertain; if it were possible to run the blockade he might return in the autumn. He spoke of his hopes, urged her to remain true to him, and finished by intimating that his work was about completed, and he contemplated a return to *la belle France* in the near future; would she accompany him, leave this wretched country to settle its quarrels?"

"Well, Monsieur Laujac, it seems to me your enthusiasm for the 'cause' has somewhat cooled," thought Madeleine. "You were hot enough to encourage the fight; and now it is on you withdraw your precious person."

"Oh, no, that won't do for me," and so she wrote him a brief reply, encouraging him to write again, hinting that she herself was somewhat tired of it all, but that there was still much to be done, and she was always making arrangements if things went against them. It was a fact that, not knowing what the outcome of it all might be—and Madeleine was as prudent as she was partisan—she was on the point of transferring the larger portion of her wealth to Europe. This was easily arranged through the Bank of America. Madeleine knew she was playing a

dangerous game, and destroyed every trace of her correspondence with Southern leaders; no sudden raid should find her unprepared.

One day during the latter part of summer, when the excitement on the street had been tremendous, and the noise of fife and drum had penetrated every nook of the disloyal Cateret household, Hugo called to see Madeleine, resolved to tell her that, seeing no hope for his suit, he was about to enter the army. He knew Madame Malet was absent from her post, having met her on the street a short distance from the house, and learned that Madeleine was alone. With a rapid step, and a full heart, Hugo hastened on, determined to profit by the temporary absence of Madeleine's duenna, and demand a final answer from the beautiful girl who had so bewitched him. Ushered into her presence he could barely restrain himself from clasping her in his arms.

Madeleine was dressed in a charming negligé, and Hugo's heart beat rapidly as he surveyed her and realized that the crisis had come. Greuze nor Watteau ever painted a more charming picture than that Madeleine presented while arranging some flowers in their vases upon the mantel, when Hugo entered. Her bare arms were slightly raised, the open white sleeve of her morning costume falling back as if conscious their beauty should not be concealed. Her face was slightly flushed in her efforts to arrange the flowers and her hair just a trifle disarranged, made Hugo feel that he was admitted as a friend of the house, and without ceremony.

"How lovely you are this morning, Madeleine," was his entering exclamation.

"Thank you, Hugo, for the compliment," replied Madeleine, wiping her damp hands and extending the cool, white palm to him with the utmost frankness. "Do you think so, really, now? You are looking well yourself,"

and indeed Hugo did look handsome in a white flannel suit with his straw hat held carelessly in his hand.

"Are you through with your flowers, Madeleine? If you are, I must tell you something," said Hugo, dropping his hat upon the table, and slipping his arm around Madeleine's waist. To his surprise she did not resist it, but looked down at her right side, and made a grotesque little attempt to remove his fingers, at the same time looking up in his face with a mischievous expression of feigned alarm.

"How dare you, sir!" said the tempter.

"Faith, I don't know myself how I dare, Madeleine, I just did it, you know a worm will turn some day, and I have endured all I can bear. What a siren you are, to bewitch me so. Not a moment alone can I get with you! That amiable she-dragon of yours"—at this description of demure little Malet, Madeleine burst into a merry fit of laughter—"yes," he continued, "that sly creature is now out of sight, and how it happens that to-day I am here unmolested for a few moments, passes my comprehension." Madeleine knew how it was. Among her other resolves was one that perhaps after all she had better give her hand to Hugo. She cared as much for him as anybody, and if he would only accede to her wishes, she would bestow her hand upon him.

"Well, sir, what is the wonderful thing you have to tell me?" But Hugo's heart was too full of happiness to speak just then, and leaning over he impressed a kiss, his first lover-like salutation, upon her full red lips.

"I shall certainly call Malet if you persist in such rudeness, Hugo," she said with a pout, but she did not attempt to relieve herself from his grasp, nor did she put her threat in force. Hugo, intoxicated with his success, was not to be denied, and he strained her palpitating form to his, in an eager and ardent embrace, and showered kisses upon brow, cheeks, and lips. When Madeleine thought this love

dalliance had proceeded far enough, she withdrew herself from his arms by a quick movement.

“Now, sir, tell me what all this means, and why you are here! Let me hear the important communication you have to make!”

Now, Hugo was not aware of Madeleine's Southern predilections. She was to him a very beautiful, talented, and remarkably attractive girl. Of Madeleine's inner life he knew nothing: her wealth and her speculations were equally unknown to him. He supposed her father to be wealthy.

“Come and sit down beside me, Madeleine,” said Hugo, again possessing himself of her hand, and leading her to a seat. “I have been thinking all this morning about the terrible state of affairs between the North and South. What a pity all cannot be harmonious between us! This civil war is horrible!”

“All the more reason why the North should let us alone, Hugo, we want nothing of them, let us go in peace, we ask nothing more!”

“But that cannot be, Madeleine, we are all a part of a confederation of States, bound together by a common bond of interest; separating the one from the other was not contemplated in our Constitution; if one or two States can declare themselves independent, why not any one—New York, for instance? What sort of a Government would we have? We would be continually quarrelling with each other.”

“I don't see that at all, Hugo,” responded Madeleine a little coolly, “our interests are different. The Northern States are free States; we are slave-holding; the North is constantly fighting against our institutions. We must divide. The South will go her way, and the Northern States their way, there can be two capitals and all will be well.”

Hugo shook his head. “No, dear, it is too late, that is

impossible; the North will never permit it. The firing upon Sumter was an act of rebellion, we must now compel a submission; it will cost many lives, and much bitterness of feeling, but there is no alternative."

"Too late, is it," cried Madeleine springing to her feet, "then if it is to be war"—and her widely dilated eyes flashed fire—"let it be war, and war to the death, the utter extermination of one side or the other, we will never surrender, never! Hugo, join our cause; it is a just one, I have influence with President Davis, great influence, you little know how much, no woman in America to-day has the power I have, I can make you a general in the Southern army. I have great wealth, Hugo, you would not dream how much, it is all mine too. Join our cause, and you shall share it with me," and throwing her arms around his neck she kissed and caressed him, until his senses were bewildered, and he held this wealth of youth and loveliness in his arms—his own.

Madeleine's simulation of passion was so perfect that Hugo—no wonder—was deceived by it. Her head was thrown back, her white arms around his neck, and he felt the warm fragrance of her breath in his face, while her magnificent hair, loosened in the struggle, came tumbling down in a cascade over her head and face as he stooped and kissed her with all the fire and ardor of youth's impassioned nature.

"You are mine, Hugo, mine, are you not?"

"Yes, dearest, yours, yours alone."

"And you will do what I wish?" and caressing and cajoling, she allowed him to draw her upon his lap.

"And what is it my darling wishes?" asked Hugo, pretending he had not understood. Madeleine wheeled around, faced him, placed a hand on either shoulder and looked him in the eyes inquiringly.

"Promise me you will do what I ask of you, promise me

you will join our cause, and all I can give is at your disposal, promise this and you shall stand high among the highest. Is it too much? Have I offered too little? Is it worth the sacrifice, if such it be?"

Hugo did not answer immediately, he was desperately in love. But what was all this demanded of him? He must turn traitor to his country, he must join hands with the rebel horde, now attempting to destroy the integrity of the Republic? What should he say? Perhaps he could temporize; Madeleine would listen to reason, he thought.

How little he knew her! He, a straightforward man, she an unscrupulous woman, and a cunning one.

"Madeleine," he said, holding her two hands and speaking very gravely, "you do not doubt my great love for you; consider for one moment what you demand from me. I am a Northerner, born in a free State; you ask me to aid in perpetuating a vile institution like slavery, you ask me to fight against my friends, my neighbors. It is not the North which is the aggressor; for years the South has domineered over us, in spite of the wealth, the strength, the numbers we have, we have submitted to every whim a Southern fire-eater in Congress has seen fit to propose. Rather than quarrel we have been almost servile in our attitude toward the South. We only utterly refused to consent to the extension of slavery into new territories, until now the South has grown so bold that she has dared to pull down the flag of the Union, and declare war. You cannot mean that the price of your hand shall be disloyalty! No, Madeleine, say you do not mean that! Ask me not to fight against the South and I comply, but do not, I beg of you, demand that I become a miserable turncoat!" Hugo paused and almost humbly awaited Madeleine's reply. He did not know the nature he had to deal with. Heretofore there had only been exhibited to him the picture of a beautiful, high-bred woman, at times charming,

intellectual, and attractive; at others, distant, cold, and unapproachable. When he had finished his earnest, almost pathetic plea, for an independent, manly stand, and even yielded his desire to enter the army, Madeleine threw off his gentle hold upon her, and standing before him, a look of scorn and hatred upon her face he had never dreamed to see there, she eyed him a moment impatiently.

“So this is final, Mr. Hugo Bernhard, this is my return for yielding all maidenly reserve, and offering you what the highest and noblest in the land would have thought twice before rejecting! I am well repaid for my candor. You held me too lightly, Mr. Bernhard! What have you to offer for what I can give you? Nothing, absolutely nothing! A pretty person, poverty, and an unknown name! You have made a mistake, and so have I. I thought I recognized a grand, noble, impassioned nature, ready to do to the death for the one he loves! I find a narrow, calculating, hypocritical being, afraid to stand up and take the hand of the one he professes to love, and fight her battles before the world. The love you offer is nothing but mawkish sentiment, spirit you have none. I said I had made a mistake, I see I never loved you, I loved an ideal, a noble, glorious ideal, 'tis well I learned it in time; you can go!”—with a wave of the hand in dismissal—at the same time she commenced to adjust her hair with the utmost unconsciousness of his presence, a thousand times more bitter and galling than any words she might have spoken.

As for Hugo, he was dumb, he tried to articulate “Madeleine,” but with a shrug of her shoulders she turned her back on him and walked to the window. The very insolence of this act thoroughly aroused Hugo, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw Madeleine in her true colors. One moment he hesitated. Should he go without a word, like a whipped cur, or should he assert his manhood? He

chose the latter. Despite his gentleness and his aversion to scenes, he felt it due to himself that he should resent the contumely she had heaped upon him. With this in mind, he approached her as she held her place at the window.

“Madeleine, Miss Cateret, you must listen to me,” he said. “We have both made serious mistakes, you, in having encouraged the attentions of a man whom you never loved, and whom you would sacrifice to your insane ambition and greed for distinction. It is well the truth has been told, and separation came before it was too late. I have made the mistake of allowing physical perfection to outweigh moral endowments in my selection of a wife. I have been sharply reminded of my foolish infatuation. The services you have sought to win for the South through false blandishments, I shall now offer to my country. I bid you good-day, Miss Cateret,” and saying this he turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XXX.

OFF TO THE WARS.

THE reaction from passionate devotion to a state of devout thankfulness at the narrow escape he had made, was very beneficial to Hugo. With a night's rest he began a new existence. He saw that his blind infatuation had warped his judgment. His first impressions in regard to Madeleine's voice had been correct. Doris, with a woman's intuition, had arrived at the same conclusion. Hugo's artistic sense had blunted his reasoning faculties. The escape was a narrow one. The sneering tones and cool confession Madeleine made to him, were like the shock which sometimes returns to its normal equilibrium an un-hinged mind. Everything was normal once more, and he wondered how he could have been so befogged. To him, now, she was a beautiful piece of clay, and inspired no feeling even of resentment. Of the two, Madeleine suffered most. After Hugo left the room, she returned to her seat by the table.

"Fool! fool! you were," she said to herself, "to encourage such a man, it really looks like Laujac after all—if anybody—he at least has brains, and no little qualms of conscience to interfere with his ambitions. I did want Hugo, though, and could have made something out of him. Pah! I believe, as Heine says, 'the world does smell of dried violets.' To think I should have failed so ignominiously! It's a lesson, not to pin my faith to any man! Now for Laujac! I will write an encouraging letter to him," and taking her writing utensils Madeleine inscribed a letter,

which when read by Laujac caused a faint smile to light up his rather heavy face, for the fruit seemed to be ripe, and about to fall, and he determined to be on hand to receive it. A fortunate series of circumstances enabled him to finish his work, and but for Uncle Sam's blockade, he would have been at New York in a few days.

Hugo took a sudden resolve, a few days after his scene with Madeleine, that he would like to make his father and mother a visit. He imparted to Doris his intention, and that evening found him in New Haven.

Folded in his mother's arms, he experienced the emotions which permeate the world of human feeling, and soften and ameliorate the rebuffs the young encounter in mixing in the dizzy whirl of life's maelstrom. "After all, mother, blood is thicker than water," he remarked, stroking his mother's cheek, and petting her while his father looked on with becoming pride.

"Have you just found that out, Hugo?" laughed his mother. "Your father and I learned the lesson years ago, didn't we, father?" At which remark father Bernhard nodded, and by way of emphasizing his concurrence, added:

"My dear boy, you must not forget that on my side you are of Jewish origin, and I have never ceased to be proud of the fact that I am descended from that gifted and most persecuted race; and *with us*, the feeling you have expressed to your mother, is keenly felt and acknowledged. We have been so isolated in the world, that to a Jew, the meeting with one of his own race, is like the meeting with one of his own kindred. When one Jew looks in the eyes of another, he sees something there he himself cannot describe, but which he feels is a blood tie he cannot disregard, it is the Jewish heart. He looks there for encouragement when everything else fails; there is a brotherhood, which the most widely diversified interests cannot estrange nor efface. For some reasons I do not care to inquire into,

you have suddenly discovered what it is to have kindred, and a home. Encourage this sentiment, Hugo, my son, you will find no hearts so ready to unite in your joys, laugh when you laugh, or weep when you suffer, as those of your own kindred."

The tone in which the elder Bernhard delivered this admonition was so dignified and calm, at the same time so proud and lofty were the sentiments he advocated, that Hugo was much impressed, and extending his hand to his father, he thanked him in a manly fashion for his advice, and promised to heed it. The mother drew him aside and with the clear intuition the mother's heart possesses, she looked at him a moment and then said:

"Hugo, dear, is Miss Cateret one of those whose blood is no thicker than water?"

Hugo's face flushed a little, but before he could answer his mother stopped him.

"Never mind, my son, I understand it all, and am pleased; after a bit you won't care!"

"I don't care now, mother dear; I did, but that is gone by, and I am not sore over it. Now let us go to supper," and with his arm around his mother's waist, he led her into the other room.

"Do you remember, Hugo," said his father, "the large order I got just before you went to New York, for farm wagons for some Charlestown parties? Well, they proved to be queer farm wagons, they were intended for army wagons, for the rebels. I made a nice thing out of the contract, and now the Government has contracted for all I can make. I am employing twice as many hands as I ever employed before, and shall soon be in better circumstances than when you went to Europe. Now, it occurred to me, that if you cared to return to perfect your studies, I have a few odd thousand dollars I can place at your disposal without cramping myself in the least, and——"

"Father," broke in Hugo, "I thank you very much for the continued proof of your confidence in me, but I have other plans, and I came down to lay them before you and mother; I want to raise a company and enter the army!"

"My dear Hugo," exclaimed his mother, "you don't mean that. Oh, do not do it, think of our distress, the only son we have! O Hugo, do not go," and Mrs. Bernhard burst into a flood of tears.

"I feared this, Hugo," said his father; "let me advise you to take time before deciding. Your presence in the army is not necessary, we have plenty of men glad to go; you are unused to the hardships of a soldier's life. Remain here this summer, the rebellion may be crushed out, and it will be unnecessary for those to go who are unfitted for such a life. Suppose your hand were crippled, what would become of your art?"

The advice seemed good, and his mother so much distressed, that for the time Hugo relinquished his project. All summer long he spent in his old home, and passed a very happy summer. But the war news was not encouraging for the speedy suppression of the rebellion. Hugo's early friends had all gone, and taking a sudden resolution he made application to raise a company, and wrote to Harry Richmond, urging him to join him and become his first lieutenant. Hugo's application was granted, and despite the sorrowful looks of his mother and the grave face of his father, he began to recruit his company, which he easily filled up, as the Bernhards were well known, and many of the men left his father's employ to go with the son. Harry also agreed to join him, and soon came to New Haven. He, also, met much opposition at home, Richmond senior being a pronounced Southerner in feeling; but Grace was an enthusiastic Union girl, partly because Madeleine Cateret was not. As Hugo was going to the war, Grace wanted Harry to go with him, for company, she said,

"Yes, to be shot together," suggested Mr. Richmond, but Grace was not to be turned from her allegiance, and one day, after Harry left for New Haven, she suggested to Doris that they both go down and see them off. Somehow Grace had come to the conclusion that matters weren't all right between Madeleine and Hugo, and she was determined to win him if possible. Impulsive, at times almost petulant, there was always about her personality an attractiveness difficult to define. When she looked in your face you seemed the only person in the world just at that time she cared to see. One moment she was coaxing, pleading, and the next her eyes were dancing with fun and sparkling with mischief. Emotional from the tips of her fingers to the crown of her head, she was as sensitive to impressions as the distinguished lady who always put at the head of her letters the temperature of the air, and the height of the barometer. Could one have examined Grace's desk, he would have found Grace Bernhard, Hugo Bernhard, written over every available scrap of paper. While wilful and childlike in ordinary affairs, she was upon occasions womanly and even dignified.

Hugo and Harry were surprised one evening upon returning from camp, to find the two blushing girls installed at home and ready to worship their soldier heroes, for Doris was as ready now to yield up her heart to Harry as Grace was to give hers in Hugo's keeping.

"You did not think we intended letting you two boys go off without coming down to see you, did you now?" urged Grace, always rather more forward than Doris.

"Why, of course not," echoed both the young officers—how handsome they looked in their uniforms—particularly Hugo thought Grace, especially Harry thought Doris. Hugo had never heard of Grace's repulse by Madeleine, she had sworn Doris to secrecy, and as Madeleine had never mentioned it, that unpleasant episode was unknown

to him, consequently there was no embarrassment between them.

The —— Connecticut had already been mustered into the United States service, and they only awaited marching orders which were likely to come any day. It was understood that they were to form a part of General Butler's New England Division, and their destination was Ship Island, in the Gulf of Mexico, with the probability that the capture of New Orleans was the main object of the expedition.

For a couple of weeks the holiday life they led was delightful. While they were engaged in camp busy practising the "goose step," with their men, the girls were indefatigable in making up all varieties of "housewives," pin-cushions, and toilet necessities. Hugo declared he could fit out the regiment with needles, pins, and thread. Along toward sundown the two girls drove out to witness dress parade, and after that was over, took their lovers into the carriage and brought them back to spend the evening at home.

Sometimes their little trip was varied by the girls riding out on horseback, taking their dinner in camp, and then together they rode over the old Connecticut hills, and no knight of old was more gallant or attentive to the fair ladies whose colors they wore, than these manly soldier boys whose spurs were yet unwon. The pairing off came naturally; between Doris and Harry, the understanding was complete, but not so between Hugo and Grace. Night after night her head cracked in the effort to conceive some plan to make him declare himself. She could not throw herself at his feet, although to Doris she admitted she would do something startling if he didn't speak soon. There was nothing bold about Grace, she was modesty itself; but her wilful, passionate nature was undisciplined. As she was, you saw her, free as any bird, and as untrammelled by so-

ciety's rulings. Alas! their halcyon days were drawing to a close! Orders came for the regiment to march and they were taking their last ride together, Hugo unusually serious, Grace perplexed and almost in tears. Harry and Doris, happy in their frank understanding, had galloped ahead through the woods, while the other two, both with their hearts filled, moped on behind. Hugo had made up his mind to speak, but a little shame that he so soon could forget his glorious ideal kept him silent.

The path they were pursuing was a bridle path, and they rode close together on account of the narrowness of the way, and the flanking trees. The autumn sun tinged the yellow maple and the dark red oaks with glints of its golden rays, while the rustle of the falling leaves, and over the hill the tingle of the cow bell, was all the sound they heard, save the soft, crunching foot-fall of the two horses. Grace occasionally snapped viciously at the branches which gently flicked her in the face as she pushed through them; while Hugo, glum and silent, tried to formulate some phrase, which should ease his mind and declare his sentiments without seeming fickle and even deceitful to one who knew he had loved another. Just then they passed through a little clump of beeches, and to Hugo's surprise Grace's horse suddenly sprang forward in a mad gallop, while she, taken by surprise--so it seemed--merely clung to the pommel of the saddle and emitted scream after scream. It took but an instant for Hugo to dig the spurs into his horse's sides and pursue her, but now she seemed to have lost her head, for she made no effort to arrest his headlong gallop. The affair began to look serious, for a few rods further would bring them to a thick wood with the prospect of Grace having her brains knocked out against the trees, or being thrown with great violence to the ground and perhaps dragged to death. Hugo was in an agony of terror, for he gained but little upon her, when unexpect-

edly as Grace's horse had started, he stopped, and Hugo dashed up in time to assist her to alight, at the same time springing from his own horse.

"Why Gracie, dear, what on earth came over that stupid beast of yours, to run so? He frightened me terribly, I thought you were gone," ejaculated Hugo.

"Indeed, did you, Hugo?" replied Grace with the utmost *sang froid*, "that is not my way of dying, to make a spectacle of myself, I wouldn't have looked nice all crushed up. Confess, now, it would have puzzled you to get me home in that state."

"Gracie, Gracie, you awful girl, how ever could you conceive such a thing?" cried Hugo slipping his arm around her waist, and well that he did, for the foolish girl had carried the thing too far, and her white face and trembling limbs compelled Hugo to seat her on the turf. A feeble, sickly smile played around her mouth as Hugo kissed her hands, and finally grew bolder and drew her head upon his shoulder. The color came back gradually, and true to her nature, Grace turned on her lover and demanded:

"How dare you, Hugo? I am not Madeleine Cateret."

"Confound Madeleine Cateret! Why should she come in to interfere between us?"

"Just what I would like to know, too, Hugo," exclaimed Grace.

"Gracie, I've been a fool, a stupid, owlsh fool, and now I see it, don't speak of that creature to me——"

"But I thought you loved her, Hugo?" said Grace mischievously.

"So did I, at one time, and now I wonder at it all. But Grace, dear, it is all past, I love just one dear, little Grace, and never wish to love any one else——"

"Indeed Mr. Hugo, you had better not, let me tell you, or"—her mouth was stopped just then and the sentence was unfinished.

That night in bed with Doris, her little head pillowed on her shoulder, she told her the whole story, much to Doris's delight and amusement.

"But Gracie, how was it your horse ran away so opportunely? I never heard of anything so exactly àpropos."

"Well, Doris dear," said Grace with a little chuckling laugh, "I am afraid I did it. You see I was desperate, so I just shoved a beech burr under the saddle flap, and he ran, and when he had gone far enough I pushed it out and he just stopped!"

"You little witch, I could have sworn it was something like that!"

"Yes, dear, but it took me a long time to think it out," drawled Grace sleepily.

Morning came, and sadly and tearfully, they took their last breakfast together with their soldier lovers. There was very little eating done, a few moments alone, and then the farewells came. With drums beating and colors flying the regiment marched bravely out of camp to the station. "All aboard," a toot of the whistle and they are off. Grace and Doris lingered, waving their handkerchiefs until the last moment, and then both broke down and sobbed in each other's arms.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE UNION GENERAL AND THE JESUIT.

MANY were the hardships Monsieur Laujac encountered in his efforts to get through the Union lines. He first tried the Gulf, and hired a boatman to row him past the fleet; but—with a warning that if he tried it again he would be treated as a spy—he was sent back to New Orleans. He next tried the river route, but again he met defeat—being seized by the rebels and almost hung before he could convince them he was a Frenchman, who favored the Southern cause. Disgusted with his fate, he was perforce compelled to await events. It was not until May, '62, when Farragut's fleet, having subdued the forts—steamed gayly up the Mississippi, followed by the Union transports filled with soldiers—that the blockade was raised. Even then it required a pass, but he hoped to obtain this. Early on the 7th of May, a Connecticut regiment marched up Canal Street, stacked their arms, and rested while waiting for orders.

Among the curious spectators who lined the streets, watching every movement of the Union soldiers, was Monsieur Laujac. While gazing indifferently at these sturdy Union soldiers, he wondered if indeed the North was to win in this struggle. If so, this country was no place for him. He was somewhat startled to hear Captain Bernhard's name called, and saw a handsome officer, whom he recognized as the artist, leave his company, step forward, salute the colonel, and receive an order.

"So Monsieur Bernhard, you are here, are you, and a soldier, then I need not hasten so much."

That evening Hugo received a call at his quarters from Monsieur Laujac, whom he received politely, if not cordially.

"Rather an odd transformation, Captain Bernhard, is it not, from the petted artist of New York society to the captaincy of a company of soldiers in the field, eh?" inquired Monsieur Laujac.

"Not so odd in a Republic like ours, Monsieur Laujac, where every able-bodied man holds himself in readiness to serve his country in her need," replied Hugo pleasantly. "But how long have you been in the South, Monsieur Laujac?"

"Much longer than I wished. I have tried again and again to get through the lines, and hitherto failed. If the Commanding-General will give me a pass, I shall be only too glad to get away. I can, by the way, deliver any letters or messages you wish, to your friends in New York. Possibly you might aid me in obtaining a pass, if you would be good enough to write a line which I may bear to General Butler." Seeing nothing out of the way in this request, Hugo wrote a note introducing Monsieur Laujac as an old acquaintance from New York. Having inquired after many mutual friends, among them Miss Cateret, Monsieur Laujac bade Hugo good-evening, promising to see him before he went North.

The next morning Monsieur Laujac appeared at the St. Charles Hotel—General Butler's Headquarters—and sent up his note of introduction. After an hour of waiting an orderly conducted him into the presence of the General. Monsieur Laujac saw before him, seated at a desk, a short, thick-set man, in the uniform of a Major-General of the Union army. Hat in hand he awaited his pleasure—for the General was just then engaged in writing. He did not wait long. Dropping his pen, the General swung around in his office chair. He was a heavy-faced man, apparently about forty-five years of age. One eye, the left, had a pe-

culiar droop of the lid which partially concealed it; the other, however, was of the gimlet order, and self-possessed as Monsieur Laujac was, he felt uneasy under its acute scrutiny.

"Your name is Laujac, is it?" asked the General abruptly.

Monsieur Laujac bowed and replied:

"At your service, Monsieur le General."

"Sit down there," came next from the General, pointing to a chair placed directly in front of him—which Monsieur Laujac discovered, when he tried to move it, was attached—by a rope tied to one leg—to the desk.

"Who are you, and what are you doing in New Orleans, Monsieur Laujac?" inquired the General brusquely.

"I am a Frenchman, General, travelling for pleasure. I came South before the breaking out of the war, and have been unable to get back North. I have been in New Orleans for six months, but neither your party nor the rebels would permit me to pass the lines."

"Well, what do you wish of me?"

"A pass, General, to enable me to go North without molestation."

"What do you want of a pass, if you are going North, Monsieur Laujac?" inquired the General somewhat suspiciously.

"If I could go on a steamer I might not need one, but I must make my way as best I can; it is necessary for me to be in New York as soon as possible."

"I thought you were travelling for pleasure. Why is it necessary for you to be in New York?" asked the General.

"I have business there, General, before I sail for France, and it must be immediately attended to," responded Monsieur Laujac in an unruffled tone.

The General eyed his visitor keenly for a moment, but

the face of the Jesuit was as impassive as a marble statue.

"I am not entirely satisfied with your replies, Monsieur Laujac. Your appearance is more like that of a churchman than a traveller for pleasure. I could almost swear you wore a hair shirt under that conventional garb, but you can have the pass, since Captain Bernhard knows you. Here, take this to my Adjutant-General, he will fix it for you;" and he tossed a scrap of paper to Monsieur Laujac, who picked it up and expressed his thanks. Safely out of the room he drew a long breath.

"A devil of a man, that fellow," he muttered as the door closed behind him, "I believe he suspects me; I'll get that pass signed, and leave as soon as possible, and without Captain Bernhard's letters or messages, too." The next morning Captain Bernhard was surprised at a summons to call at headquarters.

"Who was that fellow, Captain Bernhard? How long have you known him?"

In reply Hugo told him all he knew about Monsieur Laujac.

"Met him at the Richmonds with Miss Cateret, did you? that explains it, that explains it, that man is either a spy or a Southern sympathizer. The Richmonds are Southerners and so is Miss Cateret, who is the most dangerous woman in New York to-day. She is the organizer of a league or circle called the 'Order of the Southern Cross,' a secession order, I have heard of her before. She is always under surveillance, and Stanton will arrest her on the first opportunity. If I am not mistaken that man is an agent of the Catholic sympathizers in Europe; he has the marks of a priest which are unmistakable and I should have detained him. If he has not given us the slip, you must arrest him, and bring him before me again, although I fear we are too late; he is not the man to linger, and I saw he felt my suspicions. Take half a dozen men and scour the

city. If possible capture him, Captain Bernhard; now lose no time."

Thus urged Captain Bernhard did not lag in his duty, but all search proved unavailing, and the next day he was obliged to report that Monsieur Laujac could not be found.

What had become of Monsieur Laujac all this time? It was very simple. He took the scrap of paper General Butler handed him—which proved to be an order on the Adjutant-General to issue a pass—the pass was immediately made out. Once in possession of it, he hastened to his room, destroyed all his papers, secreted all his money on his person and took the train for Lake-end, or the New Basin as it was called, about ten miles from the city. His expectation was to make his way to Ft. Pike on some sailing vessel, and thence into the Gulf of Mexico, where he hoped to find some vessel or steamer going North. When he arrived at the New Basin, he found a company of United States soldiers there and no vessel was allowed to sail without a custom-house permit. Strolling along the pier he observed a small yacht proudly riding at anchor a half mile out. Upon greeting the sentry, who was stationed on the wharf, he learned that this yacht was employed by the Government to patrol Lake Pontchartrain and intercepted all vessels coming or going, suspected of carrying contraband goods. He also learned that a sergeant and half a dozen soldier seamen, manned the craft. "There is the sergeant now," said the commandant guard, as a slender-looking young man with three stripes upon the sleeve of his coat, came walking down the wharf. Monsieur Laujac seated himself upon a pile of hard-wood boxes, and lighted a cigar. The young sergeant came slowly along toward the end of the wharf and addressed the sentry.

"Has Harvey gone on board, Joe?" he inquired.

"I don't think he has come down yet, sergeant," replied the guard,

"Looks like a blow to-night, Joe, and we ought to be down at 'Little River,' before dark." Monsieur Laujac listened to this talk and made up his mind to go along if he could persuade the sergeant to take him.

"A handsome yacht you have there, sergeant," he remarked, "she looks speedy, too."

"There is nothing on the Lake can run away from her in a good breeze," said the young officer turning toward the speaker.

"I'd like to go out duck shooting in her over to Pass Manchac," suggested Monsieur Laujac.

"Yes, and get a bullet under your skin, my friend," replied the sergeant facetiously, and then he continued, "there is better sport and less danger at 'Irish Bayou.'"

"Manchac or Irish Bayou, it's all the same to me, if there are ducks. How would you like a passenger, sergeant?"

"Sorry, we don't take passengers, sir," replied the sergeant, apparently a little wary.

"Oh, well, it's all the same, I'll find some boat to take me there."

"Couldn't let you go without a pass, that's the order, sir," replied the sergeant decidedly.

"Oh, as for that, I have a pass. When I told the General I wanted to go 'duck shooting,' he sent me one directly," replied Monsieur Laujac indifferently.

"Smoke, sergeant," he inquired, pulling out some fine cigars. The sergeant did love a fine cigar, and especially when given him by a friend of General Butler.

"Got your pass in your pocket?" he asked immediately, as he lighted the cigar.

"I believe so, unless I left it at Boudro's—stop, here it is," and he handed it to the sergeant.

"This seems to be all right. Where is your gun, at the Hotel?"

"No, I left it in town, not thinking of going to-day;

would I have time to run in and get it?" The sergeant shook his head.

"I'm afraid not. Wait a moment, here comes my sailing master. Hello, Harvey, think it's going to blow?"

The old sailor, now a Union soldier, scanned the horizon and shook his head.

"We'll have a 'Norther' before night, sergeant, sure; if we are going to 'Little River,' we had better up anchor and start, or we'll have it in our teeth."

"That's too bad, sergeant, I would like a trip with you," said Monsieur Laujac rather disconsolately.

"Well, if you would like to go, I'll tell you what you can do, I'll give you my rifle, and you can pop at the loons, how does that suit you?"

"Capital, sergeant, when do you come back?"

"Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps next day. How shall I call you, by the way?"

"My name is Laujac, sergeant, you saw the pass."

"To be sure, well, Monsieur Laujac, if you wish to go, get anything you wish, we shall sail in half an hour, the boat will be here, but you must be on hand." So saying the youthful sergeant pulled out his pocket handkerchief and waved it, receiving an answering signal from the little yacht.

Monsieur Laujac retraced his steps to Boudro's restaurant, and ordered an immense lunch basket filled with the best the place afforded, not forgetting half a dozen bottles of whiskey. When he again made his appearance upon the wharf he found them impatiently waiting, for although only a slight breeze was blowing, it looked squally in the northwest.

"Hurry up, Monsieur Laujac. Bob, help him with that basket. 'All aboard,' pull away men," and Monsieur Laujac found himself fairly on his way to the yacht, while General Butler was speculating as to who he was, and pre-

paring to send word to Captain Bernhard. No wonder the Captain did not find him! A few minutes brought them alongside of the yacht, and the sergeant showed him into the cabin, which he found quite roomy, with two berths, one of which the sergeant placed at his disposal.

In ten minutes they were under way, with the mainsail, foresail and jib set, and slipping along at a good rate in the light air, toward the lower end of the lake. The *Reine Hortense*, the name of the yacht, was a very handsomely finished pleasure boat, and the crew—a half dozen old Maine fishermen—understood the handling of her perfectly. For an hour or two Monsieur Laujac enjoyed himself, as he had not done for many a day. He found the young sergeant a good type of the non-commissioned officer in the Union service, intelligent, fairly well read, and something of a French scholar. With the adroitness of a man of the world he flattered and entertained his host, until they became quite friendly. While sitting in the cabin discoursing some of the late French authors, and sipping a glass of grog, they heard considerable noise on deck. Upon putting their heads out of the companion-way, they saw that a stiff breeze was blowing, and Captain Harvey was shortening sail. The wind gradually shifted until it blew directly in their teeth. For three hours they breasted the storm before they got offing enough to run before it. From stem to stern the little craft was washed by the waves, and to Monsieur Laujac it seemed they were in some danger; but the sergeant reassured him.

“Hang on to the jib, Bob, hard up the helm, Norton, round she comes! look out for the boom, let go the jib, ease off that mainsail,” and quickly answering her helm, the yacht swung round and with mainsail and foresail again hoisted, winged out, they ran before the gale. All was now smooth sailing, for they were running before the wind, and in half an hour they were at anchor in Irish

Bayou. A little tired with their sharp work, more or less wet, but all ready—when Jarvis, the little Canadian French cook, announced that supper was served—to give it proper attention. The “Norther” gradually blew itself out, and the lake became calm again. The evening was delightful, Monsieur Laujac made himself exceedingly agreeable, and if the truth be told, encouraged more conviviality than a priest should. The result was that by ten o’clock all were in a drowsy mood, and when at midnight a man popped his head out of the companion-way the deck was deserted by the watch, or he was fast asleep. Quietly this man sneaked along to the side of the yacht and dropped into the *piroque*, a small boat fastened there, and paddled softly into the lake.

By morning he pulled up at Ft. Pike, showed his pass, secured the services of a boatman with a small sail boat, and before Seregant W. was awakened for breakfast, his guest was bounding over the waves in the Gulf and by night was safely aboard a sailing vessel which took him to Havana, whence he sailed in the next steamer for New York.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MADELEINE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

AFTER the episode in which Madeleine so contemptuously dismissed Hugo, her nature seemed to change. She became more unstable and bitter than ever against the North. Madame Malet was sent away on some trivial pretext at a moment's notice. Mr. Wheelock was established as her secretary, and faithfully fulfilled his duties. One afternoon—the very day before Monsieur Laujac's return—Madeleine was in the library dictating a letter in cipher to Wheelock. Although she employed him, he did not comprehend the nature of the business upon which he was engaged. A piece of blotting paper was needed.

“Wait a moment, Wheelock, I think I have some in my portfolio,” said Madeleine; “yes, here is a piece,” taking out a large blotter. It was perfectly clean, save some bold marks in the centre of one side. The marks looked strange, but turn it which way she would they were illegible. Suddenly a thought entered her mind. She walked to the large pier glass, held the blotter up to it, and instantly read the following address: General Peter Johannes Beckx, S. J., Rome, Italy. She recognized the hand at once, it was Laujac's. How did it come there? Madeleine beat her little fist impatiently against her forehead, seeking the solution. Yes, now she remembered; one day when he called at the house in Washington Square, while waiting for her, he had begged permission to write a letter, and she had seen him blot it. “Who was General Beckx?” Although, as we know, Made-

leine had been educated at a convent supervised by the Jesuits, she knew nothing of the order, not even knowing there was a General. The instruction for girls was not of that nature which could inform her.

"Wheelock, who is General Beckx?"

"I don't know, Miss Cateret, I never heard the name, perhaps he is some confederate general," replied Wheelock.

"No, I think not," said Madeleine meditatively, "but never mind now, we will go on with the letter if it is dry; I can't use this blotter."

All that day Madeleine pondered over the address, and the next morning she ordered her carriage and drove to the New York Hotel to find Dr. Maginn, thinking he might inform her. Dr. Maginn was absent. After a moment's hesitation she decided to go to the Astor Library and see Dr. Cogswell; he would know. She did so, and introduced herself to the learned doctor, whom she had met once before. Upon stating her errand, he answered immediately:

"General Beckx? Why, he is the General of the Jesuits; if you will wait one moment I can give you more accurate information."

While the doctor was looking up his authorities, Madeleine mused over the situation.

"Are the Jesuits then interested in this war? It must be!" Just then Dr. Cogswell returned.

"General Beckx, it seems," he said, in a didactic tone, reading from a large book he carried, "is the twenty-second General of the 'Order of Jesus,' Ignatius Loyola being the first," then slapping the book together, he commenced with the avidity of an old bibliophile when he finds a patient listener: "Wonderful order that, a perfect military despotism, it is not at all like a monastic order, it is spread over the whole world, even here in America. A year or so ago, I remember, one of them visited the library,

a very learned man, Beaujac, or Maujac, I think he called himself."

"Laujac, perhaps," suggested Madeleine.

"Really, that sounds like it; did you know him? A wonderfully learned fellow, a pupil of Dibdin's"—who Dibdin was, Madeleine did not know or care—"I think I have his card yet. He has published a very interesting book."

"He is very learned, no doubt, doctor, but do you think you could find that card of Mr. Laujac? I am curious to see if it is the gentleman I mean."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Cateret, I think I have it still."

Again Madeleine was left alone, but only for a short time. The doctor returned with a card which he handed her; "you were right," he said, "it is Laujac." Madeleine took the card and read to her amazement, "Rev. Pierre Laujac." With great difficulty she controlled her feelings sufficiently to enable her to beg the card of Dr. Cogswell, who granted her request instantly.

Bidding the librarian good-morning, Madeleine entered her carriage and drove directly home.

"So, Monsieur Pierre Laujac is Rev. Pierre Laujac, and my promised husband! I wonder what his object is, my money probably," soliloquized Madeleine, "fortunate indeed, that I discovered this in time. The world is full of surprises, and I have had my share recently." There was yet another in store for her, and a still greater one; for when she reached home she found in the library Monsieur Pierre Laujac in person, very comfortable, very complacent, and exceedingly glad to see her.

"My dear Madeleine," he cried, coming forward to greet her, but something in her face arrested his impulsive action; he hesitated, dropped the hand he held outstretched, but unnoticed.

“Hem! I can’t say, Madeleine, your manner is friendly toward one who has gone through what I have, since I last saw you! You received my letter?”—for the thought flashed through his mind she was piqued that he had not written oftener—“I wrote every week, but only received two letters from you.”

“You may have written every week, but not to me, monsieur,” replied Madeleine haughtily. “If you will excuse me I will remove my wraps before I talk with you,” and bowing slightly, she left the room. Rushing up-stairs she wrote a telegram, and ringing for the butler delivered it to him, then she sat down and waited; a half-hour passed before she entered the library. Meanwhile Monsieur Laujac paced up and down the room, puzzling his head to invent reasons for Madeleine’s strange demeanor.

“What the deuce can it all mean? Some woman’s freak, but wait a bit, my lady, how nicely I’ll repay you for keeping me kicking my heels here at your pleasure!” And the look in his eyes was not a pleasant one to behold, for at heart, this polished gentleman was hard, stern, and tyrannical, aside from the fact that he had no conscience.

“Well, Monsieur Laujac,” were Madeleine’s first words upon entering the library, “I have kept you waiting!”

“It seems so, but lovers are proverbially illy treated by their mistresses. I am at your service now, however, although my reception has hardly been a joyous one.” While his language indicated inward discontent, outwardly he was bland and smiling.

Madeleine took a seat at some distance from her lover. “Joyous receptions are usually accorded to faithful, and not faithless lovers, monsieur,” replied Madeleine coldly.

“My dear child, I am not good at solving riddles, even though put by a charming young lady; will you kindly explain this enigma?” And Monsieur Laujac interlaced his fingers and dropped his hands into his lap. Madeleine

reached over and touched the bell, an icicle could not be more frigid than her manner. As she surveyed her faithless lover, she gently elevated her eyebrows and her delicately booted foot just tapped the floor impatiently. Hawkins answered the bell.

"Hawkins, will you please hand Monsieur Laujac this card?" and Madeleine dropped a card upon the table which the butler placed upon his salver and tendered with the most imperturbable countenance to Monsieur Laujac.

"You can go, Hawkins." The butler retired. Monsieur took the card with the tips of his fingers. Madeleine looked at him and he at her. A sneer curled her lips, and her nostrils quivered. "Now I have you," she thought. Vain hope! The contest was unequal—he slipped through the net like an eel.

As he looked at the card, frankness and candor was marked on every feature; this was suddenly followed by a look of pain.

"Madeleine, how could you think so evil of me as you evidently have done? What does this card signify? You know I am here on a special mission from the French Government. I have been mistaken often for an actor, and sometimes for a priest; it occurred to me to adopt the guise of a priest, and I had these cards printed, after I arrived in New York. I changed my mind, and doffed my priestly garb. How you obtained this card I cannot conceive, as I thought I had destroyed them all. Why are you so suspicious, and why have you pained me so unnecessarily, Madeleine?"

Madeleine's mind, as she listened to the Jesuit, was filled with conflicting emotions. She wished to believe him, but her disposition forbade the exhibition of candor. The fact was, her moral nature was of a low type. With all her beauty of face and form, her character partook of the nature of the feline tribe. If she desired to believe, it was

because she had designs she wished to forward, not because she wished to see her friend clear himself of criminal duplicity. As Monsieur Laujac finished speaking, he carefully scanned Madeleine's countenance, and the analysis was apparently favorable, for he stepped forward and attempted to take her hand.

"Not yet, not yet, my dear Monsieur Laujac, there is something more to be explained," and reaching for her portfolio, Madeleine handed him the blotter. Laujac took it, looked at it and then at Madeleine.

"Well, my dear girl, what do these hieroglyphics mean, is this some cipher?"

"Hold it up to that glass, if you please, Monsieur." Monsieur Laujac did as requested, and read his own handwriting. The instant he did so he burst into a loud laugh.

"Madeleine! you have missed your vocation, you should have been a female detective; how can a poor ignorant fly like me hope to escape from your net? You intended to ask if that is my handwriting; most assuredly it is," tearing it up as he spoke—"forgive me, but that was necessary. Did you ever hear of the 'gentlemen of the short frock?' I am one of them. In fact my mission is one connected with the order. It is the aim of his Holiness to keep well informed of the affairs of his flock in America, and I am commissioned to report to General Beckx all that can be of service to his Holiness. Now, you distrustful girl, is that all, or have you some other fearful secret I must explain,"—just then Hawkins tapped at the door.

"A gentleman to see Miss Cateret in the reception room," he said.

"My dear friend, will you excuse me one moment, I assure you I will not keep you waiting as I did before," remarked Madeleine. Monsieur Laujac bowed his head gravely; he saw he had regained his prestige.

When Madeleine entered the reception room she found there a young lieutenant.

"Miss Cateret?" he inquired.

"I am Miss Cateret. I presume you came in answer to my telegram, do take a seat, lieutenant. The fact is, I find I have made a mistake; you see we Northern girls are as enthusiastic patriots as you gentlemen, and I thought I had a clue to a Southern spy, but he turned out to be a humble missionary. You must make my apologies, but I was so eager to help; will you not take a glass of wine, lieutenant?" Ringing for Hawkins, she ordered a decanter of sherry to be placed on the table.

"Did you bring any men with you?"

"Oh, yes, I have a couple outside," replied the officer.

"Dear me, that is too bad. Hawkins fill the lieutenant's glass again, and bring some cigars. Would you mind dividing a box between them, Lieutenant?"

"No! thanks."

"Hawkins, wrap up that box nicely for Lieutenant—"

"Grey, madam"—

"For Lieutenant Grey."

Lieutenant Grey saw that he must go, although he would have liked to linger.

"Miss Cateret, will you not drink one glass with me? I'll give you a toast, 'confusion to our enemies.'"

"Most willingly I drink that toast, 'confusion to our enemies.'" When the lieutenant got outside he called to his men.

"Some mistake made, boys, there's no arrest. I got a cigar for you out of it, though," giving them one apiece from his pocket, the box he carried to his own quarters. When Madeleine returned to Monsieur Laujac she put out both her hands to him, "I have just saved you from an unpleasant experience, my friend," she said smilingly.

"Indeed, more unpleasant experiences to-day would demoralize me. From what have you saved me, pray?"

"From arrest, Monsieur Pierre Laujac, now I'll make a confession. When I kept you waiting, I sent a telegram to the Provost Marshal telling him there was a Southern spy here. You see I am a dangerous woman to trifle with, monsieur. When I went into the reception room I found a lieutenant, and outside were two men to take you into custody. I have sent the officer away with a glass or two of wine to soothe any annoyance."

"Why, my Madeleine, what a little fury you can become, and so you would have had me arrested on suspicion that I had deceive you? You are too impulsive, my dear girl! By the way, did you mention my name?"

"Oh, no, I simply telegraphed I had a Southern spy here," laughed Madeleine.

"You naughty girl, and would you have had me immured in some dark prison, on suspicion that I had wronged you? Madeleine! Madeleine! I am afraid you are vindictive," and Monsieur Laujac's face took on a grave expression.

"My poor Pierre, how badly I have treated you! Don't blame me—I was furious at you, I admit, but it is all right now, and you must stay and dine with us; papa will be so glad to see you!" And Madeleine put on her sweetest smile as she thrust her arm through his, and looked up into his face.

"You are sure I shall not be interrupted by the Provost-Marshal while I dine, Madeleine? Excitement ruins digestion, you know."

"Oh, I will guarantee you immunity from arrest, Monsieur," laughed Madeleine.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DH. MAGINN TRANSMITS A WARNING AND IMPOSES A
COMMAND.

RARE is the man in whose heart there does not exist a tender spot for his first love. He may have been ill treated, rejected, scorned, or on the other hand, he may have forsaken the one who first aroused love's tender passion. Still there lingers a spark which smoulders, almost dead it seems, and no wind that blows can rekindle it into the living flame it was, and yet the glimmer is there; and only ceases its feeble glow, when conscious man becomes unconscious earth. Like the faint gleam which yet comes to us from one of those far-away stars, whose fires were ages ago extinguished, so this fading flicker of light seems to revive in us passion's fires; and recollection warms the long hidden embers to a semblance of flame.

When Hugo learned from General Butler that Madeleine Cateret was suspected of being a rabid secessionist, his first thought was to convey to her a warning. His search for Laujac proved unavailing, as we have seen, and then he remembered Madeleine's peril. Not liking to write directly to her, he addressed Dr. Maginn, and briefly told him that, knowing him to be a friend of Miss Cateret's, he took the liberty of writing him on a matter of great personal interest to the young lady, which was, that she was suspected of furnishing information to the Southern leaders; and furthermore, if her arrest had not been already ordered, it would soon be. When the doctor received this

letter, he hastened immediately to present the information thus obtained to Miss Cateret, and arrived at the house while the family were at dinner.

Perfectly familiar with the ways of the household, he would have preferred waiting in the library, but the case was too urgent, and hastily writing a line, begging Madeleine to see him immediately, he gave Hawkins the card, and dropping into an easy chair became immersed in thought.

When the card was placed before her, Madeleine glanced at it, laid it down near her plate and resumed, for the moment, her conversation with Monsieur Laujac. Mr. Cateret, who was exceedingly curious, fidgeted in his chair a while, looked at Madeleine, and suddenly blurted out, "who is it, Maddy?" But Madeleine continued her conversation. They were speaking of Monsieur Laujac's escape from New Orleans; he had just finished telling her of meeting Captain Bernhard, and his interview with General Butler.

"A very brusque man, Miss Cateret, but a very able one, if I am any judge of men. I regret he is not with us, an old friend of President Davis, too, he would make a splendid adviser. I am inclined to think I got away in the nick of time, before my pass was revoked; he seemed to fancy I had some business in the South other than as a traveller. I don't recollect when I have been so adroitly questioned. You can't imagine the motto he has hung on the wall of his office! 'There is no difference between the He and She adder in venom.'"

"Ah, the tyrant!" exclaimed Madeleine, "but, if it be as you think, why may not the danger extend to New York? If he really thought you were not all you represented yourself to be, would it be strange if he reported the fact at Washington? The Government is a very arbitrary one just now," said Madeleine rather suggestively.

"True, Miss Madeleine, you may be right, but I prefer

to take my chances here; we have a minister here, and I should appeal to him for protection." Madeleine smiled.

"I have heard that Mr. Stanton puts foreign ministers aside a good deal as you would a fly which annoyed you, Monsieur Laujac. And now will you excuse me a moment? I will step into the library, where I have a visitor." Before Madeleine could prevent it, Monsieur Laujac arose and opened the door for her, bowing courteously as she passed him, and with a quick glance he recognized Dr. Maginn; the door was closed, and he resumed his seat.

"Now, Maddy is gone, my dear Monsieur Laujac, we will have up a fresh bottle, and, Hawkins, bring that small box of cigars," said Mr. Cateret. "Nothing like a fine old Burgundy to aid digestion, monsieur, eh? They say 'wine is the milk of old people,' and I am getting on in life, sixty next birthday, but bless you, I never felt younger."

"Indeed, you do seem a man 'born for digestion,' my dear Cateret," replied Monsieur Laujac. Which questionable compliment Mr. Cateret accepted with the complacency of one entitled to the *cordon bleu*.

"Quite right, monsieur, quite right," he responded expansively, holding up his glass to the light, and critically viewing the ruby tint of the wine. "When a man passes forty, he learns to treat his stomach with discrimination. Perhaps I have made rather a study of the art of dining; it has been a lost art in America."

"And you propose to revive it? A laudable ambition, permit me to say," answered Monsieur Laujac, repressing a slight yawn; for Mr. Cateret's propensity to feed was distasteful to his cultivated mind. By this time Madeleine's father had disposed of several glasses of wine, and was inclined to be communicative. "You can go, Hawkins, we shan't need you, if we do I will ring," he said to the butler, who disappeared instantly.

"I don't mind telling you, my dear Laujac, that perfect

ease, financially, is necessary to enable a man to enjoy his table. I have made some good strokes in my day, and now I can rest and take life easy. You are getting on, too, my dear fellow, crowding fifty, eh? Wonder you never married?" Monsieur Laujac winced when Mr. Cateret so bluntly hinted at his age.

"I have not made my stroke yet, Mr. Cateret, and therefore cannot take life as easily as you can," answered Monsieur Laujac dryly.

Before Mr. Cateret could reply, Madeleine returned and mentioned that Dr. Maginn was in the library. Monsieur Laujac noticed that her face was rather pale, and her lips compressed; he read there determination and defiance. As they entered the library Dr. Maginn greeted Monsieur Laujac effusively.

"Glad to see you are back, my dear friend," as both of his hands clasped Monsieur Laujac's, "you have no doubt had a rough time of it, since we saw you last, but your mission has been approved at home; you have that satisfaction!"

Monsieur Laujac replied without apparently noticing Dr. Maginn's reference to the approval with which his work had been received "at home."

"The South is a beautiful country, my dear doctor, in time of peace, but in a state of war it is beastly, and I am glad I am back in New York."

Madeleine had meanwhile left the room, beckoning her father to accompany her.

"Papa, I must leave home for a while," she said, facing him, as they returned to the dining-room. "Let everything go on here as it does now, you have all the money you need; if any one comes to inquire for me tell him you do not know where I am, that I have left the city. I shall send you no word about my return. My absence may be brief, and it may not."

"But Maddy, you don't mean to leave me in this hasty way, really I must protest, my child——"

"Come, come, papa, this assertion of paternal authority would be amusing, if I had time to enjoy it, but do exactly what I have told you. If any one comes, I am out of town for an indefinite time. Now, be a good boy and don't interrupt Dr. Maginn and Monsieur Laujac, as they have matters of importance to discuss," and kissing her father lightly on the forehead, Madeleine sought her room, packed a few things into a bag, and passing out the rear door to her carriage, she entered and ordered the coachman to drive to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Dismissing him there, she ordered him to return and take Dr. Maginn and Monsieur Laujac to their hotels. Before he had turned the corner she had engaged a public carriage, and was driven rapidly to Archbishop Hughes' residence. She rang the bell, and after some hesitation was admitted and ushered into a common reception room. Here she waited impatiently for half an hour, when the venerable Archbishop appeared. Madeleine was heavily veiled, and he failed to recognize her. Rather sternly he demanded her business with him. Madeleine threw up her veil. "Miss Cateret! what has brought you out to-night, and here?" Madeleine hastily explained that Dr. Maginn had suggested it, and she looked to him to put her in a safe place, until it could be ascertained what action the Government would take with regard to her.

"This is a very serious matter, Miss Cateret, and you may be compelled to keep in retirement for a considerable time; but pray come into my study, we can talk more at our ease." And he led the way to his study.

The discussion was a long one. Many plans were proposed, but none suited Madeleine, until Archbishop Hughes suggested giving her a note to the Superior of the Convent at Georgetown. The idea struck Madeleine's bold spirit

as the most feasible plan, and when she left the Archbishop's palace, she was driven directly to the midnight train for Washington, and early the next morning appeared at the Convent of the Visitation at Georgetown, where her note from Archbishop Hughes obtained for her a most cordial welcome.

Let us now return to the library of Madeleine's house. Papa Cateret sputtered a little, at the off-hand way in which his daughter had put him aside; but as the two gentlemen were busily engaged in talking in the library, there was no one to condole with him. So he lighted a fresh cigar and bade Hawkins take a decanter of brandy to his room, and there he smoked and sipped his diluted brandy and water—for he was not an intemperate man—until he was aroused after midnight, from a comfortable doze, by the closing of the outside door; he heard a carriage door close, the clatter of hoofs, and then drowsily muttering at the lateness of the hour, sought his bed.

While the seductive fumes of the V. S. O. P. Otard were finding their way through the brain of the jovial Mr. Cateret in his up-stairs den, in the library a bit of high comedy was being enacted, and the two artists engaged in the impersonation, certainly possessed a high order of merit. The doctor had arranged with Madeleine that they should have no interruption.

"And so you had a rough time of it, my dear Laujac; you came home unexpectedly, did you not?" inquired the doctor.

"I cannot say I had an agreeable time, certainly. Yes, I did leave a little abruptly, the fact was, I half suspected my pass to be revoked. A terrible fellow, that General Butler; he had me sit in a chair with one leg tied to his desk, I couldn't get away from that lop-eye of his, but my early training stood me in good stead. I could see, however, he half suspected me. I think he had a man behind

a screen, also, to take down my replies, for I saw a little movement once in a while which indicated the motion of a head and arms. I left rather suddenly, for fear he might reconsider."

"Then you received no order to return, but assumed the responsibility yourself?" The doctor leaned back negligently in his chair, and thrust his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat.

"Well, practically, it amounted to that; my last instructions were somewhat vague. I am on a special mission, you see, and am allowed to exercise discretion."

"Did not your latest communication from your superior, request you to notify him when you intended returning North? Were you not specifically instructed that certain conditions might necessitate a prolonged stay? And here you are in New York." The doctor was now leaning forward and looking sternly at Monsieur Laujac.

Ignoring the accuracy of the doctor's statements, Laujac replied:

"My friend, this is altogether too personal a matter to discuss here, or with you. What my instructions were, what my plans were, what my superior's designs were, cannot possibly be explained to you; you are not sufficiently advanced to comprehend the working of the professed fathers; inquisitiveness, my dear doctor, is a fatal error in the way of your advancement;" and saying this Monsieur Laujac arose. "Come, doctor, it waxes late, I have letters yet to write, do you go my way?" and he shook himself jauntily, and smoothed the wrinkles out of his coat, preparatory to seeking for his hat in the hall.

"Stay one moment, my dear Monsieur Laujac, I too have a couple of letters to write, and as they may interest you, I beg you will oblige me by reseating yourself. I shall not detain you long and I can write them here," and very deliberately the doctor opened the drawer of the library table,

and removed pen, ink, paper, and sealing wax. Monsieur Laujac looked on, shrugging his shoulders indifferently, as much as to say, "it is a matter of no importance to me, but I will not be rude." In his pocket he found one of Mr. Cateret's fine cigars, which he lighted, while slowly stalking up and down the room. Deep in thought he flicked the ashes right and left as he paced the floor, regardless of the luxurious carpet. Dr. Maginn wrote rapidly, and soon finished one of the letters, which he inclosed in an envelope and addressed to General Beckx; then laying it face down upon the table he began the second; this was even briefer than the first. Monsieur Laujac paid little heed to his movements until he lighted a wax taper, and picking up the sealing wax ignited it and dropped the burning wax upon the paper—he suddenly arrested his walk, and stood staring at the doctor, who removed a ring from his pocket with the seal of which he stamped the still soft wax, replaced the ring in his pocket and arising, tendered the now thoroughly dumfounded Laujac the open letter. One glance at its seal satisfied Monsieur Laujac; he took no more interest in his cigar. There was the hand, holding the five-bladed sword. It was enough! Dr. Maginn was his Provincial, and he had thought him a lay brother. Poor Laujac! his haughty self-possessed manner had all disappeared; his face was paler than ever, his eyes were bent upon the paper and he read:

"DEAR BROTHER:—In leaving New Orleans without permission, you have been the means of thwarting the action of your superiors in a matter of the gravest and most vital importance to our order. The letter which your Provincial now intrusts to your charge, you will bear directly with the utmost expedition to Rome and deliver to the General.

"(signed) GEORGE MAGINN, S. J."

Raising his eyes he encountered those of Dr. Maginn, cold, implacable, and steelly. Humbly he took the letter which his superior extended to him.

“Brother Laujac, you have been guilty of great disregard of the interests of our holy order, and the mission with which his Eminence intrusted you has been grievously imperilled by your selfishness and desire of self-aggrandizement. You have sought to obtain an unholy influence over a young lady, under the protection of the Order. You have neglected your duties, and now must suffer the consequences. In my letter to the General I have offered what excuse I may for your conduct. The speedier your departure for Europe, the sooner you may expect pardon for past remissness. One word more. The true object and aims of our Order in America, you fail utterly to comprehend. So vast, so great are they, that a small, narrow mind like yours would be filled with awe and amazement did you but partially conceive the General’s vast scheme for this country’s regeneration, and enrollment in the true faith. The Catholic Hierarchy here in the United States is an established fact; this is the ‘paradise of the Jesuits!’ Sooner or later, from here, and not from Rome, will the world be ruled.”

With folded arm and bowed head the once haughty Father Laujac listened to the glowing language of Dr. Maginn, who, like one inspired, towered above him as he expounded the aims and ambitions of the order of which he was the most important factor in the United States. Even the Archbishop of New York, in these matters, was subservient to him. Seeing Laujac so dejected, he tapped him on the shoulder.

“Come, brother, cheer up, I have no doubt you will make no such mistake again; and your brilliant ability may well be utilized here in the future. Come! Miss Cateret’s carriage awaits to take us to our hotels;” and turning down

the gas they left the house. Not one word did Father Laujac offer in self-defense. Upon leaving him, Dr. Maginn shook him warmly by the hand, spoke a few encouraging words and enjoined upon him an immediate departure.

Within ten days he was upon the ocean.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A CABINET MEETING.

BATTLE after battle had been fought, and although the Northern armies had achieved many victories, they had also suffered defeats. The winter of '62 opened cold and dreary. Hundreds of thousands of men were in the fields, and the country cried loudly at the waste of human life. When would it all end? Would it not have been better to let the South go? Many good and true Union men thought so. It was a time of stern trial to those at the helm of Government. The boldness and insolence of Northern "copperheads," grew daily more marked, and their murmurs reached the capital, and almost daunted the resolute spirits who guided the ship of state. "How long, O Lord?" was the bitter cry that filled the land. On this particular night, after a day of exhausting mental labor, three men were seated in the President's private room at the White House. The cold north wind howled dismally around the Presidential mansion, and as each gust blew the keen sleet against the window panes, at least one of these men shuddered at the thought of the poor soldiers in the field. It is unnecessary to say that that man was the President. Always thoughtful, always keenly alive to suffering, his drawn, weary look would have won the heart of his bitterest enemy. The subject under discussion had been Burnside's retreat across the Rappahannock, and the unnecessary expenditure of human life entailed by his premature crossing in the teeth of the rebel battalions. Fifteen thousand men had been needlessly sacrificed, and no

point gained; in fact, the moral effect of his retreat had been discussed, and the merciless criticisms of a hostile press had borne heavily against the President and Secretary Stanton. With his long legs crossed, and his heavy head resting in his hand, the President himself looked absently at the blazing grate fire; while Secretaries Stanton and Seward conversed in low tones at the table on the other side of the room.

"Seward," suddenly exclaimed the President, "did I tell you I received a letter from Prof. Morse to-day, warning me against the Jesuits, and complaining that I sent Archbishop Hughes with Thurlow Weed to Europe to represent American affairs to our European cousins? He tells me the Archbishop is also an arch Jesuit, and while there, consulted frequently and independently with prominent Jesuits. He says he knows absolutely, that Davis is in correspondence with Pius IX., and there is no question of the complicity of the Order in our present civil war; and that they are continuously working in their secret way to handicap us in every move we make. What do you think of it? I myself have had some experience with these 'gentlemen in black.' I defended a Jesuit priest some years ago, in Illinois, and I saw enough of their deviltry then. He warned me against them; even declaring they would have my life, but I am tolerably healthy yet."

"You may not be through with them yet, Mr. President, and I am inclined to think Morse is more than half right. In fact, I am watching some of the gentry now, and I have every evidence necessary that there has been a constant communication between well-known Catholics in New York, and the Southern leaders," said Mr. Stanton. Prophetic remark; had only sufficient heed been paid to it!

"I think you are altogether too severe, gentlemen, upon these poor religionists," broke in Secretary Seward. "Is it not a fact now, that it is customary to ascribe everything

we cannot see through, to the influence of the Jesuits? 'Give a dog a bad name and hang him.' Some of the most amiable, polished, cultivated men I know, are Catholic gentlemen. There is Mr. Corcoran"——

"A Southern sympathizer," burst out Stanton.

"There is Bishop Purcell"——

"A Jesuit," again broke in Secretary Stanton.

"And Dr. Maginn, of New York, is a man any country might be proud of."

"Maginn is nothing more or less than a Southern spy, Seward, and at the present moment he is being watched," cried the now irate Secretary of War.

"Try again, Seward," laughed the President, "Stanton has you on every side."

"He may have me, as you say, Mr. President, in these individual cases, but I believe altogether too much stress is laid upon the actions of this Catholic order. Ever since Eugene Sue wrote his celebrated novel 'The Wandering Jew,' it has been the fashion to see the hand of a Jesuit in every mysterious act. I have no doubt the order has its bad men, so have all organizations, but why condemn the order as a whole? Look at the educational work they are doing! Where will you find a more modest, studious, well-deported class of young men or young women than their schools turn out?"

"Oh, you mole!" cried the impetuous Stanton. "Look beneath the surface, Mr. Secretary of State, these children are not Jesuits. A Jesuit's training is not a thing of a year or two of tuition; but every one of them has instilled into his mind certain principles which render them fit subjects to be used in after-life, if needed. Scratch a Russian's back, and you will find a Tartar underneath. Go beneath the surface of male or female Catholic, educated in a Jesuit institution, and you find a ready tool to be used in social or political life hereafter. Just now I am about

to cause the arrest of a beautiful young girl; under the guise of patriotism, the Jesuits have wrought upon her, until her entire life is devoted to the Southern cause. She is intelligent, clear-headed, and has made a large fortune unaided, when her father failed. She has great influence with Southern leaders, and uses her wealth without stint, besides being intrusted with large sums from rebel sources. She was educated, I am told, at a Jesuit convent, and is now hiding in one. Archbishop Hughes ought to be in a military prison."

"Come, come, Stanton, you are altogether too severe upon the Jesuits," replied Mr. Seward, somewhat vexed. "Where will you find nobler men or women than among the Jesuit priesthood, and their nuns? More self-sacrificing, more unselfish, more patient and gentle people I have never known. I even think I recollect when, at a great plague in Marseilles, their co-religionists fled, these men and women Jesuits stepped in from the neighboring towns, and died at their posts. Is there anything in religion more noble, or grander than this self-sacrifice?"

Mr. Lincoln clapped his hands in great glee. "Good, Seward, good, it's a great thing to have an historical memory." But the great War Secretary was not to be conquered so easily. When aroused he was a terrible antagonist. With his left hand thrust under the tail of his coat and his long right fore-finger extended he said:

"A historical memory, indeed! I too am somewhat gifted that way, gentlemen. Great and good men there are in this 'Company of Jesus,' I admit, men of steadfast purpose and pure lives, but these men are not their leaders. In the heat of argument I will not advert to the terrible crimes committed under the instructions of their leaders in mediæval times; it is a matter of history. They are no longer what Loyola designed them to be, the 'soldiers of the Church,' they are the politicians, the Machiavelli, the

Talleyrands of the Church. Born in Spain, reared in France, and developed in Italy they are now spreading over our own beautiful land. Every civilized country in which they have obtained a foothold, has been compelled to expel them. Even one pope himself felt the necessity of suppressing them, but they were called into life by another. Jesuitism! It is now the Catholic Church! Have you ever thought, gentlemen, of the millions upon millions of money controlled by their bishops in America? And all to be used at the will of the Pope! Archbishop Hughes controls the sum of thirty millions; what will he or his successor control twenty-five years from now? Gentlemen, we are simply seated upon a volcano. I tremble for the future of this country, for I am not sure the Pope, when driven from Italy, as he is sure to be, will not take up his abode in America. Even now he is coquetting with Jefferson Davis, and we all know that through the Empress he holds Napoleon under his thumb."

Mr. Stanton resumed his seat, and for a few moments no one spoke. The Secretary's invective had aroused too painful thoughts in the minds of both Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward. Finally a long sigh escaped the President and he said:

"You seem to have some spite against these poor Jesuits, Stanton. I have no doubt they have been guilty of many murders, but you overrate their power for mischief, I think."

Seward said nothing, but the conversation was not forgotten, and when, shortly after that, the riots occurred in New York, Mr. Lincoln wrote Archbishop Hughes, that if the matter did not cease he should hold him personally responsible. An announcement was made that the Archbishop would address the rioters, which he did, and quiet was restored. Seeing Secretary Seward not disposed to continue the conversation, Mr. Lincoln arose, stretched his

long legs, and walking up to Mr. Stanton put his hand on his shoulder.

"Stanton, what was that you said about arresting a young lady?" The Secretary looked up.

"One of the most pestiferous of these Northern copper-heads is a woman, and I mean to arrest her and stop her communication with the South," he replied sententiously.

"Tut, tut, Stanton, go slow, let the woman alone, we have men enough to deal with. Let us not become embroiled with a lot of women."

Secretary Stanton shook his head. "Mr. President, we can't permit this thing to go on. A beautiful woman, with unlimited means, can do us more injury than thousands of men fighting us with guns in their hands. Our very conversation here may be disclosed to the Southern leaders at Richmond for aught I know. This woman we speak of would win over the devil"—

"But not Stanton"—interposed the President, with his eyes full of fun. The War Secretary smiled grimly.

"No, thank God! not Stanton. I have seen them of all shades and complexions; as sweet as angels and as beautiful as houris, but all treacherous, all ready to precipitate us into the bottomless pit, if they can only pull a string which will aid the South." Meanwhile Secretary Seward had put on a long cloak and was ready to face the blast. He hesitated a moment, however.

"Stanton," he said, "what proof have you against that girl you speak of? Not a whit, I venture, it is merely suspicion. Of course she is a rabid secessionist, all Southern women are, we must expect that; but as the President has said, we have enough to do fighting men. Let the girl alone unless you have actual proof."

"Very well, gentlemen, since you both wish it, I will give her another chance, but the first time I have evidence of her communication with the South, I shall arrest her.

Why, even Butler from his post in New Orleans warns me against her and her associates. One of them has just escaped his clutches, but he has been driven out of the country, sailed for Europe months ago, or I should have clapped him into Fort Lafayette." Secretary Seward looked at the President and thought he saw evidence of unusual satisfaction. Had these two only known what that trifling interest they took in an unknown girl meant for them. Had they only permitted Stanton to have his way unobstructed, "the cruel Fates might yet have been appeased."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MADELEINE'S ARREST.

WHETHER it was Mr. Lincoln's last remark, or because Secretary Stanton was not yet prepared to arrest her, Madeleine was not molested. For two or three months she remained in strict seclusion. Continually in communication with Dr. Maginn, she learned that although her house had not been visited, it was continually watched, and she dared not return. As spring returned, she ventured to take a little more freedom, but never visited Washington. At the Convent she was treated with distinguished consideration and was indeed an honored guest. The Superior was a lady of much dignity, and fine intellectual training. During the long winter evenings Madeleine often visited her in her rooms—and shut out as she was from all communication with the world, save what she obtained through letters and papers—intercourse with one so gifted was a luxury not to be despised.

With consummate adroitness Mother Laning questioned Madeleine about her life, and was not long in learning the nature of the girl. Like most strong, self-reliant persons, Madeleine was not suspicious. What cared she who knew of her life. It was open to inspection, although she wished not to bruit it abroad. She never denied she had made her fortune in speculation. She had no intrigues, except political ones, men she cared not for, except to bend them to her purpose. Never for one moment had passion stirred her heart. A Galatea truly, but one never to be warmed

into life by the embraces of a Pygmalion. Had she chosen a model from olden times she would have passed as Egeria, rather than Aspasia. A lovable character she certainly was not. The only real affection she had ever aroused, was that she had inspired in Hugo Bernhard; and that had not survived her betrayal of her true nature. The nicely adjusted balance between her physical and mental composition, forbade the introduction of moods to sway her character. Her way through life was characterized by unswerving persistency in the direction in which she set herself to be moved. All exoteric influences failed to impress themselves upon her, as the result of the limited possibilities of her emotional nature.

To Mother Laning she appeared a monstrosity. Did she try to invoke interest in the war, she found it limited, after the question of the success of either side had been settled. The terrible loss of life, the agony of human suffering, the momentous influences which hung upon the events of an hour, never appealed to her beyond the fact that Southern sovereignty was by so much delayed. Did she introduce the topic of religion, and paint in roseate colors the millennium, when papal supremacy should extend its protecting ægis over this fair land, she only observed a polite acquiescence in her statements. Nothing touched her apathetic soul, save when the question of influencing and controlling human actions was dwelt upon. To her men and women were puppets, to be pulled around as suited her fancy, and the one person in the world she most feared and admired, was the great War Secretary. She would almost have forsworn her allegiance to the South, to have had his power. "Ah, if I could only make and unmake men as he does, Mother Laning," she said one day in a fit of desperation at her enforced idleness. The fact was, she was just then pining for occupation. Since her seclusion at the Convent she had been obliged to forego

her intrigues with the Southern leaders. But spring had come, and no longer feeling the necessity for hiding, Madeleine reopened communication with the Southern Secretary of State. She took to riding horseback, and scoured the heights back of Georgetown at all hours of the day and night. She often met mysterious-looking personages, received and dispatched messages. Using her abundant means she gained information of the officers, troops, and defences of Washington, which she continually forwarded to her correspondent. Not a General of any note found his way to Washington that she was not instantly apprised of it. No levy of troops, but she knew it before the press, and Richmond knew the secrets of the Administration before the North was informed. Her ceaseless activity now drew down upon her the admonitions of Mother Lanning, who feared the argus eyes of the authorities would be turned hitherward. One bright June afternoon Madeleine mounted her horse and urged him gently up the slope toward Oak Hill Cemetery. Here on the summit of the hill, Madeleine reined in her horse, and viewed the beautiful landscape. In the distance the broad Potomac wended its way toward the Bay, and beyond was Washington, and following with her eye the line of Pennsylvania Avenue, she came to the magnificent Capitol, and the thought came to her: "how grand it would be if Jefferson Davis could only be inaugurated ruler of this great Nation at these portals. What would *her* position be!" And irritated that the thing could not be accomplished, she thoughtlessly brought down her whip upon her horse's flank, causing him to make a mighty bound, which almost unseated her, and did succeed in upsetting a dilapidated-looking stranger, who was approaching her from behind, and who, in his efforts to avoid being trampled upon, lost his balance and rolled down the slope a rod or two before regaining his footing.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Madeleine, rather solicitously for her.

"Not a bit, miss, but I had a narrow squeak of it, the brute was near putting his foot in my face," replied the man approaching and removing his slouch hat. "Perhaps you are the lady I am looking for, most likely you have friends you'd like to hear from, now."

"Certainly, I have, are you from Rome?"

"That's the checker, miss," and stooping, he removed one boot heel, and handed Madeleine a small, round silver ball; in return Madeleine withdrew from her hair a bodkin from which she unscrewed a similar ball and tossed it to the messenger, replacing it with the one she had received, thrusting the newly adjusted hairpin into her back hair. This business had hardly been accomplished when the messenger started. "Sh," he uttered, "some one's coming, I'm off," and running to the low iron fence surrounding the cemetery he jumped it, and disappeared among the grass as a couple of cavalymen galloped up to where Madeleine stood.

One of them, Madeleine noticed, wore a second lieutenant's shoulder strap.

"I beg your pardon," uttered the lieutenant, as he reined up his horse, "but is this Miss Cateret?"

"That is my name," replied Madeleine haughtily, "what do you want with me?"

"Who was that man with you just as we came up?"

"There was no man with me, sir, and I do not understand your right to question me," and turning her horse's head she would have galloped off, had the hand of the officer not fallen upon the bridle and detained her.

"You are my prisoner, Miss Cateret. Hamilton, ride around the cemetery and see if you can catch that fellow, I am sure he ran through the graveyard," The man galloped up.

"What do you mean by my being your prisoner?" exclaimed Madeleine, "where is your warrant?"

"Oh, never mind the warrant! You must go with me anyway, we don't need warrants to arrest spies; come!" and turning his horse which placed him a little lower on the knoll than his prisoner, he reached back to grasp her bridle, but Madeleine's fearless spirit was aroused, and giving her horse another one of those powerful blows on the flank, she caused him to rear and urged him forward at the same time; as he came down, he struck the lieutenant's horse in the side and overturned horse and rider down the hill; cut after cut descended upon the now frightened animal, and Madeleine darted toward the high road at headlong speed; it appeared as if she would escape, but the fates were against her. She had barely reached the road when a loud "halt!" rang out, and a third cavalryman, carbine in hand, and planted in the middle of the road, arrested her flight.

"What do you want with me? This is the high road, what right have you to stop me?" inquired Madeleine, pulling up her trembling horse.

"You must wait a moment until I see the lieutenant," replied the soldier respectfully. A few moments brought the lieutenant into sight, some distance back, leading his crippled horse. Madeleine saw the game was up, and resigned herself, inwardly raging at the detention. The word "spy," which the lieutenant dropped, led her to fear the worst. Slowly the officer came up, he appeared uninjured himself, but his horse was very lame. He complimented the cavalryman upon his alertness, and then ordered him to dismount and give him his horse.

"Now lead this lady's horse over to that little grove, and remain concealed there until I return. See to it she does not escape you, Graffam," he said, and mounting his man's horse, and leading his own, he started slowly toward

Georgetown. Not one word did he address to Madeleine, but his serious tone he used in speaking to the cavalryman, taught Madeleine it would be better not to object. With his left hand holding the bridle of her horse, the soldier directed him toward the clump of trees indicated by his officer. A thousand thoughts flashed through Madeleine's mind in the few moments before they gained the cover of the grove. Looking down at the soldier she seemed to half adopt some sudden resolve, and shutting her teeth she unbuttoned a button or two of her riding habit, and placing her hand within, grasped the handle of a small revolver she always carried in her rides. Her thought was, to shoot him in the back of the head; but the fear of the noise, as much as the thought that it would be murder, restrained her. When they had reached the clump of trees, Madeleine's captor led her horse into a slight hollow, and bade her dismount, which action on his part instantly dissipated all hope of escape by flight. Either she must kill her guard, or win him over to her side. Encumbered as she was with her riding habit, walking, not to say running, was out of the question. Gracefully accepting the situation, she acknowledged the slight assistance he tendered, to enable her to alight, with a pleasant "thank you, sir." Hitching her horse to a tree, the soldier seated himself at some little distance, but keeping a watchful eye all the while upon his prisoner. For a few moments Madeleine walked up and down, grasping her riding skirt in one hand, and softly cutting the small twigs and bushes with her whip, as she eyed the man on whom depended all her hopes of freedom. Once in the hands of those whose order had brought him there, no power could save her from prison, and possibly a worse fate, and a slight shudder passed over her frame as she pictured a scaffold, herself covered with a black shroud, and the executioner at her elbow.

They would never dare do that she thought, and her lips were compressed, and her face grew for an instant pallid. Then she pulled herself together with a light laugh.

"My friend, will you be good enough to tell me why all this indignity is put upon a lady who is merely taking her afternoon ride?" The soldier, thus addressed, stood up.

"I am sure I can't say, miss, I only obey my orders; such a pretty lady as you can never do harm, they will let you go to-night, perhaps." With this encouraging remark, he relapsed into silence.

"But I don't wish to be retained until night, I have friends who will be anxious about me, powerful friends, too, and it is getting late. Those who interfere with my liberty will be surely punished."

"Can't help it, miss," he replied stolidly, "I must obey orders."

"What regiment do you belong to?" inquired Madeleine.

"The 1st Maine Cavalry, miss."

"And what is the lieutenant's name?"

"Lieutenant Bartlett, miss." Madeleine thought a moment.

"Why did you enter the army?" she asked sweetly.

"Oh, I don't know, I wish I had stayed at home, but I am a poor man, and I came as a substitute. I got a pile of money for the wife and children."

Instantly Madeleine's eyes flashed, coming close to the soldier she looked him in the face an instant.

"If you will let me go I will give you money enough to last you and your family for a lifetime. I am a very rich woman. I will give you ten thousand dollars." The soldier's face grew scarlet, and his mouth partly opened in wonder. "Ten thousand dollars! Oh, my! that's an awful sum of money, miss!"

"And yet I can give it to you to-morrow, and not mind it, only help me to get to the Convent down yonder. Tell

them any story you please, they can only put you in the guard-house for twenty-four hours. Think what happiness all that money will bring your little family! And, my friend, decide quickly before the officer's return." The soldier wavered. "Such a lot of money and for so little service! This was only a woman, her escape would not hurt the Government!" Madeleine saw he was half won.

"I have five or six hundred dollars with me, I will give you that now, and if you will come to an address I give you, the ten thousand shall be yours besides." The man thought a moment.

"By George! I'll do it," he burst out. "But you must shoot me in the leg, I must be hurt some way. If you only had a pistol now, it wouldn't do to use mine."

"Oh, as for that, I have one, I can can do it nicely." And Madeleine produced her pistol. The man took it, and examined it.

"That will do," he said, "the ball is a little one, I can stand it, I guess."

"Shall I do it now?" asked Madeleine, eager to get away.

"No, wait a moment! When shall I come for the money?" Madeleine took out a card, and commenced to write Dr. Maginn's address upon it, when suddenly the clatter of hoofs was heard, and a loud "Hello! Graffam!" caused the soldier to put the pistol quickly into his pocket.

"It's all up, miss," he whispered. "Sorry it didn't work. I'd liked that ten thousand mighty well, too."

"Here, Lieutenant," he cried, running to the edge of the grove.

"All right, Graffam, you have your prisoner safe, I suppose?"

"All safe, lieutenant," replied the soldier promptly.

"Well, here is your horse, mount him, and bring the lady out into the road, a carriage will be here in a few moments." The officer dismounted and waited until the

clatter of the carriage wheels was heard, then he turned toward the grove and noticed Madeleine and the cavalrman ride toward him. The carriage came up about the same time.

"You will be obliged to dismount, Miss Cateret, and enter the carriage," said the officer. Madeleine felt like rebelling, but she saw it would not avail her, and quickly submitted. The officer then ordered her horse's saddle removed, and placed under the driver's seat, directing Graf-fam to lead him by the bridle to his quarters. The horse was a beautiful one, and he was not sorry at the exchange. Lieutenant Bartlett then entered the carriage with Madeleine, the jehu cracked his whip, the inside blinds were drawn, and they went off at full speed.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A PRISONER OF STATE.

MADELEINE threw herself back in the carriage and awaited events. The lieutenant sat opposite her, and maintained a stubborn silence. It was growing dark and the curtains being drawn, it was impossible for her to see in what direction they were driving, but finally she became conscious that they were crossing a bridge.

"Are we going to Washington?" she finally inquired, putting as much amiability into her tone as she felt capable of.

"We are," curtly answered the officer.

"And where am I to lodge to-night, Mr. Lieutenant? Can I not send to my friends, and obtain suitable clothing?"

"Impossible, madam," replied the officer briefly. "I do not myself know where you will stop, we shall learn that later."

"A delightful state of affairs, truly, for a lady to be kidnapped in open day; you must have some warrant for all this."

"None except the orders of my superior, madam; I regret that I am the instrument used, but you will soon have done with me."

"Yes, to encounter something worse," said Madeleine bitterly. The officer bowed, but Madeleine did not see this. The carriage rattled over the pavement and drew up suddenly, then stopped. The door was opened, and Lieutenant Bartlett stepped out and assisted Madeleine to

the walk. She was not familiar enough with Washington to tell where they were. She saw a large building and that was all. Requesting her to accept his arm, the lieutenant conducted her up a broad stairway, passed through several rooms where she noticed several officers lounging around who eyed her curiously, and then entered a small room plainly carpeted, containing a desk, chairs, and a lounge or two; it was lighted with one gas-jet.

"You will remain here until sent for, Miss Cateret," said Lieutenant Bartlett, then bowing, he withdrew, closing and locking the door. For the first time since her arrest, Madeleine found herself alone—but a prisoner. No other door led from the room, and a hasty glance from the window showed her that she was thirty or forty feet from the pavement below. Most young women in this condition would have given way to tears, but not Madeleine. She was thoroughly angry; two red spots shone on her cheeks, and her eyes snapped, as she reflected upon the events of the day.

"I suppose I am soon to see this ferocious Secretary of War. Much good may he derive from the interview," she muttered. Then suddenly remembering the silver ball, she removed the pin from her hair, listened a moment to be sure of not being surprised, and then unscrewing it, removed a bit of tissue paper. There she read that a certain scheme was on foot to end the rebellion at one blow, and bring confusion upon the North. It might be necessary for her to go to Canada. She would hear further particulars later and must hold herself in readiness. Madeleine placed the paper in her mouth, chewed it up, then tore it in bits, and scattered it behind a lounge. Then she fell to ruminating upon the great blow to be struck the North, and wondered what it was. Just then the door was unlocked, and Lieutenant Bartlett presented himself.

"Will you be kind enough to follow me, Miss Cateret? I

will take you to see Secretary Stanton. Possibly you may be released and I can take you home to-night, at least I trust so." The lieutenant seemed kind-hearted and friendly, and Madeleine was disposed to augur cheerfully from his demeanor. Vain hope!

In a few moments she was ushered into an adjoining room, and there sitting at a desk was a man whom she recognized to be Edwin M. Stanton, United States Secretary of War. The Secretary looked up as Madeleine and her escort entered the room.

"You can leave her here, Lieutenant Bartlett; remain in the anteroom until I call you." Paying no more attention to Madeleine he resumed his writing. Striding up to the desk, her riding whip, which she still retained, in her hand, she spoke in a clear ringing voice:

"Secretary Stanton, will you tell me on what pretext I have been kidnapped by your soldiers, and brought here at this unseemly hour? If you are a gentleman you will answer me instantly." The only answer she received was:

"Take a seat, woman, and be quiet, I will attend to you directly." He then continued writing. Had Madeleine still had the pistol, she would assuredly have killed the War Secretary, as he sat at his desk. Never had she been so outraged. Here was a man who not only caused her removal from her friends, but who, at a civil question, treated her brutally. Her Southern blood was boiling. Could the Secretary have seen her face, despite his *sang froid*, he would have treated her more politely. She ground her teeth in impotent rage, and her hands were clinched until the nails sank into the rosy palm. She passed to the further corner of the room and seated herself. Her mood changed, and satisfied in her own mind that the man she had to deal with was no gentleman, she fell back upon her own thoughts, and wondered if Lieutenant Bartlett's man had caught the bearer of her mes-

sage; that would compromise her completely, if they succeeded in reading it, but she determined to brave it out. Looking up she caught the Secretary's eyes upon her. He had finished his letter, and swinging around noiselessly in his chair was scrutinizing her. Instantly a haughty stare met his intense gaze.

"My girl, what a fool you are to measure yourself against me! At any hour of the last six months I could have put my finger upon you, had I so desired. I can tell you of every move you have made since you left New York. Come, perhaps we can understand each other! You are bright, attractive, and I think, clear-headed. We had better work together, than in opposition, for the weakest will surely go to the wall. Now listen to me a moment.

"Since the declaration of war—even before that—you have been in communication with Jeff Davis, Secretary Benjamin, Robert Toombs, and others among the Southern leaders; you were the originator of an organization known as the 'Order of the Southern Cross,' the emblem of which I have no doubt you now wear under your jacket; you are in league with prominent Jesuits who favor the South, and are doing all in their power to overthrow this Government. Under the circumstances, do you wonder that you are here? Is it not a greater wonder that you have been permitted to remain at large while hatching all the villainous plans to undo the Government which has always protected you?"

The manner of the Secretary was calm, dignified, and expostulatory. Not a word did Madeleine vouchsafe in return. The Secretary continued, and his tone was yet kindly, while his gray eyes peered through his glasses and sought to read the effect of his words. Madeleine remained cold and unmoved.

"What a nature is yours, which turns to rend the heart which nurtured you in infancy and youth! You, an

American born, and now because a few Southern fire-eaters, discontented politicians, and unscrupulous adventurers, seek to dismember this confederation of States, you allow yourself to be duped into joining them, and fancy yourself a patriot! All that you have, and all that you are, comes from the North, and yet in secret you stab us, and aid these poor deluded fools. Promise to cease from this moment all communication with your Southern friends to our prejudice, and I will instantly restore you to your people. You shall go where you will, and none shall spy upon your movements. If you are really ambitious for power and fame, join hands with us. The Government will employ you in honorable business. You have heard Stanton spoken of as high-handed and arbitrary; judge of me as you know me now, and tell me if I have treated you unfairly. What you have already done would have hung many a man, but the Government does not war with women." Secretary Stanton paused. Madeleine listened calmly to all he had to say. She had been told he was a rough man, and a bullying one, but here was a man who was quiet, persuasive, and eloquent. Why did he plead so with her? Either he had no proof, or else she was of more importance than she thought. Like a foolish girl she believed she could brave it out.

And while a sneer curled her lip she said:

"And so, Secretary Stanton, after violating all laws, you prate to me of right and justice! You seized me while quietly riding, without warrant, and brought me forcibly here to listen to your specious words. You seek to bribe a Southern girl to betray her country. Never! You may put me into one of your numerous Bastilles, but it will do you no good. I shall yet live to see you hung, and Jefferson Davis administering justice in Washington. In place of a pack of thieves and law-breakers, we shall have here Southern gentlemen, noble, chivalrous, and honest. You

refer to the Jesuits; yes, many of them *are* friends of mine, and I am proud to say so. You little know their power, but you will feel it. Look to yourself, proud Secretary of War, you little know the storm you are raising around you. Do your worst, I defy you!"

"Foolish girl," replied the Secretary, "your audacity outstrips your judgment. Since you will have it so, you shall go to the Bastille, and when you issue forth it may be you will go feet foremost to a felon's grave." Ringing a bell which stood upon his desk, Lieutenant Bartlett hurried in. "Send an officer of the Provost Marshal's guard to me," said the Secretary. The lieutenant saluted, and retired.

Ten minutes passed, the Secretary occupied with his writing, and Madeleine maintaining a haughty silence. A tap came at the door, and in obedience to the "come in" of Mr. Stanton, a middle-aged officer entered the room. The Secretary beckoned to him, conversed in a low tone for a moment, handed him a paper, and went on with his writing. Turning on his heel, the officer approached Madeleine, and directed her to follow him. At the door she hesitated a moment, thinking to make a request of the Secretary for proper clothing, but pride would not permit her, and she hurried on behind her guide. A closed carriage was waiting, into which she was assisted, a whispered address given, and they sped away. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the streets were full of life and motion. Madeleine realized that it might be a long, a very long while, before she would mingle in this ebb and flow of human existence, and it was with an eager look she scanned the faces of those upon the street; but the speed with which they were driving was too great to permit of much observation. Gradually they drew away from the more frequented parts of the city, and then the carriage stopped before a gloomy building in front of which paced

a soldier. As the carriage drew up, he came to a stand and called out "Corporal of the guard, No. 1." A non-commissioned officer came out, and the officer in charge of Madeleine directed him to send for Superintendent Wood.

"We must get out here, miss," said the officer; he opened the door and Madeleine stepped upon the cobblestone pavement, and looked up at the building. It was "Old Capitol Prison," built forty or fifty years before, to supply the place of the National Capitol when it was burned, afterward used as a boarding house; and here it was that John C. Calhoun breathed his last sigh. Now it was occupied mostly by State prisoners. Madeleine was shown into a large room and given a seat upon a bench, among soldiers and negroes, who were temporarily off duty. Here the officer left her, but returned in a few moments, and motioned her to follow him. They entered the room of Lieutenant Miller who had charge of the prison proper. Here Madeleine's commitment was made out, the officer took a receipt for his prisoner, and departed, bidding Madeleine good-evening.

Madeleine's name, age, and residence having been entered in a large book, the lieutenant went to the door and called out, "Hi, there! where is 'Cram'?"

"Coming, Lieutenant," came back, and a big-waisted, heavy-faced, but shrewd-looking female entered the room.

"Search this woman, and then put her in No. 13," said Lieutenant Miller brusquely.

"Come with me, my pretty," said the woman taking Madeleine by the arm, and leading her out, conducted her to a closet of a room.

"Now, my dear, empty your pockets," said Mrs. Cram, planting herself in front of Madeleine, with her hands on her hips.

"I have no pockets, you see this is a riding skirt, my good woman," replied Madeleine as placidly as possible.

"All the same you must take it off, and your jacket, too."

In spite of Madeleine's protests, one article of apparel followed another, even her shoes and stockings were not overlooked. A flush of shame and indignation mantled Madeleine's cheeks at this indignity and exposure, but Mrs. Cram was an artist in her way.

"Now down with you hair, my sweet." Madeleine removed the bodkin and numerous hair-pins and allowed her hair to fall in thick waves over her bare shoulders. Mrs. Cram ran her fingers through it and shook it out.

"All right, my dear, you can dress yourself now, they must have caught you unexpected like, or you'd a bin better purvided." While Madeleine was dressing, Mrs. Cram took a notion to try on Madeleine's jacket. She thrust one arm in, but the other sleeve only reached to about the middle of her back and she was obliged to give it up. She held it up and surveyed it. "That's a purty thing, I wish now it only fitted, you won't need it here; I'm going to put you in 13, where Belle Boyd was, it's nice and warm there, these summer nights." Then seeing Madeleine had finished dressing, she again grabbed her by the arm. "Now we'll go to your bed-room, my duckie," and climbing a narrow flight of stairs, they entered a long hall, guarded by a sentinel, where Madeleine heard shouts of laughter mingled with songs, and inhaled an odor of tobacco. Everything looked dilapidated. Up another flight and at the end of the passageway her conductress unlocked a door.

"Here's your sleepin' apartment, sweet, all nice and snug, the windows has bars, yer see, so's you won't fall out; there's yer bed," pointing to one of two bunks fastened to the side of the nine-by-twelve room, "and I'll leave the candle so's you can see to undress," and she put

the inch and a half of candle on a plain wooden table, which, with two chairs, a wash-stand and looking-glass constituted the furniture of the room.

“Now good-night, duckie, and pleasant dreams,” chuckled the old lady; closing the door with a bang she locked it, and Madeleine heard her shuffling footsteps along the hall. Then the guard’s regular tread as he passed her door and walked down the corridor was heard; for a few moments quiet, and then, the tramp, tramp, of his return. Madeleine sank upon a chair, and rested her elbow upon the table. What a change was this from her quiet life at the Convent, and how suddenly it had all been brought about! She went to the barred window, and looked out, but could see nothing: yes, she was a prisoner. How long would it be? Would Mr. Stanton relent? “What would Mother Laning say when she did not return? Could she communicate with her friends, or was that forbidden?” A thought occurred to her, and removing her jacket she took the long bodkin from her hair and commenced to pick out some stitches in the breast. After making a sufficient opening, she thrust in her fingers and pulled out a roll of bank-notes. Not knowing what necessity might arise she had long before placed them there. At least she could purchase some comfort. But now the flickering of the light warned her that she would soon be in darkness; and hungry, angry, and generally wretched, she threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the rude bed and slept.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

AT THE FRONT.

IN following the fortunes of the heroine of the story, we have neglected to keep the reader informed of some of the minor personages. By this time both Hugo Bernhard and Harry Richmond had become inured to the hardships of war. Hugo was already acting as Major of the regiment, and Harry commanded the Company. About the time when Madeleine was immured in "Old Capitol" prison, the two officers were lying with their regiment in the trenches at the rear of Port Hudson on the Mississippi. For weeks the siege had been going on; two desperate charges had been made, attended with terrible loss of life; in one of these the 12th Maine regiment had gallantly fought its way through all obstacles until it arrived at the very moat out of which the earth had been thrown to build the rebel breastworks. In the headlong rush of the charge two or three men of the Maine and Connecticut regiments found themselves in a small sentry box on the crest of a knoll, overlooking the rebel works. The position was an exposed one, and they were subjected to the fire of the rebels in front, and their own men in the rear; the only commissioned officer there, was Harry Richmond. A volley in front shattered the frail sides of the shanty. "Down! boys, down! for your lives," he cried, as one man fell in the doorway mortally wounded. All fell to the dirt floor of the cabin, and as Harry told it to Hugo, "he couldn't get too flat." Despite the gravity of the situation, Harry could not restrain himself from laughing at the attitude

of a sergeant who had grabbed in his fall, a three-legged milking stool, and lying flat on his back, he held it behind his head to protect his back hair, as he expressed it. Just as another volley swept through their frail shelter, tearing the splinters, but hurting no one, the door was darkened by a tall figure with one arm tied in a sling made of a new silk handkerchief, his face covered with blood and powder.

"Hello, boys! what are you all down there for? Have any of you fellows got a chew of tobacco? Don't all speak! Why, dear me, if that isn't Richmond. How are you, old fellow?"

"Who in God's name are you? Don't stand up there or you are a dead man," shouted Harry from his position on his back.

"Well, that is a great note, Richmond, this ain't the Stock Exchange to be sure; how's New York Central?"

"Duck, by all that's holy," gasped Harry, "come down into the pit, this market's a lively one!" Duck had barely dropped, when a shell from one of their own batteries tore off the roof, and one and all, they rolled out of that death trap and down into the trenches, where Gus found a poor dead rebel with a plug of tobacco sticking out of his pocket, which he appropriated. Shortly afterward a flag of truce was out, and they all returned within their own lines. That night Gus, who was a lieutenant of the 116th New York, came over to their quarters to learn all the New York news. Then Hugo heard, that through a letter from Mr. Cateret, Gus had learned that Miss Cateret had been threatened with arrest, and had left the city, showing that most likely his letter had been received by Dr. Maginn.

"Boys," said Gus in a burst of confidence, "that same Miss Cateret is one of the smartest girls in this country, but all the same she's a copperhead of the worst kind. Did you ever hear of Charles Kenner, Richmond?"

"Yes, indeed! I think he hurt old man Vanderfelt at

one time, too, about the beginning of the war; at least, so the Governor told me."

"Yes, but do you know who Kenner was?"

"Haven't the faintest idea, man, I never saw him."

"Well, I do, Charles Kenner was neither more nor less than Miss Cateret."

"No!"

"Fact! She took that name to speculate with her own father, and made an immense fortune, too. Why, she busted old man Tatum, and that broke his heart. And more than that, she started a society called the 'Order of the Southern Cross,' a 'secesh' order. What do you think of that, boys? Smart? I guess she was!" Hugo listened to all this in silence, Gus did not dream how interested a listener!

"I thank my stars, Harry, that I did not win that girl's heart. What a wife she would have made me," he said, after Gus left for his own quarters, "but come, we shall be at it again to-morrow, and I am dead tired." The crack of an occasional rifle shot did not disturb their rest, but with daylight the batteries opened, and again the screaming shell, and sharp ping of the minié ball was heard. For days and weeks, this firing was kept up, varied with an occasional dash at the enemy's works; the trenches were advanced nearer and nearer. On the river front the mortar fleet hoisted their enormous shells into the doomed fort. At night it looked like a grand display of fireworks, as an immense thirteen-inch shell was hurled at an angle of forty-five degrees, its fizzing fuse spitting fire along the grand parabolic curve, until it landed within the works, and a deep "boom" announced its explosion, and told of the havoc it had wrought. How easily the lawful destruction of human life goes on! Only sanction the killing, and conscience becomes but a mere figment of the imagination.

It became quite a habit for Hugo and Harry to borrow each a rifle of their men, and go into the trenches of a morning to take a dozen or so shots at the "rebs;" the occasional maiming or killing of a man was a source of extra amusement and congratulation; it varied the monotony of the day. If, perchance, the lines approached each other closely, propositions were often made for a temporary truce, while exchanges of "hard tack" and coffee were made for corn beer, and tobacco, with which the rebels were largely supplied. Then the truce was declared off, and, "look out, Johnny! look out, Yank!" was the signal to seek cover, and test your skill in trying to kill the man whose hand you had a moment before grasped in friendship. Yes, surely, conscience is a matter of custom, and no fixed principle underlying human motive. The inherent brutality of civilized man divested of restraint, would amaze the average Fejee islander, and furnish many a pointed argument with which to instil our moral responsibility into the minds of his savage band.

"Tahiti, my son, never share a bit of succulent missionary with your enemy, for if you do, you dare not kill him, the Great Spirit forbids it." How nicely the moral code of men adjusts itself to circumstances. Let but the ruling power assert the legality of the human holocaust, and willing hands heap up the fagots, and conscience sleeps on downy pillows. Nothing is so depressing upon the spirit of soldiers, as inaction in the field, when under fire. Both Hugo and Harry seemed to feel the mental strain, as week after week passed, with no let up in the fusilade which went on while daylight lasted. The only one whose irrepressible lightness of spirits nothing could daunt, was Lieutenant, or rather Captain Duck, for in the numerous charges made upon Port Hudson his superiors had been killed, or retired, until he was placed in command, and his commission was on its way from Washington. General

Banks, still unconvinced that twenty thousand men without breastworks, cannot safely contend with half that number snugly intrenched, conceived a new plan. He published a proclamation asking for one thousand men to constitute a "forlorn hope." Colonel Birge, of the 13th Connecticut, offered to lead them, and the number was soon filled. Medals of honor for the men, promotion for the officers, and an extra ration of whiskey, was the inducement. Of course Hugo and Harry were enthusiastic at an opportunity to distinguish themselves. Captain Duck said their chance of *extinguishing* themselves was first-class; he did not volunteer. One morning he appeared among the officers and men of this select band, and created an immense deal of fun, with a big leather medal hung from a small chain from his neck, dangling on his breast; while two enormous epaulets, constructed out of a soldier's blue trousers, decorated his broad shoulders. The commanding officer would have willingly suppressed this ridiculous burlesque upon their hopes, but Captain Duck had an established fame as a sarcastic wit, and rather than be caricatured by this Yankee clown, he forebore to meddle; and Gus strutted around the camp until Hugo coaxed him to throw his medal and epaulets away for fear of their demoralizing effect upon the men. Day after day was appointed for the charge which was to follow the explosion of a mine.

Masked batteries were planted, and every effort made to insure the success of this crowning attempt. Long winding approaches were constructed—with thousands of cotton bales piled up on the Port Hudson side—to protect the men. Finally, it was announced that the 4th of July was the day set, and like men prepared for execution, every one nerved himself for the final moment; for no man could count upon coming out of the ordeal alive. The night of the third, all were engaged in writing home;

there was no jovial gathering at the camp fire that night. The day had been intensely hot, with the promise of as great a heat on the succeeding day. Every man knew that if wounded and not killed on that level plain where the attack was to be made, he would lie under the scorching rays of a tropical sun, with festering wounds, and endure tortures worse than death before night came, and succor could reach him. Hugo penned a brief note to his father and mother, and a long letter to his beloved Grace. He reminded her of all the happy hours they had spent together, and assured her again and again that, if heaven so willed that his life was to be a sacrifice, he should die with her name upon his lips, and the consciousness of her tender love in his heart. When he threw down his pen he felt as if his life blood had almost ceased to flow.

Slowly the terrible night wore on, and with the morning dawn all was active preparation. Gus ran over from his quarters to bid his friends good-by, and even his irrepressible humor was subdued, when he found them writing their names on pieces of paper, and pinning them on the inside of their blouses, as a means of identification in case of sudden death. The letters they wished to give in his charge, to be mailed after all was finished. To this he objected, as the entire army would be engaged, and his death might be almost as sure as theirs. It was finally settled that Uncle Joe, Hugo's servant, should be intrusted with those last messages, and the old man duly impressed with the solemnity of the charge could only say:

"Fo de Lord, Massa Majer, I sure to deliber dem letters if you dun mus get killed, but Ise suah de good Lord will hole you in de hollo ub his han'." Patiently they awaited the order to charge. Hour after hour passed and no messenger came. If the galloping of an orderly's horse was heard, every ear was on the alert, and each man caught his breath. The tension was frightful. Willingly they

would have rushed to the encounter, and had the thing settled. As the afternoon sun grew low on the horizon, they knew for at least that day there was a respite. Pipes were brought out, jokes began to be bandied around, a ration of whiskey was secured, and Uncle Joe began his preparations for supper. The next day was the same, the next and the next, and still no order. On the night of the 7th the heavy Parrott guns of the 21st Indiana, had been thundering at regular intervals, when suddenly the firing ceased. Every man was sleeping, but the sudden cessation of the accustomed sound brought each one to his feet. No message was received, no word was spoken, and yet in some mysterious way all knew that Port Hudson had surrendered. It was like the observations made by the British armies in India, of the wonderful way in which the natives ascertained that some movement was on foot, when even the army itself was not aware of it. This singular cognizance of an approaching charge was again and again noted during our civil war. Men packed their knapsacks, seized their guns, and prepared to march, or fight, minutes before an order was given. No question was ever asked, the same mind seemed to animate all, and when the order, "fall in," came, it fell in no unexpected way upon the ear.

It was so on the morning of the 7th of July. Two hours after all were satisfied the end had come, the word was passed that a flag of truce was out, and the "rebs" were swarming on the breastworks. It was not long before Captain Duck appeared with a haversack of "hard tack," and a bag of coffee and sugar, making his way to the trenches ready to trade with any "Johnny Reb" for his dearly loved tobacco. Alabamians, Georgians, and Mississippians fraternized with the men of Maine, Connecticut, and New York.

"You uns gave us a h—ll of a close call in that charge

of the 27th of May," said an officer of the 4th Alabama to Harry, after the army had taken possession of the fortifications and were fraternizing together—"if you had followed that brave fellow who mounted the breastworks you could all have come in." Brave Corporal Woodworth, of Company H, 12th Maine, he has gone down to history a nameless hero, and no stone was ever raised to mark his unknown grave. But he was only one of all the thousands who sacrificed their lives to maintain the integrity of our Government. No hand that writes, can pen a line to fitly commemorate such heroic sacrifice.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON.

GIVEN, a healthy body and physical weariness, and not even the fact that the couch is in a prison cell, can prevent tired nature from claiming its rights. Madeleine was thoroughly tired when she threw herself, all dressed as she was, upon the hard bunk which for many long months was to prove her only resting place. She was suddenly awakened early in the morning from a dreamless sleep by a bang at the door.

"Hello! No. 13," was the call she heard.

"What is it you want?" she asked in no gentle tone.

"All right, No. 13," was the only response. It was simply the guard ascertaining if his prisoners were all safe in their rooms. An hour later, Mrs. Cram appeared, bearing Madeleine's breakfast; a roll, steak, potatoes, and a cup of coffee. She was almost famished, having had no supper, and after a hasty toilet, made a famous breakfast. When Mrs. Cram returned to remove the dishes, Madeleine inquired if it would be possible for her to obtain proper clothing.

"If you have money, my dear," said her jailor, "there'll be no trouble, but you can't get clothes through your friends, for there's no one to send." Madeleine produced a fifty-dollar "greenback," at which the woman's eyes sparkled, nor did she remark that this had escaped her search of the night before. She hoped to share it. Having made out a list of necessary things, she gave Mrs. Cram the note, and before noon received a bundle, containing

the clothing she wished, but no change from the note. How long she was to remain confined, she did not know. Each day that passed brought with it the hope that some friendly face would appear at the door, but none came. Letter after letter Madeleine wrote to Dr. Maginn, her father, Archbishop Hughes, and even Monsieur Laujac—of whose whereabouts she knew nothing. Before sailing he had written to her, and directed the letter to her home on Fifth Avenue; but her father, not knowing her address, could not forward it. All *her* letters were detained at the Provost Marshal's office. Had Madeleine only known this she would have been spared many bitter reflections. "Now I am arrested, even my own father shuns me. All Monsieur Laujac's pretensions go for just what they were worth—nothing. Even good Dr. Maginn, whom of all, I most trusted, avoids all contact with the prisoner in No. 13. It is just what I thought. Youth, beauty, and success, make many friends. Let but the tip of the finger of suspicion point at one, and like a lot of terrified rats, each scuttles into his hole." By this time Madeleine had adjusted herself to the regular routine of prison life. Her meals were brought regularly, and many little dainties were purchased by Mrs. Cram, who simply doubled the price for service. The weeks rolled by, Madeleine heard, occasionally, through Mrs. Cram, what was going on outside her narrow world. Newspapers were not allowed, although she occasionally secured one. She learned that both the North and the South claimed victories, and the end was apparently as far off as ever. To a mind like Madeleine's this enforced idleness was simply torture. Accustomed as she was to command, possessed of a supply of energy sufficient to have stocked three ordinary women, this constant repression within the limits of her seven-by-nine room, with none but stupid Mrs. Cram, upon whom to exercise her talents, it was no wonder she moped and

pined for freedom. Thoughts of escape filled her sleeping and waking hours. She had no doubt but money would win over Mrs. Cram, but there was the hall guard, then the guard on the main floor, and lastly the outside guard to be corrupted. Madeleine quickly decided that escape that way was impossible. Her windows were barred, and egress there was not to be thought of. One night while pondering over the matter, she heard a tapping on the wall near her bed, then it ceased for a while, commenced again, then stopped. She knew there were persons in the next room, recently placed there. Taking off her slipper she struck the wall with it, in about the place where she had heard the taps, which were instantly renewed. Then came the sound of boring and in the course of ten minutes the blade of a knife penetrated through the plaster. Madeleine assisted in widening the hole until it was large enough to put a folded paper through which fell upon her table; quickly opening it, she read that the occupants of the adjoining room were two Englishmen accused of running the blockade. In return, Madeleine wrote that she was a young Southern lady unjustly confined there, and unable to communicate with her friends. The correspondence thus begun, continued for a number of days, and finally a note passed through the hole—which by the way, Madeleine kept concealed with a plug of bread softened with water and moulded to fit the aperture—informing her that they had persuaded the guard to mail letters for them. Madeleine had before tried this and failed; Mrs. Cram had taken her letters, but never mailed them. Acting upon the suggestion made, Madeleine wrote Dr. Maginn a long letter, and begged of him to do his utmost to have her released, telling him to use money without stint. This letter folded up was easily passed to her neighbors, and the next morning, she was informed that the guard had mailed it while off duty. Buoyed up by this, for a few

days Madeleine was comparatively cheerful; but no answer came, for Dr. Maginn did not receive the letter for some weeks. One morning she was surprised by a visit from the Provost Marshal. After inquiring as to how she was treated, he broached the subject of her release, and when pressed, confessed, that he was sent by no less a person than Mr. Stanton himself.

"Why did Mr. Stanton send you here?" inquired Madeleine, "he knows he has no proof against me, it is all suspicion, nothing more. Why am I treated in this manner? Have I no rights? I am here without the sanction of any court, confined in a cell simply because of a whim of your War Secretary, but wait; my time will yet come, Mr. Provost Marshal, then let Mr. Stanton beware of the woman he has so unjustly imprisoned."

"You do Mr. Stanton a wrong, Miss Cateret. It was with the sanction of the President and Mr. Seward you were confined here. In proof of his good-will I am here to offer you your freedom."

"What!" exclaimed Madeleine, "my freedom! now?"

"One moment, Miss Cateret, he only asks that you will take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government. You shall be free this hour." The exultant look faded from Madeleine's face.

"And so Mr. Stanton thinks he can buy me, does he? Go back to your master, Mr. Provost Marshal, and tell him I despise him! I'll rot in this room before I will accept my freedom at such a price. Go now, your presence here is hateful to me," and Madeleine drew herself up, her hands clinched, and her pallid face set and rigid. The Provost Marshal withdrew. Barely had his footsteps ceased resounding along the hall, when "Bravo! Bravo!" came through the hole from the room of the Englishmen, who had heard the whole conversation, and broke out with "Dixie Land," to which Madeleine responded in her

rich contralto with "Maryland, my Maryland." No word from Dr. Maginn! Madeleine was in despair; her health began to fail, her appetite was gone, she hardly slept, and the slightest exertion wearied her. Her condition being made known to Superintendent Wood, he permitted her to walk twice a day in the corridor, and after dark, two or three times a week, in the exercising ground outside the walls of the building. Under this humane treatment her health was partially restored. It was now autumn, and she had been sent there early in June. At times it seemed to her she must become insane; she sat for hours staring at the wall, her mind vacant and wandering; when Mrs. Cram brought her meals, she used every artifice to persuade her to stay and talk. So necessary is human companionship; the strongest mind, the most well-stored brain, is inefficient to supply the want which comes from lack of personal association. Human kind are gregarious individuals, they cannot do without each other.

Madeleine was in one of her bitterest moods one morning, when Mrs. Cram brought her breakfast. After placing the tray upon the table, she unbuttoned the bosom of her dress, and drew out a letter which she laid beside Madeleine's plate. To spring forward, seize the letter and tear it open, was but the work of a moment. "Don't let any one know you've got it, 'sweetie,' it's as much as my place is worth," whispered Mrs. Cram in a hoarse voice. But Madeleine was oblivious, and buried in her letter, which was from Dr. Maginn, acknowledging the receipt of her letter mailed by the guard. This was the first information he had received from her since her disappearance. He had ransacked Washington and all the neighborhood for some trace. At "Old Capitol" he was told there was no woman there. When her letter arrived at New York, he was in Canada and that had occasioned the delay. Her father was well, Monsieur Laujac had, for

some reason, returned to Europe — this did not disturb Madeleine's serenity — he would use every effort in his power to procure her release; this would be brought her by the woman connected with the prison. Inclosed were several bank notes for large amounts, which Madeleine found very useful; her own funds having run low. "Well, after all, there is *one* who remembers me, now we shall see, 'Mr. Stanton,'" soliloquized the young lady as she paced the room, having forgotten entirely to eat her breakfast. Several days slipped by, before she received another letter. This one informed her that strong pressure was being brought to bear upon the President to secure her release. Secretary Stanton was very stubborn, but sooner or later they would effect it. Meanwhile she must keep up her courage.

"Keep up my courage," laughed Madeleine cynically to herself. "After six months and more of this life, if I am not dead, it's useless to tell me to keep up my courage. I am become an automaton. I eat, sleep and breathe, what more could I wish for? 'Courage!' let my dear Dr. Maginn spend a few months here, and learn what courage is. My sole comfort, when the next meal is to be, and my only entertainment, the cry of 'fresh fish,' as new prisoners are brought in with Stanton's drag net. Patriotism is a costly jewel when it involves one's personal liberty." But the wires were being strongly pulled to effect Madeleine's release. Dr. Maginn was an old friend of Secretary Seward, and had aided him in many a political battle; although he himself was under suspicion and dare not go to Secretary Stanton openly, he did have an interview with the President, and completely won him over by the personal magnetism of his presence and manner.

"He is such a companionable chap, and his laugh brought tears to my eyes," said Mr. Lincoln to Mr. Seward. "I learned some new stories, and haven't had such an evening

of relaxation for a long while. By the way, tell Stanton he must let that girl go or I will—if he don't object."

Before Secretary Seward saw Mr. Stanton again, he had an interview with another friend of Madeleine, Archbishop Hughes—who came on from New York purposely.

"Mr. Secretary," said the venerable Archbishop, "has that young girl not been sufficiently punished, upon merely the suspicion that she favored the South? What is the proof against her? You have none, Mr. Stanton has none, this is altogether too arbitrary. You will alienate the friendship of thousands of Catholics, if this affair is known. And it will be; the young lady is too prominent in Catholic circles; advise him, my dear Secretary, to a more conciliatory course, or he will array against himself a power which he can no more resist than he could the whirlwind." Mr. Seward did not repeat these words to Mr. Stanton, he knew his man too well. Madeleine would have been spirited away to Ft. Lafayette, or elsewhere, but he recognized the fact that the Archbishop had implied a threat, and Mr. Seward knew too well the Catholic power in the North not to pay heed to it.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MADELEINE'S RELEASE.

"COME, Stanton, give up the obstinate idea you have, of further punishing the girl," said Secretary Seward, as Mr. Stanton visited him at his office one day, to ask for a favor which the Secretary of State could confer. "Release the girl, and I will see your friend gets the contract. You will have all the Catholics in the North down on us like a parcel of wasps. Look here!" Mr. Seward produced a paragraph cut from a Catholic paper which read:

"It is time this senseless abuse of power was abrogated. The right of 'habeas corpus' should be restored, or worse will come of it. We are more slaves than the very blacks themselves." Dr. Maginn had written the article from which this was taken, and had caused its insertion in the paper.

"Well, Seward, have your own way, but mark me! this girl will cause us trouble yet. I will sign the release and send it to you," he said as he left the office.

One morning shortly before Christmas, when Madeleine almost in despair had begun again to rail at her friends' lukewarmness, the world, and the fates generally, she heard an unusual noise at the door, her heart stood still, for a moment, as the door opened, disclosing to view, the face of Dr. Maginn, and behind him Superintendent Wood.

"My poor child," exclaimed the good doctor, seizing her hand as she came toward him, "at last I bring you freedom; how pale and worn you look! I thank God that you are at least well; we will soon bring back the roses."

A few months before Madeleine would have jumped for joy at the announcement the doctor had just made; but "hope deferred," had induced a feeling of apathy, and she neither trembled nor burst into tears as he feared.

"Am I at liberty to go now, Superintendent?" she asked, looking toward Superintendent Wood.

"Entirely, Miss Cateret, the order for your release is in my pocket, signed by Mr. Stanton."

"Then let us go, doctor, I am sick of this wretched place," said Madeleine.

"Is there nothing you wish to take with you, Madeleine?" inquired the doctor, always thoughtful.

"Nothing, nothing, doctor, only let us get away as soon as possible. Mrs. Cram can have whatever is here, Superintendent." In an instant she had put on her bonnet, tied the strings, without one look at the glass, and seized the doctor's arm.

"Good-by, Miss Cateret," said Superintendent Wood, "I hope you will have no hard feelings against us here; we have tried to be as lenient as possible, but our prisoners are not all like you."

"I have no fault to find with you, Mr. Wood, but your superiors may yet hear from me! Good-by!"

A carriage stood at the door, and Madeleine entered, accompanied by the doctor.

"Drive to Willard's," was the doctor's order. "I think the hotel will be best, you can rest there, attend to your wardrobe, and arrange your plans. I will see you again this evening. Am I right, Madeleine?"

"Yes, yes, anything, so it is not a prison, and I can feel free once more." When they arrived at the hotel, the doctor registered for her, and after seeing her installed in a room he had already reserved, he departed. No sooner had Madeleine reached her room, than all her old energy seemed to return. Instead of a "good cry," which most

girls of her age would have indulged in, as the result of the reaction from the morning's excitement, she ordered a bath to rid herself, as she told the doctor, of all reminiscences of the "Old Capitol" life; then a dainty breakfast, when soon afterward a carriage was called, and several hours she spent in shopping. When the doctor returned in the evening, he saw a different woman from the forlorn, pallid creature he had escorted from prison. Two good meals, and a day spent in the open air, put, as he expressed it, a "new face on her." Now she was the old Madeleine once more, only more mature, more self-poised than ever, and, as he soon found, absolutely regardless of any one except Madeleine Cateret. Added to this, was a determination to do some injury—if the opportunity came in her way—to those who had been instrumental in confining her all these months.

"And so Monsieur Laujac has returned to Europe, has he, doctor? Rather sudden was it not?"

"Quite so, but he had some reports to make to those who employed him, which could not be delayed; he left many remembrances for you. What had become of you we could not ascertain. Mother Laning thought you had gone to Richmond. Your father thought you had been murdered—by the way does he know you are released?"

"I sent him a message this morning, I presume he will be here to-morrow," said Madeleine quietly. "Tell me how things are going for the South. I know in a general way that we are being overwhelmed by numbers, that Europe has failed us, and many of our Generals have been killed. Is there anything worse?"

"Nothing could be much worse, except absolute failure; the outlook is gloomy indeed. The wealth and power of the North combined with their unanimity, surprises us. No sacrifice is too great, no expenditure too lavish for them to enter upon. The revolution will turn out to be a rebellion, unless some great stroke is accomplished."

“You say that, doctor, in a way which suggests that something is on the ‘tapis.’ What is it? I know you are dying to tell me,” said Madeleine smiling.

“Well, there is a scheme on foot”—the doctor arose and closed the door which was slightly ajar—“did you receive a communication from Mr. Benjamin before you were arrested, mentioning the fact that it might be necessary for you to go to Canada?”

“Yes, the last one received, the very day I was arrested,” replied Madeleine, opening her eyes.

“Had you not been arrested, you would have been asked to meet Beverly Tucker, Jacob Thompson, and others in reference to that very scheme. The fact is, Madeleine, that while the South is still fighting, the leaders see inevitable defeat before them. Success is impossible, unless the North is utterly demoralized. Nothing will accomplish this so largely as the disappearance of their leaders. The scheme was to kidnap the entire Cabinet, and place them in confinement, in some secure place, and make the best terms possible.”

“That was a glorious idea, doctor, who conceived that?”

“Heaven only knows, it came from Richmond. But it has been almost given up; at least, it has not been discussed lately. The plan needs a leader, and none has been discussed. It is a great undertaking, and requires time and money, as well as the selection of a shrewd, daring manager.”

“Has no one been spoken of as a leader, doctor?” inquired Madeleine, very earnestly—so earnestly that he almost thought she would apply for the place. The doctor hesitated an instant, seeming to doubt the propriety of answering the question.

“Yes, Madeleine, there is a young man, often seen in Washington, a thorough patriot, almost a fanatic, who has been discussed, as one who might prove worthy. Nothing

has been said to him, in fact the subject has been dropped, at least for the time. Whether it could be revived, or if so, whether it would amount to anything, remains to be considered. You know another election comes next fall; if we can prolong the war, we may elect a President who will favor the South. But I must leave you now, the day has been a hard one for you, and you need rest."

"But, doctor, who is the man you look to as the leader of this enterprise, tell me his name?"

"It is of no use, my dear, nothing can be done now, but I will give you his name, and you will know him for a whole-souled Southerner, when you meet him, if you ever do. It is Wilkes Booth, the actor; have you ever seen him?"

"Not that I remember," replied Madeleine a little abruptly.

Dr. Maginn left her in this mood, and despite her comfortable bed, the first she had occupied for a long while, she did not sleep. The scheme of kidnapping the Cabinet officers had taken hold of her mind, perhaps, because *she* had been spirited away so easily. All night she rolled and tossed, and only after a refreshing bath in the morning did she feel like herself.

The winter in Washington promised to be a very gay one, there were many officers on duty then and many on leave. Money was plenty, and lavishly spent; Madeleine seemed entirely devoted to pleasure. Few or none knew of her arrest, and she was invited to every reception, dinner, or theatre party of any note. She was known as an heiress, and that she was extremely beautiful, none denied. She had also suddenly developed an extraordinary taste for fine raiment. She lived with her father in rooms at Willard's, kept her own carriage and liveried servants, and was in every way entirely "chic."

Those who had known Madeleine as an ardent Southern woman, could not have thought her so now. She seemed

to visit mainly among Northerners; the wives of Senators, or officers, and even of Members of the Cabinet she counted among her friends. Upon several occasions she had been in company, when Secretary Stanton was present, but this did not occur often, the Secretary was not given to social amenities; he was too busy. Upon one of these occasions, she was very near being presented to him, but the stony stare she cast in his direction, as she led her hostess away from his immediate vicinity, made it too apparent that that was an honor she did not crave. When she secured the attention of any member of the household of the Cabinet officers, she seemed possessed of a desire for the minutest information of their habits; excusing herself on the ground of curiosity as to the manner of living of such great people. She never seemed tired of entertaining or being entertained. One would have thought the fiend of unrest had possession of Madeleine's spirit.

One evening, at a reception given by a well-known citizen of Washington, somewhat noted for his Southern proclivities, while promenading through the room on the arm of a young captain of artillery she remarked a young man, with a strikingly handsome face and elegant manners, following her constantly with his eyes. At first this seemed to her accidental, later it annoyed her somewhat.

"Captain Cushing," said Madeleine to her companion, "look me straight in the face a moment. I wish you would tell me, when you can, without being observed who the gentleman is, standing in the doorway of the next room and talking with Governor Andrew; now let us walk again."

The Captain took a quick observation.

"You mean the handsome fellow with black hair and mustache, Miss Cateret?"

"I think so," replied Madeleine, but without looking in that direction.

"That is Booth the actor, Wilkes Booth, a brother of Edwin Booth. They say he has a trouble with his throat, and it is doubtful if he can act again."

"That must be a sad outlook for an actor, Captain. Now in your profession it wouldn't be of so much importance, the bugle does your calling."

"That's all very well, Miss Cateret, an actor can make up for the loss, by his acting, but who would cuss my darkey servant, when he brought me cold water to shave with, or salt in the coffee in place of sugar?"

"Why, as for that, I have heard you officers resort to boot throwing, as a corrective."

"Boot throwing is all very well in its way, Miss Cateret, and not to be despised, but, the use of pure, vigorous Anglo-Saxon, undiluted, is much preferable," retorted the Captain. At this moment they were very near Governor Andrew and Mr. Booth, and Madeleine stopped, compelling her cavalier to do likewise.

"I should like to know Governor Andrew, Captain Cushing, will you not present me?" she said.

"Certainly, Miss Cateret. Governor Andrew—I beg your pardon, Mr. Booth—will you allow me to present Miss Cateret, who is anxious to know the Governor? Miss Cateret, Mr. Booth." It was all very quickly done. Whether the young officer discerned that Miss Cateret wished to know Mr. Booth, or not, it is impossible to say, but the introduction was unavoidable. Presently the quartette changed sides, and Captain Cushing was conversing with Governor Andrew, and Miss Cateret with Mr. Booth.

Wilkes Booth was a very handsome man. He had a good figure, well developed, his hair raven black, worn as the fashion was then rather long; and being somewhat curly, it made his head look large. His eyes were large, dark and interesting, and could either sparkle in a frenzy of passion, or melt in dreamy reverie, as he gazed upon the

one he loved. His face was rather pale, in marked contrast to his heavy black mustache and hair. In manner, he was quiet and self-possessed—when not excited—but excitement seemed natural to him, and he was easily aroused. When in this mood, he became somewhat stagey in his bearing, and often declaimed loudly in a ranting manner. He was not a man of any great intellectual qualities, and his breeding seemed to partake more of continual restraint, than to be the result of innate gentleness, and consideration for the rights of others. Such was the man whom Madeleine met on that evening—a man destined to cover himself with everlasting opprobrium.

Their chat together was a pleasant one. Madeleine exerted all her grand power of fascination to entrap him, and he, perhaps a willing victim, and somewhat vain, yielded easily to her seductive wiles, and became a worshipper at Circe's shrine.

When the gathering broke up upon this eventful evening for Wilkes Booth, he had accepted an invitation to call upon Miss Cateret at her apartments at Willard's. The appointment was faithfully kept, and once more a foolish moth hovered around the glittering flame, which later proved its death warrant.

CHAPTER XL.

PREPARING THE VICTIM.

SWIFTLY sped the winter days of 1863-64 in Washington. The palmiest days of Rome of old, were not more filled with luxury, iniquity, passion, and hypocrisy, than those which marked this epoch of a Nation's struggle for existence.

Money was poured out like water; the very street boys had their pockets filled with greenbacks. Vice flaunted in attractive garb along Pennsylvania Avenue, side by side with churchly vestments; and the Church was not dismayed. Glitter and gold were everywhere. Modesty was a lost art. Sensation followed sensation. Crime was suckled at the breast of necessity, and corruption lurked in camp and cabinet. How the "Old One" must have chuckled, as he marked the flourishing crop he was about to garner!

Acquaintance between Madeleine and Wilkes Booth ripened into intimacy, but prudent Madeleine no longer permitted his visits at the hotel. Winter passed and spring came. As far as appearance was concerned, Madeleine conducted herself so discreetly, that the spies or detectives, which Secretary Stanton put upon her track immediately after her release, were dismissed.

"The young lady has had her lesson," said the War Secretary to Mr. Seward, "I don't think we shall have any more trouble with her."

Acting under the advice of Dr. Maginn she carried on no correspondence with Southern leaders. The hint the

doctor had thrown out about the abduction of the entire Cabinet, was constantly working in Madeleine's mind. It was this which had led her, upon all occasions, to inquire about the habits of the different Ministers; and it was this which induced her to seek an introduction to Mr. Booth. A thorough study of his character convinced her that he was daring, unscrupulous, and vain. Disappointed in his chosen vocation, he sought some mode of distinguishing himself before the people. This insatiable craving for notoriety made him ripe for any deed; and especially one which would elevate him to the position of the savior of the South, for he was fanatical beyond all conception. Not one word had Madeleine breathed to him of any plan in which he should figure. They often discussed the position of the South, and the prospects of peace without humiliation. They were by turns jubilant or despondent, as the tide of battle ran for or against their side. The summer gradually wore on. A little diversion in favor of the South occurred, when General Early made his raid on Washington. One morning Madeleine awoke to find the hotel filled with excitement; the night before, there were rumors that Early was marching on the Capital—having slipped out of Shenandoah Valley, while General Grant was pressing forward toward Richmond. The morning confirmed the rumor, and every available man was pressed into service. Quartermasters' clerks in tight boots, and civilian's dress, were ordered to shoulder their long neglected muskets. The War Department, the ordinance officers, the invalid corps, and all the rag-tag and bobtail attached to the military officers, were ordered to the front; and a more motley throng, it would be hard to conceive of. It was Vanity Fair in regimentals; and had General Early only known it, he could as easily have walked into Washington and taken up his quarters at the "White House," as he could have dispersed a straggling band of foragers he happened to

meet. There was no question about it, Early was there, and the dainty clerks, and military hangers on—now for the first time in their lives brought face to face with a soldier—shook in their boots. The streets were filled with orderlies flying back and forth, and the wires were kept hot with messages to General Grant for reinforcements. A night sortie, planned by some “hundred day” Colonel, resulted in Early’s veterans—who until then had hardly fired a shot—turning, and administering a thorough drubbing to the doughty heroes, who dared confront soldiers with scores of battles to their credit. But the matter was serious. With five thousand holiday soldiers inside the breastworks, and eighteen thousand veterans outside, the capture of the city was a matter of half a day, and the loss of a few hundred men. What was it stayed Early’s hand? The Government archives were being packed up preparatory to sending them to New York, but the city with all its valuables, the Treasury with its millions would be there, what would happen? These careless soldiers would drink, plunder and burn. Men and women were frantic with excitement, when all at once, the Signal Corps were seen at work at the “Soldiers’ Home.” “Transports are coming up the river! They are filled with soldiers! Now they are landing! It is the Sixth Corps! Washington is saved! Thank God!” With colors and corps badges flying, division after division of the “Old Sixth,” passed up the avenue, smiling, confident, and rather delighted at this little frolic. There was no massing behind breastworks: straight outside they marched, deployed skirmishers, and went to work. Early had missed his opportunity, and his forces melted away in the distance, as he saw division after division of the “Fighting Sixth,” take their positions. He knew his place was not there. The great raid had proved a failure, all due to General Early’s lack of push. Had he succeeded in entering the city, as he might easily have

done, irreparable injury would have been the result. No power could have restrained the hands of his lawless soldiers; and before night the Capital would have been in flames.

Upon the evening of that day, in the parlor of a house on H Street, were gathered Dr. Maginn, Wilkes Booth, Madeleine Cateret, and Mrs. Surratt. Booth was in a fearful rage, and had evidently been drinking.

"What a stupid blundering fool that Early is. He knew there were no troops here, he knew none could get here within forty-eight hours, and yet he went into camp, to 'take a rest.'" Muttering to himself, this foolish, ill-balanced man strode up and down the parlor, until Madeleine, who had all this time been in deep conversation with the others, took him by the arm and led him aside.

"Mr. Booth, you are too impatient, sit down by me a few moments, I wish to talk with you," and Madeleine indicated a sofa by the window.

"Now, Mr. Booth, I intend confiding a secret to you—a secret which, if known, would imperil the safety, and perhaps the lives of all present here in the room." Mr. Booth looked at her in amazement. "What would you say, if I told you a great scheme was on foot, backed up by Secretary Benjamin, Mr. Davis, Beverly Tucker, and George H. Sanders to kidnap President Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Stanton, thus demoralizing the North, and enabling us to make the best of terms for the conclusion of peace? It is proposed to accomplish this, and when they are securely hidden, make propositions to release them, and unite with the North in expelling the French from Mexico, leaving the entire question of the demands made by the South, to be decided by Congress after the election in November. We will see that a Democratic President is elected, and with the many Northern sympathizers we have, who are tired of the war, this will not be difficult to

do—wait one moment,” seeing Mr. Booth about to speak —“there is more than this, the legislature at Richmond has voted *five million dollars in gold* to be used for this purpose, and to win over Northern men. Now, Mr. Booth, tell me what you think of this plan,” she said triumphantly.

“Glorious, Miss Cateret, glorious! This is the best thing I have heard yet. Something like this is needed to stir up the whole country. Why, it will completely demoralize them, they won’t know what to do. Who is to be the leader of this enterprise? I suppose a leader is necessary. You cannot abduct these men, surrounded by attendants, and even guards, as Stanton is, without some very definite and well-worked-out plans. It will require a dozen men at least, to accomplish this. And then where do you expect to put them?”

“One question at a time, my friend,” replied Madeleine coolly. “This matter has been broached at Richmond, and thoroughly discussed there. First we want a leader and we have selected one. He must be a man of resources, of great daring, for it may mean death to him, of undoubted patriotism, and unimpeachable honor, for the betraying of our plans, means immense wealth to the traitor, and death to the conspirators. We think we have found such a man; an avenger of Southern wrongs. Are you willing to work under such a leader, Mr. Booth? Remember! you take your life in your hand, the ‘Yankees’ will hang you as high as Haman if you fail.”

A look of ferocity came over Booth’s face at the mention of the treatment he would receive.

“They never shall hang Wilkes Booth, Miss Cateret. If I fail, no man captures me alive. If your leader be only half as determined as I, success is sure. Now I am with you, tell me the name of your leader, I would know him.” Upon this Madeleine seized his two hands.

"I believed you would join us, I was sure of it. I saw enthusiasm written on your face. You wish to know the leader in this perilous enterprise, the born patriot who will save our country? Then I will tell you! 'Thou art the man.'" She pronounced these words so solemnly, and with such intensity, that Booth started.

"What? I am the man? Do you mean this, Miss Cateret?" he ejaculated, then drawing himself up proudly, he strutted up and down before her, his hand thrust into the breast of his coat with the most tragic air imaginable. "I am the man, I am the man," he reiterated, then pausing before Madeleine, said:

"I shall distinguish myself in this matter, I feel it. Wilkes Booth will be known wherever the sun shines. This is the opportunity to make myself famous! The world shall hear of me!"

"I am sure of it, Mr. Booth," said Madeleine. Then thrusting her arm through his she led him to the opposite side of the room, where Dr. Maginn and Mrs. Surratt—ostensibly engaged in an earnest conversation, but in reality watching Booth and Madeleine—were awaiting the result of her persuasive tongue.

"Here is the man who will lead us, my friends, congratulate him, now we are sure of success;" and while saying this Madeleine gazed so admiringly upon Mr. Booth that the color came to his pale face, and he felt himself the chosen champion of Southern rights. Madeleine had worked cunningly upon his vanity and egotism, and now she petted her hero as she would have petted Hugo had he yielded to her blandishments. But behind Madeleine was the good doctor, who selected the victims, provided the temptress, brought them together, fired both with enthusiasm, and then, advised caution.

"My dear Booth, this is a tremendous undertaking for you to carry through, it will take months of preparation,

the most careful judgment in the selection of your assistants, and complete knowledge of the habits of the men you wish to seize. The plan is almost too dangerous to ask anybody to attempt; none but a master mind can carry it through successfully. Money will be furnished without stint. No oil-speculation you ever attempted will prove as profitable, but you had better not decide off-hand. Take time to think it over. I fear Miss Cateret's ardor in the matter has outstripped her judgment, and she is plunging you into a sea of misery you do not contemplate." Thus alternately calming and exciting his victim, good Dr. Maginn led him on until he declared that "neither heaven, nor hell, should stay his hand, now he had pledged his word."

"Well, well, my dear boy, sleep over it, if to-morrow you hold a different mind no harm is done, you will not betray the confidence imposed in you, I know." Booth's face flushed with anger at the doctor's suggestion that he keep their secret.

"I am a Booth, doctor, and a Booth knows neither fear nor dishonor!" he said hotly.

"Forgive me, my brave compatriot, I never doubted your honor, I only wished to caution you, for other lives than yours"—and he looked suggestively at Madeleine—"would pay the forfeit."

At this moment a door opened from another room, and Mrs. Surratt's son, John H. Surratt, came in, and was presented to Madeleine and Dr. Maginn. He knew Booth well. Young Surratt was a very gentlemanly young fellow, said to be rather wild, but of good appearance, and polished manners. He seemed at once attracted toward Madeleine, whom he had never met before; and she, ever ready to exercise her fascination, encouraged the young man, to Mr. Booth's intense disgust.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

To relate all the graphic incidents of this great conspiracy from its inception—not in Mrs. Surratt's parlor on H Street, not even in Richmond, but in the minds of a body of men, who, with the cunning of fiends, and the judicial calmness of earth's highest tribunal, coolly consigned Abraham Lincoln to the tender mercies of the assassin—would require the pen of a Walter Scott. The necessities of the story only require the general incidents, which surrounded the great mystery, to be developed in such a way as to exhibit the connection which existed between our characters and the plotters. There is no doubt that the first intention of those engaged in the scheme, was, as we have stated, the abduction, not the killing, of the President. After that meeting at Mrs. Surratt's, Wilkes Booth disappeared for a time from Washington. The events of the summer in the field were exciting enough to paralyze the efforts of the conspirators. Sheridan's triumphs in the valley, one following the other in quick succession, made the North so jubilant that it was difficult to learn what aid in the election could be depended upon to defeat Mr. Lincoln. General McClellan had been nominated by the Democratic party, then followed the prestige of Sheridan's victories, and hope began to fail. One morning Madeleine, who had not heard for a month or more from either Booth or Dr. Maginn, was surprised by a visit from the latter, who carried a small hand bag.

“Madeleine, can you leave to-day for Montreal?” he in-

quired with more excitement in his manner than he had ever before evinced in her presence.

“Certainly, doctor, if necessary. Must I go alone, or shall I take papa with me?”

“Better alone, my child, although I place a great responsibility upon you. This bag contains a half-million dollars in greenbacks; it must be delivered to one of our trusted friends at Montreal. You will probably meet Mr. Booth there. Urge upon him the necessity for immediate action; that accursed man Sheridan has swept all before him in the valley, and can now assist Grant. We have the consent of Mr. Lincoln that certain agents shall have liberty to treat for peace on the basis I expressed to you, when we first enlisted Mr. Booth in our plans. Jeff Davis will send Mr. Frank Blair to Washington to confer with the President. This money must be in the hands of Mr. Thompson, at St. Lawrence Hall, in Montreal, at the earliest possible opportunity. To-morrow I leave for Richmond. You must bring Mr. Booth back with you; he has already selected two or three men for our enterprise, and tells me he can depend upon them. Here is a cipher dispatch I received to-day from Richmond. ‘Convey money secretly, speedily, to St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal, there is yet time to colonize many voters before November. A blow will shortly be struck which will astonish the North. Our friends are hard at work.’

“You see the necessity for immediate action, and I have no one but you to depend upon. Do not sleep nor allow this bag out of your possession. Upon arriving at Montreal, go immediately to the hotel and place this note in the hands of the clerk for Mr. Thompson. Secure a room and wait. Now, one last word: here is a little reel”—handing it to her—“with Mr. Thompson’s card you will receive a strip of paper; wind it around here so that it fits properly, and you will find a sentence which will convince

you he is the proper person for you to deliver the bag to. God bless you, my child, much depends upon your coolness and secrecy," saying which, he left Madeleine to make her preparations.

After he had gone she picked up the bag which he had placed upon the table. It was not very heavy, evidently the bills were of large denomination. As she handled it, a smile stole over her face.

"It is a fortunate thing for the Confederacy, and for you, my dear doctor, that Madeleine Cateret is provided with sufficient of this world's goods, or this half a million would never find its way to Montreal. It's a large sum, too, what have I to expect here? The game is about played, the South cannot win, and Madeleine Cateret cannot mount the pedestal she hoped for. If it wasn't that I want to get even with that brute Stanton," she mused. "Let me see, I'll try my buttons. Montreal, Europe, Montreal, Europe, Montreal, Europe, Montreal. Well"—with a deep sigh, "it's Montreal after all." Did those buttons decide Lincoln's fate? Had it come out "Europe," would she have fled, and taken the money with her? If she had done so, could the plot have been carried out? Upon what a slight turning point hinges the fate of man!

Having decided the question in her own mind, Madeleine packed a small bag, put on a plain dark suit, and telling her father, who no longer questioned her movements, that she would be away for a few days, she entered a carriage and started for the station. Stopping on the way, she purchased a small chain and padlock. Passing the chain through the handles of the bag she snapped the lock, and concealing the chain with her left hand in her muff, she entered the cars. From the moment she left Washington, until she arrived at Montreal, the chain was never removed. A few sandwiches, which she ate with her left hand always concealed, managed to suffice her, until she reached her

destinaton. Without a moment's delay she drove to St. Lawrence Hall, and secured a room, handing the clerk at the same time the letter for Mr. Thompson. Securely locked in her room, she removed the chain, and placed the bag between the mattresses of the bed. This done she ordered supper in her room, and sat down to wait. Nor did she wait long. Evidently Mr. Thompson was expecting her, for within half an hour she received a card which read, Mr. Jacob Thompson. Inclosed in an envelope accompanying it, was a slip of paper, which Madeleine, according to instructions, adjusted upon the wooden reel, and then read, "Mr. Thompson will call for the bag." Before Madeleine had quite finished her supper, a knock came at the door and a tall, elderly gentleman entered in response to Madeleine's "come in."

"Miss Cateret?" he asked interrogatively, approaching her, as she arose to receive him. Madeleine bowed, and extending her hand she begged Mr. Thompson to be seated.

"I need not ask if you have the bag safe, Miss Cateret, your manner convinces me I need have no anxiety, although I assure you, when I learned a lady was intrusted with the mission, I had my doubts, confident as I was of the doctor's judgment. It seemed a most risky thing to venture."

"I am glad I can reassure you, Mr. Thompson," said Madeleine, and approaching the bed, she lifted the upper mattress, and removing the bag handed it to Mr. Thompson, whose outstretched hand trembled as he received it.

"You will pardon me, Miss Cateret, if I open it in your presence," he remarked, "but I wish to give you a receipt."

"Act as you think proper, Mr. Thompson, I deliver it to you as I received it from Dr. Maginn, and have only his word as to the contents." Mr. Thompson removed a key from his pocket book and opened the bag, and his eyes glistened as he saw it filled with packages of "greenbacks."

A simple band of paper surrounded each bundle, there were ten, each containing fifty thousand dollars. After counting, Mr. Thompson returned them to the bag, and sitting down at the table wrote a receipt which he handed to Madeleine; at the same time he took her hand.

“Although I have heard of you often, Miss Cateret, this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you. All that I have heard—and it has been much, and almost beyond belief, of a woman—I now feel to be true. No woman to-day, will occupy a higher position than Miss Cateret, when once the South acquires her independence. In the name of the Confederate Government I thank you. Mr. Booth, by the way, is here, and if you wish to return to-morrow he will accompany you.”

All this admiration, which was evidently sincere, was exceedingly gratifying to Madeleine, who for the first time began to feel that she was a heroine. Mr. Thompson did not remain long, but pressing her hand with great warmth, he expressed a desire to see her soon again, and then begged her to excuse him as he had important business to transact. The next day Mr. Booth called, delighted to find her in Montreal, and still more to have her for a travelling companion. The following morning they started for Washington, and then Madeleine learned they would be obliged to leave Secretary Stanton out of their plans.

“It will take too many men, Miss Cateret, and as Secretary Seward and Mr. Lincoln are more important men, we must confine ourselves to them. If successful, they will be taken to Richmond, and negotiations will be commenced from there.”

All this was very unsatisfactory for Madeleine to hear. Mr. Stanton had humiliated her, and kept her in prison for six months; her real hatred was against him, and not the President and Mr. Seward who had rather favored her. It is doubtful if the bag had ever reached Montreal if she

had known this before. Mr. Booth saw her disappointment.

"Never mind, Miss Cateret, you will get even with him yet. If we get the other two, I will undertake to punish him to your complete satisfaction."

"If you will do that, you will merit my everlasting gratitude, Mr. Booth, he is the only man who ever dared to use insolence toward me. Punish him for it, and ask what you will, I make no conditions," said Madeleine excitedly.

"I should only be too happy, Miss Cateret, to win your approbation to make any demands of you; only consider me at your service, as soon as we have disposed of the other two." As Mr. Booth said this, he threw an admiring glance at Madeleine, which she was not slow in returning. Through the remainder of the journey they were the best of friends, and when they parted at the station, Booth had become so demonstrative that Madeleine was obliged to check him, an easy thing for her cold nature to do. She drove directly to Willard's, refusing Mr. Booth's company. Booth himself drove to the National, his accustomed stopping place. As he alighted from the carriage he was greeted by a rough-looking, broad-shouldered man, who touched his arm and said:

"I'm glad you're back."

"Hello! Atzeroth, is that you?" replied Booth recognizing him.

"Yes, it's I, Mr. Booth. Harold and I want to see you to-night, at the old place, will you come?"

"Come? of course I will, I have some news for you, too."

The "old place," was a drinking resort frequented by sporting characters; gamblers, and the like gentry. When Booth made his appearance the place was full. Soldiers and sailors, sports and bounty jumpers, actors and gamblers, all fraternized over their liquor. Booth was recog-

nized by several of his friends but pushed his way through without stopping, until he saw Atzeroth and Harold at a table in one corner where they had turned up a chair to hold a place for him.

"Well, boys, I'm a little late, how goes it?" was his greeting.

"It don't go at all, Mr. Booth," replied Harold despondently. "You promised us a good thing and plenty of money——"

"Sh"—said Booth, below his breath, "do you wish to attract the attention of every one here? But whisper that word *money*, and half the place would be on our backs. Nothing goes with you fellows but money; you can be hired for money, bought for money, sold for money. I am sick of the word. You are Southerners, have you no wrongs to right, no insults to avenge? Have you no patriotism, no shame?"

How long Booth would have gone on with this tirade it is impossible to say, when Harold broke in.

"Oh, say, Mr. Booth, we're not as bad as all that, but we must live——"

"I don't see the necessity," muttered Booth, thoroughly out of patience, "but we won't discuss that matter, here," taking out his pocketbook, and throwing each a fifty-dollar bill, "go and stuff yourselves, and when that's gone, there is more where it came from, but don't always nag me about money!"

Booth's insulting manner did not seem to hurt the feelings of either man. They ordered some more whiskey, and were soon in good humor. From this den of iniquity, Booth, who was in no mood for drinking, went directly to Mrs. Surratt's, where he was received with open arms by Mrs. Surratt, her daughter Kate, a young Catholic priest from Georgetown College, and John H. Surratt. On his way there, he seemed to have overcome his splenic mood,

and was in great spirits. Before leaving, he took Mrs. Surratt aside, and told her the attempt would be made the first week in November. Within a few days after this, all was in readiness. Two closed carriages, one to be stationed at the White House, and one at Mr. Seward's, two men to cut the wires, and three men each, to secure the President and Mr. Seward, rush them to the carriages, gag them if necessary and gallop at full speed to Port Tobacco, whence they would be sent to Richmond. Everything had been foreseen apparently, only the day remained to be chosen.

Two days after this, as Booth was walking up the avenue, he met Dr. Maginn, who motioned him to follow. Turning from the Treasury Building he walked over toward the low ground where the monument now stands. Seeing no one around he stopped, and allowed Booth to overtake him.

"What is the matter, doctor? You gave me a great chase," called out Booth, as he came up.

"The matter is, my dear boy, that our plans are ruined. Seward left for New York last night, and I find Mr. Lincoln has half a dozen people with him every night consulting about the election."

"Curse it," cried Booth, "everything has been so well planned, it seems as though the devil was in it."

"Dear me, no, I hope not," said the good doctor, crossing himself at mention of his Satanic majesty. "But it is useless to attempt it now, we must be patient, 'all things come to those who wait!' Write me at my hotel, but always in cipher, mind. I leave for New York to-night."

Booth stormed and swore at the check to his plans, all of which the doctor listened to patiently, with a pitying sort of a smile, as he remarked the impotent wrath of this erratic, illy-balanced mind. Booth kicked up the turf, picked up a pebble and threw it at a stray duck, and finally turning to the doctor, said:

"Well, what's to be done now?"

“Nothing, my dear boy, wait, our time will come; let the election pass, we will see what that brings; if McClellan be elected——”

“Stuff and nonsense! McClellan! he hasn’t the ghost of a show.”

“Very well, the moment election is over we shall be ready again. Don’t spare your money, there is plenty of it. Tell the boys to keep quiet, and you will notify them. Give them plenty to spend, it will keep them content. Now I must go, God keep you, my boy. Don’t follow too closely,” and shaking hands with Booth the doctor strode off.

“The foul fiend take it,” hissed Booth, as the doctor left him. “Why must I always be balked in my endeavors? What will Miss Cateret think of me? I could kill the man who stands in my way. Ye gods!” he exclaimed, as a sudden thought struck him. “Why shouldn’t I kill Abraham Lincoln? Tyrants have been killed before, for the good of the State. Brutus has lived in history. Why shall not I?” With folded arms and a proud mien, he gazed at the White House in the distance. “It might be done, it might be done! How the North would howl; but how the South would rejoice, and as for me—Angels and ministers of grace defend us, what would become of me? Bah! I do not set my life at a pin’s fee,” and with a snap of his fingers, he followed the doctor.

CHAPTER XLII.

ITS CULMINATION.

THE Rebellion was at its last gasp. The winter of '64 was passed impatiently by the Northern armies, just ready to administer the *coup de grace*, to the expiring Confederacy. The overtures of the South, for a cessation of hostilities, were rejected with scorn. All hope had vanished, nothing but some supernatural aid could now intervene to prevent the final act. Grant was ready to close upon Richmond, as soon as the weather permitted. Sherman was cutting the South in the middle, as he approached the Atlantic. Gloom and despair settled upon all Southern hearts. As for Madeleine, she was undecided what to do. When the cause of the South was a thing to be proud of, when Southern independence seemed assured, with eager sympathy, and high courage, she confessed her allegiance, and scorned the Northern "mudsills" who "rallied around the flag." With the South whipped, discouraged, and *in articulo mortis*, Madeleine was cool, indifferent, and sullen. She hated the North, and despised the South for being whipped. The heroic sacrifice, the stern and hopeless endurance, the matchless courage, and calm despair her Southern confrères exhibited, aroused in her heart no feeling of pity. No tender sympathy for the heroes of a "lost cause," thrilled the tendrils of her heart as she saw the coil tighten around the vitals of the Confederacy. She shrugged her shoulders, and flirted desperately with the Union Generals who visited Washington. The more hearts she broke, the better she was satisfied. Inauguration day

approached, and as the preparations went on, Madeleine, disgusted and impatient at the triumph of her enemies, prepared to return to New York.

A few days before she carried this resolution into effect, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, she met Wilkes Booth. Almost cordially she extended her hand; here was one who hated—as bitterly as she herself—this ignominious defeat. For one moment she thought he was about to pass her without speaking. He seemed a changed man, his eyes were hollow and sunken, the paleness of his face was increased, and to her he seemed almost demented, and indeed he was. Constantly brooding over his defeat in the abduction scheme, he was hardly in his right mind. As they walked side by side, he poured out his woes to her, but here he found no consolation. His face brought up to her, hopes she had built, which she had seen scattered; and unable to ease her mind before unionists, of all the vituperative spleen lying dormant there, she poured out the vials of her wrath upon poor Booth, already loaded with self-inflicted pain and reproach. Half dazed and wholly confused at her bitterness, and the contempt so thinly veiled by the restrictions a street conversation placed upon her, he bade her a hasty good-day, and rushed off to his room where he was found by Harold—who called to see him—sitting upon his bed contemplating a dagger which he held in his hands.

“Why, Booth, what is the matter? You look as gloomy as if you had seen your father’s ghost,” laughed Harold, who had conceived a tremendous affection for Booth. Upon this, Booth started up and paced the room, holding the dagger in his left hand; then stopping in front of his friend he said:

“Harold, you don’t know what it is to be taunted, laughed at, scorned, by a woman you admire, a beautiful, haughty, tempestuous creature, before whom you would

seem a god. One who sneers at your protestations, and shrugs her shoulders when you divulge your aspirations; who mocks at your ideals, and says 'prove it,' when you assert your patriotism! Harold, I am desperate! I swear that Abraham Lincoln shall not survive his inauguration! There's no hope but this, it must come, I will be the avenger of the South! Will you join me? It will be a glorious deed! Lincoln and Seward, both at one blow. They'll never suspect us of designing that. Payne will join, so will Atzeroth, and Arnold. Promise me, Harold, do this one thing I ask of you. Life is nothing; if we succeed, the North will be demoralized; if we fail"—his face grew white and he paused a moment—"if we fail, the North will be terrorized, when they see our desperation. Promise, Harold, promise!" But Harold would not promise, at least then, and Booth, dashing him away, fled from the room. The next day Madeleine received a wild, incoherent letter from him.

"MY FRIEND:—You scorned and despised me yesterday, when I tried to tell you my disappointment. All night I have not slept, thinking of your beautiful, but stern, relentless face. Give me but a little time and I will prove myself no coward, no imbecile. I am the chosen one, the fall of my hand shall yet make the nation ring. Prepare for a great surprise; the world shall know, the world shall hear! Tell the doctor, if you see him, preparations are being made, the day is not distant. Keep me in your memory; if I see you again it will not be here!

"Yours ever,

J. WILKES BOOTH."

When Madeleine read this screed, she was curiously perplexed. "Was Booth projecting something desperate? What was it?" This seemed like assassination; did he mean it, or was it merely his boastful spirit? He was dar-

ing enough for any undertaking. If she could only see the doctor. But the doctor was not in Washington. Bad as Madeleine was; selfish, cold, and worldly as her conscience was, she was not a murderess. She would not stay to see the inauguration; but she made up her mind to one thing, she would warn Mr. Lincoln of his danger, there would be no harm in that, and—happy thought—it might put her in favor with him, when he knew who warned him. Warn him she did, and her letter is now on file among the State archives. She did not sign it, at least with her own name, but the warning was received, and partially heeded, for Booth was obliged to delay his designs. As for Madeleine, she started for New York, regardless of her father's expostulations, at the magnificence of the spectacle they were losing.

Inauguration day with all its glorious pageantry, came and went. Again Abraham Lincoln was sworn in President of the United States, the thunder of the cannon had ceased, the long procession had dispersed. The wires were now conveying the glad news to all parts of the continent. Again there was a roaring of cannon, this time in the valley, around Richmond, in the West and in the South. While all this was going on, a miserable, bent, forlorn man was sneaking along the avenue, toward the National Hotel. Again thwarted and almost dejected, he crept to his room, and there ate out his heart in vain regrets and moanings. It is our last look at Wilkes Booth. In a little over a month from this date he was a hideous, blackened corpse, a foul assassin, and fills an unknown grave. How much of his guilt rests upon others, and how much was the result of his own wayward nature, only history can tell. But when the search *does* come, probably long years from now, and the archives of State are permitted to be explored, it will be found that the "trail of the serpent is over it all," and history will record another instance of

the detestable meddling in political affairs of that secret, subtle Order, which will never cease, while Governmental toleration permits its snake-like head to lift itself unpunished and unrebuked. The time has come when notice must be taken of the Jesuits in America. When attention is called to them, they humbly bow their heads and disclaim any intention of interfering in social, political, or educational affairs; and yet, before the breath of denial has faded away, comes their protest against the use of the Bible in schools, and their demand for a division of school funds. Hundreds of millions of dollars are held in trust by the Order of Jesus in America. Shall we deny the vast power these millions represent? Is it not a fact that the free press of this country to-day, handles very tenderly all topics relating to Catholic affairs? Is it not a common thing to hear it said: "Do not antagonize the Catholic element, or you will lose their votes?" Suppose for one moment, the edict goes forth, that a certain set of men are to be elected to office, and the full power of the Church through its priesthood, is exerted in that direction. With nine million communicants and their friends, who would rule America? The Vatican. This very question presented itself, at the time of the trial, to the Government officers, and despite the excitement and tremendous pressure brought to bear upon them, one thing was hushed up. The fact that the conspirators, or most of them, were Catholics. When Mrs. Surratt ascended the scaffold, she was supported by two Jesuit priests. When almost in the agony of dissolution she uttered these words:

"Holy Father, can I not tell these people I am innocent of this crime with which I am charged?" One responded:

"No, my child, the world, and all in it, has now receded from you, it will do no good."

Whether Mrs. Surratt knew of Payne's design upon Secretary Seward's life is doubtful. Payne himself de-

clared to General Hartranft that she did not. But that she was cognizant of Booth's design of kidnapping the President and Cabinet officers, is well founded. She was not allowed to speak, and the future alone can unravel the web of conflicting opinions.

The first thing Madeleine was aware of, on the morning of the 15th of April, was a tap at her door. It was barely daylight, as she sprang from her bed and opened the door. There stood her father, horror depicted upon every lineament of his usually inexpressive countenance.

"Madeleine, it is awful, the President has been assassinated! I have just heard it on the street. There was so much noise I got up to find out what it all meant. The policeman on the corner says it is true."

The effect upon Madeleine was frightful, she staggered back and fell upon the bed, too weak to stand. Her face was ashen, and every limb trembled.

"Papa, it is not possible; are you sure? This is only a rumor, it can't be!"

For reply her father hastened to the window and threw it open. People were hurrying along the street. He called to them, Madeleine meanwhile staggering to the window.

"What is it? what is it?" she screamed.

"Lincoln was assassinated last night at Ford's Theatre by Wilkes Booth. Seward and his son are both killed," came back from eager, but blanched lips.

"Awful! awful! Madeleine, is it not?"

But Madeleine was almost oblivious to all sounds. She leaned against the window casing, in an agony of terror. Gradually her senses returned, and all her benumbed faculties regained their proper balance.

"Papa," she whispered hurriedly, "do you know what we must do? We must leave the country, at least *I* must, I know Booth so well, I might be suspected. You must

go immediately down-town, and as soon as the steamship offices are opened, take passage for me on the first steamer that sails, even if it be to-day. It matters not which line. Come back as soon as you have done so, I shall be ready. Don't wait, don't wait, it may be life or death, papa, for your daughter."

Thus adjured Mr. Cateret dressed himself somewhat more completely, and hastened down-town. The first steamer to sail was the *Persia*, strange coincidence, and Mr. Cateret secured passage for Madeleine and returned, gathering all the news he could by the way. Even his jovial spirits were dampened by the terrible catastrophe, and Madeleine's peril, which he only half comprehended. By this time Madeleine's decision had returned, and she went about her preparations with great precision. Every scrap of paper bearing Booth's name was destroyed, her bank account arranged, and her father's wants amply provided for, by a liberal deposit in his name. It was well she had occupation, or her fears would have prostrated her. During the day the news was entirely confirmed, and report said his accomplices were being sought for. No sleep that night. The steamer sailed at seven in the morning, and more dead than alive, Madeleine drove down to the pier. The moment she was on board, she hurried her father off to the house to stop all inquiries. A long toot of the whistle, the sharp ringing of the bell, the hoarse cries of the mates, and the steamer drew away from her dock. Then for the first time did Madeleine draw a long breath.

EPILOGUE.

ONE evening, late in the month of May, 1865, a masked ball took place at the Opera House in Paris. Among the gay crowd of maskers, was one dressed in a Spanish costume. He was tall, slender, and of easy carriage. Through the fun-loving crowd he made his way, now attracted by one mask, and then another, but none seemed to hold him, until he observed a tall, graceful figure, attired in a Moorish costume. Her white veil was twisted around her head, disclosing only a pair of brilliant black eyes which seemed to follow him at every move he made. Attracted by this persistency, he approached and addressed the lady, who readily accepted his arm. The conversation of the *incognita*, was sprightly and agreeable, and the cavalier lingered at her side. A waltz starting up, he seized her around the waist, and away they whirled among the giddy throng. Soon tiring of this, and wishing to know more about his charming partner—for charming he found her to be—although he had as yet obtained no peep at her face—he led the way to where refreshments were served, and begged her to order what she desired—perhaps she would unveil—he thought. She gave an order in a low voice to the waiter, and when *he* would have ordered, stopped him, she had ordered for both, she said.

When the waiter returned he brought an ice for the lady, and a plate containing a single peach was placed before the cavalier. Upon seeing it, he started, reached out, and

caught the lady by the arm. "Madame, who are you? What does this mean? Tell me instantly."

The lady removed his hand from her arm, and leaning toward him, said in English:

"John H. Surratt, you are known, and must leave Paris within three days. If you are here after that, I shall feel at liberty to denounce you. Pay heed to my warning!"

Surratt, for it was he, heard these words with dismay, he seemed paralyzed, and his head fell upon the table before him; then looking toward the unknown entreatingly, he murmured:

"Have pity, do not betray me, I know not who you are, but do not be so cruel! I know nothing about that crime! Booth never told me what he designed doing. I am innocent!"

"You must leave the city, Mr. Surratt, there is no alternative," his companion said calmly. "Go to Rome, there you will find friends. Take this ring, send it to the General of the Jesuits, he will put you in a place of safety."

Surratt took the ring mechanically. Both arose, and the lady begged him to precede her toward the dressing room, which he did; but when he turned, his companion had disappeared. She had slipped out of a side door. Securing the first carriage at hand, and giving an order, she sank back on the seat and removed her veil, disclosing the features of Madeleine Cateret.

"I am sure he will go," she murmured half aloud, "it wouldn't do to have them looking around Paris. They might run on to me, and remember that I, too, knew Mr. Booth. No, that would not do."

Madeleine had made herself very comfortable in Paris. She had rented luxurious apartments in the Rue du Faubourg de St. Honoré, recently vacated by a Russian prince. The entire *ménage* was retained by her, even to the *maître d'hôtel*, a majestic personage, whom papa Cateret would

have been delighted to have had address him as "Milord Cateret." Certainly nothing could have been more satisfactory than Madeleine's condition at the present time when that evening a freak caused her to go to that masked ball. She saw Surratt as he came in; his mask being disarranged he lowered it a moment, and then replaced it, but too late to prevent the recognition. The exhibition of a peach had been one of the ways the conspirators had selected, to warn each other. She wished Surratt out of Paris. Too selfish to think of anything but herself, she determined to frighten him away, without disclosing her identity, otherwise he would laugh at her. She was as deep in the mire as he. Her plan worked nicely, for John Surratt left Paris the next day, and fled to Rome, where the ring procured him admission to the papal guard where he was afterward caught. Certainly everything prospered with Madeleine. Received at the American Legation with great honor, introduced to all the notables who visited the Legation balls; presented to the Empress by the Minister himself, as "one of our beautiful American girls." Patronized by the Minister's wife—an eccentric creature, with much ability—who liked a bevy of fresh pretty girls around her as much that they were in marked contrast to her own personality, as because they brought the swell of the *haut monde* to her receptions. What more could Madeleine ask? Seemingly nothing, and yet she was restless. She plunged into all the gayeties and frivolities of the season, in the gayest city in the world. The Emperor himself—so soon to fall—liked nothing better than a chat with "la belle Americaine." Surely "the way of the transgressor" is *not* hard, but most attractive.

One October afternoon Madeleine was bowling along the boulevard toward the "Bois," behind a pair of high-stepping French coach horses, driven by the nattiest of coachmen. The day was fine, the air crisp, and all Paris was

on the Boulevards. Madeleine leaned back in her luxurious, satin-lined Victoria, and drew her costly furs around her closely, while she inhaled the keen air in deep breaths. Beautiful animal that she was, she experienced a sense of extreme delight. First, because her horses, her coachman, her carriage, and her dress, she knew to be perfect. Second, because at every inhalation, her warm glowing blood was propelled from her head to her feet, without a sensation of pain or annoyance. Organs she had none, at least none of which she was conscious. Sleek and beautiful as a Bengal tiger, she resembled that animal after he has had a full meal. She was playful. There being no occasion to exhibit her tigerish instincts, she was charming. No human being is proof against such a creature at such a moment. They are simply resistless, and woe to him who falls under the power of their seductions. The carriage rolled along and Madeleine nodded pleasantly as they passed other vehicles containing acquaintances. Many looked after and wondered who she was. Just about the entrance of the *Bois*, coming toward her, but on foot, Madeleine noticed suddenly a face and figure which interested her; she leaned half forward, and then calling softly to the driver, she directed him to pull up at the curb, "near the gentleman walking alone." The gentleman whose presence so interested her, wore the garb of a priest. His hands were clasped behind his back, and he seemed in deep meditation. As the carriage drew up, he raised his head, and saw Madeleine, he paused a moment apparently surprised and a faint flush suffused his pale countenance; in fact he came very near blushing. Once or twice before in this man's life the same phenomenon had occurred, but the intervals were so great, that it was almost like disuse of a function; there was a struggle before the fine capillaries filled, and the engorgement was transient. A smile broke over Madeleine's face. "My dear Father Laujac, it is

Father Laujac after all." None but the initiated would have understood Madeleine's remark. Then came that ephemeral blush.

"My dear Miss Cateret, is it indeed you? When I started out on my walk this afternoon I hardly anticipated this pleasure. Where did you drop from?" While saying this, Father Laujac had approached the carriage, and taken Madeleine's hand, which he pressed warmly.

"I dropped from nowhere," replied Madeleine, in response to Father Laujac's remark. "I have been in Paris for six months; but, come, my friend, we must not chat here, take your seat beside me, I have much to ask, and many things to tell you."

Nothing loth, Father Laujac complied with Madeleine's request, and entered the carriage. As he did so, many things passed through his fertile brain. She had not apparently resented the abominable trick he had played upon her, otherwise, why had she met him so cordially? Fortunately for him, her mood was what it was, a post-prandial one. "I must win her confidence again, the game is never out, until it is played out!" he reflected.

He was hardly seated, when Madeleine turned upon him a pair of roguish eyes.

"My dear Father," she said, speaking in English, "do not think I mean to reproach you for the very unpriestly attack you made upon my heart in New York. I am not vindictive, you see. Since I saw you last, I have passed through much, too much to harbor resentment. I am not going to ask you *why* you masqueraded as you did. I am, on the contrary, rather disposed to feel honored, at the compliment paid me, even though it might be called an equivocal one."

Father Laujac writhed a little inwardly, but outwardly he was as placid and unmoved as if he had only been listening to the scarification of some dear friend's character, by her caustic tongue.

“My dear Miss Cateret, I will be frank and open with you. I am a Jesuit. The great purposes of our Order often compel subterfuges—tricks, if you will—which cannot be explained, and we must suffer the obloquy incurred in the prosecution of our object. Such a position was mine in New York. My mission was the selection of certain people, high in social position, who should be deemed worthy to be put in communication with His Holiness, to receive his instructions and keep him informed of events which might be prejudicial to the Church in America. You were one of those chosen. In order to maintain my position near you, as I had thrown off, temporarily, my priestly vestments, I chose to play the part of a lover, which gave me greater privileges”—glancing slyly at Madeleine—“and enabled me to ascertain if you were a proper person to be intrusted with a commission, which only those of marked ability could be invested with. When I sailed for Europe upon a peremptory summons from the Vatican, your name was presented to the Holy See, and had your imprisonment not taken place, you would have received a personal communication from His Holiness. And now, my dear child”—dropping purposely into a fatherly tone—“I trust you will hold me excused for this trifling deception.”

“Most certainly, my dear Father,” replied Madeleine laughing; “since my heart was not badly wrenched, I can afford to forgive you.” Whether Madeleine accepted the explanation sincerely or not, it suited her to pretend so. She had no objection to having a priest in her train, least of all, would she have alienated one with Father Laujac’s talents. No, she would be friendly. What did it matter? She tried to use him, and he, her, they were quits. “What do you hear from our old friend, the doctor?” inquired she.

“Oh, the doctor; he went to Canada for his health, after the assassination, but I hear he is back in New York.”

"Interesting himself in the affairs of the 'reconstructed South,' perhaps," suggested Madeleine.

"Indeed you are quite right, he was one of a commission and appointed by President Johnson to proceed South and inquire into their troubles. A very versatile man, the doctor."

"Very. I can see him now, deploring the war, and advising conciliation; smoothing down the asperities which the contest generated, and predicting a great future for the reunited country. Yes, the doctor is a wonderfully versatile man. The 'sweetness and light,' which he diffuses among the Philistines, is remarkable. He reminds me of a glow-worm, he shines unexpectedly and delightfully, but the warmth is missing. It's cheerful, only it fades quickly. Well, for what we have of it, let us be thankful," and heaving a great sigh, Madeleine darted a quick glance toward Father Laujac.

"I am afraid, my child, you are inclined to be cynical. The doctor has great talents in adaptability. The spiritual welfare of mankind is really the ultimate end. 'Many men have many minds,' and not all are to be approached in the same way. The methods of salvation are numerous. 'Ambition,' says Escobar, 'is only a venial sin,' the appetite for place and power becomes mortal when done to injure the commonwealth, or where directed toward God. The desire to lead is meritorious, the means, sometimes debasing, but when all is for the greater glory of God, we must condone the method." The Jesuit paused.

"Thank you, Father, for the homily, it was exceedingly entertaining, and I shall profit by it. Where shall I put you down, by the way?"

"Almost anywhere," replied the Jesuit sweetly.

"Pull up here, Jean, Father Laujac wishes to alight," said Madeleine to the coachman. This abruptness was intentional, a little brusque treatment would do him good, she thought.

"Do come and see me, Father, soon," said Madeleine persuasively as he alighted.

"May I bring a friend along, Miss Madeleine?" he asked very submissively.

"Certainly, any friend of yours will be welcome. Addio."

After Madeleine drove away Father Laujac examined the inside of the palm of his left hand. The print of each finger nail was there. He rubbed it with his right hand briskly. Every sentence of Madeleine had driven the nails deeper and deeper—but they remained friends. "The race is not to the swift," was all he said to himself.

When the next week he called he brought with him the friend he had mentioned, Baron Von Brinkmann, a tall, grave German of ancient lineage, and enormous wealth. He was a man ten years older than Madeleine, a widower, but without children. Baron Von Brinkmann was a Bavarian, and an intimate friend of the Grand Duke of Baden in whose suite he served. He was not a handsome man. His face was scarred with the frequent student duels he had fought in his younger days, but there was an air of manly superiority about him which went far to make up for the want of mere pink and white prettiness. From the moment they met they became firm friends. Madeleine's grand style of beauty, now in its zenith, caught the rugged warrior's heart, and as for Madeleine, he was noble, rich, and in high position at Court. She made up her mind to accept him if he proposed, which he shortly did. There was no great delay about the wedding, which was celebrated at Notre Dame. In the terms of settlement, Madeleine retained all her own wealth, and the baron settled upon her a palace at Berlin and a grand mansion at Wiesbaden. Here was youth, wealth, beauty, and manhood united. A long, happy life was predicted for them. Alas! the gods dispose.

Another wedding, or rather a double wedding, took place

about this time in New York. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard. Mr. Bernhard was now wealthy again, and about to retire from business. Mr. Cateret, also was there, agreeable, jovial, and kindly, as of old, a little given to boasting of his strikes on the Board, but inoffensive. Major and Mrs. Duck, were there, of the firm of Richmond & Duck. He, a large, broad-shouldered, manly man, she, gentle, sweet, and a worshipper of her big husband. Mr. Davie Duck was there, now the leader of Niblo's Garden Orchestra. Last of all was the good Dr. Maginn, looking no older than when we last saw him, and beaming all over with good nature. His hearty ha! ha! ha! and his rich mellow brogue, made him the life of the company until the contracting couples came in. Hugo and Grace, Harry and Doris. What shall I say of these redeeming characters of our story? They, at least, have not disappointed us. Hugo, now General Bernhard—for promotion came rapidly after Port Hudson—has resumed his painting, and his grand historical picture will shortly be hung in the Academy. Grace, as beautiful, impressionable, and changeable as of yore, flirts with him all the way down the broad stairway, regardless of the number of eyes resting upon her.

“Aren't you glad my horse ran away, Hugo, say, aren't you now?”

“Sh, you little tease, I almost believe you made him.”

“Hugo, I'll stop right here, if you say that. Remember we are not married yet,” murmured the irrepressible Grace. Behind them appear Harry, now Colonel Richmond, and Doris, he proud and happy, she womanly and dignified. The ceremony is soon over, and the reception begins. From the Governor of the State down, civilian and soldier come to honor the brave officers, and admire the two beautiful girls they have chosen as their brides. When later in the evening the time for departure comes—for they are

about to take a trip through the Southern battle fields—Dr. Maginn stands on the stoop and showers them with rice.

—“What a kind-hearted fellow the doctor is,” said Hugo, as they were all seated in the carriage, and about to start.

“Hugo, you are a great big stupid,” was all the answer Grace vouchsafed. How this girl divined the doctor’s nature! Five years more have elapsed. Hugo and Grace, with their little daughter are travelling in Europe. It is the night of a gala performance at the Grand Opera House in Berlin. The old Emperor has taken his seat. Grace’s attention is attracted toward a box near the Emperor’s.

“Look! Hugo, look, in that box.”

“Isn’t she a beauty?” broke in the friend who accompanied them. “That is the Baroness Von Brinkmann; they say he idolizes her.”

“Poor Baron,” was all Grace said in reply.

THE END.





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